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A WOMAN'S WINTER IN AFRICA

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Monrovia
Grand Bassam
Secondee
Accra
Lome
Lagos
Victoria
Duala
Plantation
Kribi
Libreville
C LOPEZ
MOMBASA
Tanga
ZANZIBAR
Dar es salaam
IBO
P Amelie
MOZAMBIQUE
Victoria Falls
Salisbury
Umtali
BEIRA
MADAGASCAR
Walfish B.
SWAKOPMUND
Windhuk
Luderitzbucht
LOURENCO MARQUES
DURBAN
PT NOLLOTH
Robben I.
CAPE TOWN
East London
P. Elizabeth

A WOMAN'S WINTER IN AFRICA

A 26,000 MILE JOURNEY

BY

CHARLOTTE CAMERON

AUTHOR OF

"MARRAQUITTA OF MONTE CARLO," "A PASSION IN MOROCCO"
"A WOMAN'S WINTER IN SOUTH AMERICA"
"A DURBAR BRIDE"

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TO MY GERMAN FRIENDS

I THANK you for your kindness friends,
Your ready smiles—your gladdening hands
That cheered a travelling woman's way
Through spaces of your lonely lands.

Know this—although I meet again
And breathe an English summer's blue,
My English heart is shaking hands
With the dear German hearts of *you*.—C. C.

A FOREWORD

IF in the pages of this book I have been tempted to praise foreign ships and methods more than is conducive to insular complacency to English ideas, the feeling of justice—which is inherent in the English race—and my conscientiousness in endeavouring to place true facts before the public compel me to give honour to whom honour is due. I wish to add that this book is in no way historical, statistical, or political—simply the impressions of a woman traveller.

CHARLOTTE CAMERON.

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A WOMAN'S WINTER IN AFRICA

CHAPTER I

Looping the Loop in Africa

"WHERE are we going this winter?" jauntily asks the "Imp of Travel" as it perches itself on my shoulder, peering over a writing-desk untidily heaped with MSS., cards of invitation, implying social, literary, and political events, and innumerable unanswered letters which I am endeavouring to get through.

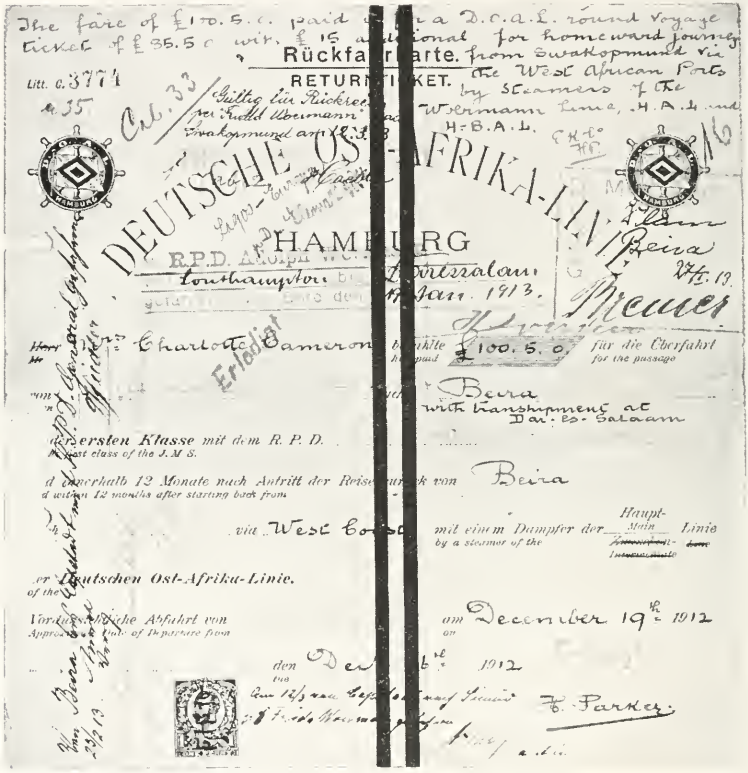
"'Imp,' we cannot go this year. I have not finished my work. There's a novel only half completed, besides, my article on the Fayum, and you know how I like to organize whatever I set out to do," I answered wearily. But the suggestion by the Spirit of Travel who was born with me, and has been my constant companion ever since, reawakens old memories. The winter is approaching, outside the gardener is planting hundreds of bulbs in my Hampstead garden; before long their lovely faces will be kissed by soft spring breezes; if I remain in London all the winter my work will be finished and my friends delighted not to lose my comradeship.

I whisper to this inspiring "Imp": "The weather has been so fine it's not necessary for my health."

It is not content, and the gargoyle face (as I always picture the sprite) falls into non-pleasing wrinkles.

"You attended the Durbar at Delhi last year, you passed the remainder of the season on the Nile, and said you enjoyed yourself. The winter before I took you on a 23,000-mile voyage,

and the result was that you were the first woman to write a book on the entire coast of South America, including the Transandean Railway and the Panama Canal. You would not have accomplished all this if you had wasted time on your social friends.



MRS. CAMERON'S TICKET AROUND AFRICA.
Black centre lines denote where it was pasted together, as at the end of the trip the ticket was quite worn out.

Besides, you would never have accumulated those curios for which your house is famous if I had not helped you."

"Imp" casts a sorrowful look and vanishes. I go on with my writing. Time flies. I must close. The car is at the door, and

my promise has been given to appear at two receptions this afternoon, besides dining out and going to a theatre. Lying back as I speed along, visions of rest, calm or angry seas, strange ports, new people, adventure appear like fleecy clouds and present enticing pictures.

I soliloquize. Londoners are always the same. To-day it will be the same houses, the same sets, and practically the same conversations. The "Imp" has returned, he is threatening now.

"Suppose your old lover bronchitis appears and sits upon your chest, refusing to leave you, vampire that he is. You have escaped him thus far, I realize, but he will probably be here just as soon as the fogs set in, which will be any day now. Then you will be forced to escape him, and maybe he would only allow you to go to the Riviera, and you don't care much for that. You have often been there.

"I'll tell you," confides "Imp." "You and I will take a long sea voyage. We will loop the loop around Africa. You will be in the sunshine all the time, and I'll be with you to point out things. Perhaps you will write a book, and let the 'stay-at-homes' see the lovely places through your eyes; or, better still, you may do some good by letting other people know of delightful voyages along pleasant shores."

Some two weeks pass; "Imp" has been victorious. My passage has been taken for the entire coast of Africa from Southampton back to Southampton, via East Coast, West Coast, with a peep at the Victoria Falls and a visit to many places in Rhodesia I sail December 19th on the *Adolph Woermann*, Deutsche Ost Afrika Linie.

My passage money, covering a six months' voyage on as many ships as may be necessary, has amounted to £100 5s., which, considering the thousands of miles over which they have guaranteed to take me, cannot be considered excessive.

CHAPTER II

The Start

A WEEK before the date of my proposed voyage I attended a dinner-party. It was a cold, damp night, and when I awoke next morning my detested and persistent lover held me in a firm grip. Bronchitis, thinking he was to be cheated of his annual prey, refused to be pushed aside, withstanding all my clever doctor's efforts.

Then the good news came. The *Adolph Woermann* had been delayed in Hamburg and would not sail for two days. What a relief! Perhaps by that time my hated lover would relent and permit me to go.

Even "Imp" was sympathetic, and said, "Poor you! But cheer up. If you fight well, and we can once sail into the fresh sea air, Bronkie can't follow, and you will be all right."

The actual day for departure arrived, and in a very weakened state I left my room. "Imp" took possession of me, and really had "It" not encouraged and pushed me on, so to speak, I don't know whether I should ever have arrived at Waterloo.

At last I found myself speeding towards Southampton. It was wearisome to an invalid, but my one prevailing thought was: "Be brave until you board the ship." I would not let myself dwell upon how I felt! "Imp" whispers, "Quite right."

Arriving at Southampton, I was told that the ship was expected about four, and we were to be ready by that time for the tender. A handful of passengers assembled and sat in the small stuffy saloon for four hours always hoping for news of our missing *Adolph*. Of course, there was much speculation as to what had become of the ship. People got restive; there was no tea. Nothing available but patience. In my weak state I felt that I was beginning to start on a longer journey—that from which no traveller has ever yet returned. If one could only go to heaven and come back with a graphic and perfect description of that unknown world, how publishers would crowd around one!

Everything ends in time, and shortly after 9 p.m. we were floating down beautiful Southampton Water, which looked like a road paved with silver horseshoes. The lights of the town dimmed and blinked behind us, and each eye on deck was strained Channelwards, trying to discern amongst the distant trembling stars dancing mysteriously upon the water which was our belated errant *Adolph*. But he had not forsaken us—although late he kept his appointment. A ship is usually spoken of in the feminine gender,— it seems a little awkward—"*She*" and "*Adolph!*"

SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS.

There must have been a mistake at his christening. However, at last, when we actually crept into the heart of *Adolph*, we found a beautifully clean, comfortable ship. It was brilliantly lighted, everything cosy and warm. On deck the band was playing a cheerful welcome. I gave a hurried glance round and quickly sought my cabin, leaving "Imp" to investigate and obtain news "It" returned, quite satisfied with the general arrangements, and I closed my eyes exhausted.

The next morning at eight I awoke to the strains of soft music playing a few bars of a German hymn. "Imp" declared it a pretty idea, and I agreed. On Sunday morning the notes of

"Nearer, my God, to Thee" floated through the alleys. My thoughts flew to the terrible catastrophe of the *Titanic*. Fortunately for us, the situation was entirely different, and the hymn breathed only peace and happiness. Already I feel much better, having left the bronchitis friend behind. "Imp" uses the old familiar "I told you so." The sea is beautifully calm, and warm sunshine floods the decks. The ship and cabins are all that anyone could desire, the food abundant and excellent. I have met four charming English people, and we have a small table together. The Germans sit at the large centre table, presided over by genial Captain Iversen, who is already beloved by us all. His never-failing kindness and his anxiety for the comfort of his passengers could not fail to be appreciated.

On Christmas Eve there was the ever-popular tree, glistening with coloured candles and pretty things; carols were sung, there was a dinner of traditional menu; and the band gave us a splendid concert in the evening. As an example of how small the world is, two of my new English friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wexelsen, knew both coasts of Africa by heart. Several times they have gone over the route which I have chosen to travel. They have very kindly given me much valuable information. I feel quite terrified as they paint the discomforts of the West Coast. They tell me that the ships will be small, unclean, slow; that in many places there is no hotel accommodation whatever, and on several occasions they have been obliged to sleep in trucks. Altogether their description is disenchantingly graphic. This naturally is rather appalling, and makes me apprehensive of my fate. "Imp," however, who is always listening, declares with stubborn voice: "You're not to borrow troubles. You haven't got there yet, and you had better enjoy yourself now and leave the future to take care of itself."

Mr. and Mrs. Wexelsen left us at Tangier and afterwards made an extended tour of the entire coasts of Africa. They were the first to show cinematograph performances in the African continent, and they brought the first electric light apparatus to Salisbury, Beira, and Umtali.

The Woermann Line is unique in the history of shipping, inasmuch as the ships are named after members of the Woermann family. I believe it is the only line in the world which follows this sensible and pretty custom.

Carl Woermann was its founder. He migrated from Bielefeld to

Hamburg, and in 1847 started with sailing ships ; two years later establishing a cargo trade on the West Coast of Africa.

Miss Mary Kingsley, the great pioneer of women travellers, mentions several of the Woermann factories up the far-away rivers of that coast. It was in 1887 that the first steamer was added to the line.

S.S. "ADOLPH WOERMANN.
Mrs. Cameron, Capt. Iversen, and Mrs. Henry.

Carl, the founder, died, and was succeeded by his son Adolph, whom Bismarck called "A Prince of Merchants." A splendidly executed bronze bust of Adolph Woermann adorns the smoking-room of this ship. It might have been said of him that he ruled wisely and well; unfortunately he died in May, 1911. His wife, Gertrude Woermann, has given in memory of her husband their town mansion at Hamburg as a Club for Captains' recreation, and generously endowed it for future maintenance. The present heads of the Firm are Mr. Edward Woermann, Mr. Ritter, and Mr. Arnold Amsinck, an amalgamation having taken place of the Woermann Line with the Deutsche Ost Afrika Linie.

CHAPTER III

Christmas Day in Lisbon

MY first view as I looked out of the port was of the forbidding sides of three warships whose blatant red and green flags with the ensign of the Republic recalled the ever-lamentable tragedy of Black Horse Square, when King Carlos and the Crown Prince gave up their lives to an ungrateful country—a country which even after the great sacrifice still throbs to the tune of revolution.

A FAMOUS SQUARE, LISBON.

Being a holiday all business places were closed, and it was amusing to see flocks of turkeys driven along the streets, guarded by peasants, who wore knitted pull-down caps from which dangled huge woollen tassels.

They were carrying their wares and hastening to the market-place. Obviously the Portuguese keep Christmas night for their feasting. The turkeys, either from their long walk or conscious of their doom, looked thin and miserable.

Another curious street scene, and this in the celebrated and most fashionable Avenida de Libertade, were two well-fed cows

warmly wrapped up in blankets being milked standing before a mansion. A short distance behind waited a soft-furred black and white calf of a few months old, over his nose being tied a deep tin cup, in order to prevent his claiming his birthright, viz. the mother's nourishment. The Avenida, the beauty street of Lisbon, basked in sunshine, the atmosphere of our June days, and one fell to wondering what the weather was like at home.

"Imp" thought we should go to a Bull Fight, as the placards announced an especially grand one; but I immediately forbade "Imp" even to think of it. I saw one once at Monte Video, and never wish to witness another. There being nothing to be seen in the Rua Aurea, famous for its shops, I took a taxi, which conveyances at Lisbon are exceptionally clean and up-to-date, and went to admire once again the Cloisters of the Convents dos Jeronimoz at Belim. The beautiful lacelike carvings, and impressive example of baroque Gothic, are reminiscent of the chapel at Monreale. In this church is the magnificent tomb of Vasco da Gama, the discoverer of the Indies.

Returning by the Palace and through the principal streets, I drove to the Restaurant Tavares, where the food is excellent and the prices reasonable. As the ship stayed only six hours it was now time to seek the Quay. Sailing down the Tagus, Lisbon stretched out in the sunshine on its low hills, with the dark granite Cintra Mountains as a background, making a splendid picture.

Among our new passengers was a gentleman, a keen Royalist, who held a prominent place in the political and social world at Lisbon. He confided to me the following. An official of the Government came to him about a month previously and said: "Do you not find it very warm here?" My friend, astonished, replied, "Warm! Why?" The official remarked, "Oh, I thought you might be taking a trip abroad?" My friend was naturally perturbed, and a little nonplussed—worried also, for he had a beloved wife and two small children. A friend of his had been warned in much the same manner—and had defied the official, announcing that he had no intention of leaving his country. A few weeks after, as he was about to enter his house, he was surrounded by five men and brutally shot. If you are a Royalist at the present time in Portugal you are liable to arrest, and with slight proof you are condemned to six years' solitary confinement at a prison in Lisbon. Should you survive this adamantine

sentence you are transported to the penal settlement of Portuguese East Africa, to undergo a further nine years of misery. My friend informs me that one charming and charitable Countess had this judgment passed upon her. A short time elapsed, and the same official appeared again and interviewed my friend, with practically

A MANGO TREE.

the same suggestions. He, bearing in mind the fate which had been dealt out to the other man, arranged his affairs as best he could and exiled himself from his native land. He hopes eventually to establish a cotton plantation in British East Africa, send for his family, and reconstruct a home under the English flag.

He tells me that three-quarters of the Portuguese nation are Royalists at heart, but dread fear suppresses their enthusiasm.

CHAPTER IV

Tangier

THE gangway is affixed to its proper place, the turbulent water laps the sides of the ship, and we in the agent's boat, with its yellow flag, are rapidly lengthening the distance between us and the ship.

Tangier has a cadmium-coloured sun, which is about to go to rest behind her hills ; and as the last rays touch the congested native town they light up the prismatically coloured houses and windows, reminding one of a fire opal.

Politically speaking, this town, which was part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza to Charles the Second, leaves much to be desired in the way of cleanliness, civilization, and safety.

That its true Orientalism is fascinating everyone knows, for not even in Baghdad will one find a more heterogeneous mixture. Boys in rags, old hags with vile wrinkled faces, handsome Moors riding magnificent horses, donkeys heavily laden and covered with sores which their drivers delight to probe and whack, men with red turbans and white burnouses, and veiled women resembling bundles of wool fill the streets, to the dismay of the traveller, who feels he has been reincarnated into a strange world of colour, dirt, and wonderment.

Overhead the sky is pure azure. No cloud mitigated the clearness which lit up the vividly coloured buildings. Sometimes one caught glimpses of shady courtyards and arabesque-carved arches, through which the ripe oranges gleamed against dark leaves, and tall palms threw restful shade, infinitely preferable to the noisy main thoroughfare, where howling voices besought one to buy beads, swords, burnouses, haiks, embroidery, leather pockets, and so forth.

The horrible prison I visited. Even "Imp," who is ever with me, acknowledged the place was decidedly "smelly." Here humanity reeks in filth, and through holes in the wall the miserable prisoners push their outstretched palms begging for money or food.

The guide gave them some small coins, and we were glad to turn towards something more pleasant. The Government of Morocco do not feed their prisoners ; therefore, if they have no friends to assist them, they starve. Another cruel scene which "Imp" and I witnessed was this: As we were walking down to the Quay I noted a dark object suspended in the air, which I took to be a dead cow. I paused to watch, and found that from a boat below they were unloading live cattle. It was most appalling, the manner and useless intense cruelty with which it was done. Ropes were slung around the horns of three of the cattle at a time ; then a derrick or crane slowly lifted them, poising the burden several minutes in the air, then letting them down with a bump. The cattle were stupefied with the pain they endured, and quite a long period elapsed before they regained a footing. This practice of raising cattle used to be carried on in South America, but now the authorities forbid it, as often the horns were pulled out by their bleeding roots from the head, which damaged the value of the beast. Now they are landed quite comfortably by a thick, wide band which passes under the body. It would seem that the Barbary States still live up to their reputation.

TANGIER FROM THE HILL.

CHAPTER V

Marseilles

WE arrive early in the morning of the 29th, and do not leave until three o'clock in the afternoon.

"You're to have a holiday," jocundly announces "Imp." Its little ugly face appears a bit more wrinkled as in imagination I see its grin. "Yes," it continues, "everybody who has left the nursery knows Marseilles by heart."

"The Charing Cross for ships," I suggest. "Now don't say that," implored the "Imp," "it's been harped upon for ages. Whatever else you do, be original. Pretty soon you will be going into exuberances about the lovely Corniche Drive; the Restaurant de la Reserve; Château d'If, the Count of Monte Cristo; bouillabaisse, the famous dish of the Midi; Notre Dame de la Garde, with its silver hearts and left off crutches. I should not wonder if you started to write about Thomas Cook and Son next—nothing can stop you when you are in the descriptive mood. Now come on. I am going to take you to lunch at the Louvre de la Paix, and afterwards we shall go to an old church hidden away in a back street. There I will show you a gargoyle which resembles me. I inhabited it before my reincarnation."

"Imp" is arrogant and jubilant. We get into a cab and go bounding over cobble-stones and tram-lines to the city. I had a card to Mr. William Carr, one of the most popular and well-known personalities of Marseilles. Rarely a ship enters the port in the course of commerce but Mr. Carr acts the rôle of host to receive and welcome. Then he is the last man to leave and to wave his adieux from the Quay. Mr. Carr migrated to Marseilles some forty years ago from Yorkshire (our big and bonny county). Not only does he represent several Shipping Companies, but in his day has been one of the Syndic of Commerce. On my return to the ship Mr. Carr not only presented himself, but introduced to me two genial friends of his, Mr. Bruce from Scotland and Mr. Percy Marsden from London. The latter for years has been a celebrity

on the Stock Exchange, is noted also as a clever financier, also for his truly remarkable likeness to our beloved late King, Edward the Peacemaker.

It is marvellous the comradeship of travel. In a few moments we were talking as gaily as if we had known each other for years. Mr. Marsden knew many of my friends in the metropolis. News of the flotsam and jetsam of life was demanded, names recalled which had passed into the shadows, and the successful flamboyant lives of others were discussed. It always strikes me anew, the fact that on board ship, owing to the continual presence of people, in one week you know more of their temperament and environment than in a big city with an acquaintanceship of five years.

Marseilles is left behind; the grey walls of the Château d'If loom in picturesque grandeur against the sky that is a symphony of greys. We have twenty-five new passengers, so to-night at dinner there is much more life and gaiety. Stewards instead of standing by and watching sixteen people masticate their food, fly about entirely busy with their own duties. "Imp" declares: "It is good that more English have arrived," and confesses, "it would have been lonely for me with only two German ladies who

NATIVE WOMAN WEAVING CLOTH.

don't speak my language." Alas! I fear most of these people are leaving the ship at Port Said for Egypt; their clothes and appearance suggest fashionable Assouan, Luxor, and Cairo. It is most interesting to meet the new travellers, and to ask where they are going, and their views on life and experiences. A representative young English couple are going home to Khartoum. They give us a graphic description of their life there; and the early morning rides over the desert sound most delightful.

Several are bound for Cairo solely on a pleasure expedition, and have never before seen the fascination of the Sphinx and Egyptian glories. I envy them their first view and impressions of

S.S. "ADOLPH WOERMANN" GOING ACROSS THE BAR AT LISBON IN STORM.

this wonderful country, the Eldorado of history and luxury. To my mind there is no Winter resort which caters for all tastes as does Egypt. I have passed some five or six winters there, and the spell is still upon me. At dinner Mr. Marsden, who has just left Monte Carlo, told the following story: A gentleman rushed into the Casino and put the maximum on No. 18. It won! When his friend asked him why he did it, he explained, his hands still full of notes, "Well, I intended to back the number of my private cabin in crossing from Dover to Calais, but I forgot it. Then I tried to remember the number of my railway carriage—in this I also failed. Nevertheless, I recollected that I was sick three times, so I thought, three sicks—18—that was why I backed it."

CHAPTER VI

Naples

NAPLES was clothed in blue-grey tissue which veiled Vesuvius like a prospective bride as the *Adolph Woermann* steamed to the quay in the early morning.

Our immediate neighbour is the s.s. *Taormina*, an Italian troop-ship just returned from Tripoli. There are something like 1500 soldiers on board, who have seen a year's service at the seat of war. They are a fine, sturdy, bronzed lot. Their lusty cheers—in which one catches the name of Allah! Allah!—their gay laughter and snatches of song portray their unmitigated joy at being restored to their native land, and the happy reunion with their families a nearly accomplished fact. The troop-ship appears very crowded, for not only is the deck a concrete mass of men, but all along the several lines, each port frames a smiling soldier's face. The bright sails of feluccas flit past us in a maddening haste to reach their destination.

Through the kindness of Mr. Bruce, a well-known shipowner from Glasgow, Mr. Marsden and myself are invited to the office of Signor de Luca, who is not only the most representative shipbroker in Naples, but gallantly takes on the duties of Consul-General for Belgium as well. Here, as good friends of Mr. Bruce, we were received with true Neapolitan hospitality. A luxurious motor-car was placed at our disposal, and a drive to Pompeii was suggested. While we were waiting for the arrival of the car—I know very little of shipbrokers' offices—it afforded me great interest to watch the continual meetings and exodus of captains and shipmen.

Signor de Luca, with his unfailing geniality, gave a hearty handshake, farewell, and God bless you, to tall and stalwart, thin and lithe, short and thick-set men who follow the sea.

Now around his desk assembles a sort of court martial.

A young Belgian sailor refuses to return to his ship, alleging that the officers have been cruel to him. The Captain, chief

officer, the Belgian Consul, and several others listen attentively to the lad's wrongs. He is a stupid, fanatical-looking boy of perhaps twenty years of age. In five minutes or so all is amicably settled, and the Captain has promised to look after the lad himself. The Consul nods approvingly; the boy grins and says he will go back to the ship. Exit all parties satisfied. "Adhuc sub judice lis est."

We are soon seated in the motor, and whirling along the sea

THE PORT, NAPLES.

road leading to Pompeii. "Imp" is quite excited—its curiosity is being satisfied, and it remarks: "We are in for a good day," and winds up with, "Are you not glad you came?"

The streets of Naples always inspire me with the greatest interest; I gaze first on one side, then on the other, endeavouring not to miss a single item of the crowded thoroughfare teeming with bewildering humanity. With thirsty inquisitiveness I stare up at balconies, where mangy cats doze lazily in the sun, and an enormous selection of undergarments flutter happily in the drying breeze. Madame, gowned in bright pink cotton, appears holding a white-swaddled bundle—it is the baby being given its matutinal airing. Parrots shriek at each other, golden canaries warble thanksgiving praise to the Orb of Day—all is vitality and struggle for existence. Now we are in the midst of markets. Large baskets

of wriggling eels—horrid-looking specimens—are shoved under our noses. The crowd here is so thick we are obliged to go very slow. Huge white cauliflowers, many of which are shipped from Naples to London, look in the distance like stiff Early Victorian bouquets of white roses. Golden oranges and tangerines, crowned with their own lustrous leaves, make pyramids of blazing colour.

But colour! That is everywhere—dominant, blatant—queen of the dirty streets. Painted wagons—with no uniformity as to the mating of the beasts that draw them, three harnessed together—one strong horse, a smaller one, and a mule in the middle—are observed. The high decorative silvered tin ornaments on the surcingle flash in the sunlight. Some of the dark-haired, sallow-faced squatters in the vehicle regard us with mild enviousness as we rush past.

We now enter the regions of the macaroni industry, where huge factories and small peasant houses vie with each other in stringing out countless yards of the long yellowish pieces which are one of the staple foods of Italy, and have long been popular with other nations as well.

Vesuvius is behaving most satisfactorily, and has done so for some time, my friend informs me. As we look up at its 3000 feet of forbidding height seven tiny spiral columns of vapour rise and gracefully proceed heavenward.

The railway, like a white ribbon, lies on the breast of the quiescent monster, the cruel one, who for no reason buried innocent and guilty together at Pompeii and Herculaneum some two thousand years ago.

CHAPTER VII

Vignettes of Pompeii

AS I passed through the iron gates leading to the ancient ruin a feeling of sadness and reverence possessed me. The same spirit spoke when I paid my first visit to the Residency at Lucknow.

In both places the noble trees and flowering shrubs which line the approach and veil a great tragedy give the air of peace, and the soft winds are eternally sighing a requiem for the dear dead—those who in the midst of rejoicing were relentlessly struck down with no time for prayers, even if they had wished to say them.

This fact is obvious, as is shown in the Museum here, where the petrified bodies are preserved in the same attitude as Death found them. Men and women fell face downward, some held a hand before their eyes; others rested on an elbow; an interesting study was the carcase of a dog which evidently died in intense agony, being twisted double. One turns one's eyes to iron gratings and rims of chariot wheels marvellously unchanged, despite the flight of thousands of years. There are rows of blue-green opalescent glass vases, bottles, and much more, which the burning lava or ash has painted a most beautiful colour. The scarcity of old Roman glass is much regretted by connoisseur collectors, as every year its value increases.

Through the Museum we go and then walk on past pepper and oleander trees, until we enter the main street of historical Pompeii itself. Over the lava stone-paved way I notice well-worn ruts on each side. These have been made by thousands of chariot wheels. Alas! where are the drivers of the picturesque conveyances now? Then there are the large stepping-stones, which were placed in such a position and height as not to interfere with the speed of the chariots. We discover a drinking fountain of white marble, and one sees the iron spout from which the flowing water appeased the thirst of the now voiceless throats. On the font is carved a cornucopia, the horn of plenty, discharging imaginary water. Near by stands an almost perfect figure of a beautiful woman in

Grecian draperies of marble. Her name is Eumachial, Public Priestess.

Here is a triumphal arch to Nero, and one to Gallicola, made of the thin, narrow red bricks which the Romans always used. These are faced with white marble. We stroll into the Basilica of Justice, and find a narrow hall about 250 feet long by 70 wide. It is roofless, with its standing walls some 12 or 14 feet high. Twenty-four broken columns, many of which are crowned by marble Corinthian capitals, stand like sentries to guard the silent hall.

We go down a few steps and enter the prison. In those days criminals were not allowed in court, but anxiously waited here. Three large round holes in the roof must have kept their attention riveted, because from these apertures their doom was shouted down to them. Can one picture the weary waiting of the prisoners and their gladness or sorrow as a court official screamed out their names, and So-and-so was either liberated or sent to death? The view from the Basilica is superb, backed by its amphitheatre of blue-purple mountains and frowned over by mighty Vesuvius. Sunshine and shadow play hide-and-seek through the empty halls, and a moss-green carpet of velvet fineness covers the floors.

It was in 1764 that a country workman (a contadini), in trying to sink a well, disturbed the protracted sleep of Pompeii by violating the ashes in the Temple of d'Iside (or Isis).

We see the Stabia Gate, with arches intact, through which many of the inhabitants fled in their terror, the Street of Fortune, also the Triangle Forum.

The Temple of Mercury, with a white marble font on which is depicted a priestess sacrificing a bull to the gods, proved interesting; there we found several fluted columns of the original Pompeiian red. In the centre is the stone rostrum for public speaking. One can fancy the voices of senators long since silenced pouring forth their flowers of speech to the admiring audience. A bust of Nero as a child was found here. It is inconceivable to imagine Nero a child, and one wishes he had chosen to remain a Peter Pan and never grown up.

Now the Bourse opens its arms to us. Mr. Marsden begins bidding for shares in the exuberance of his spirits, much to the amusement of all. Ye Saints! do the dead hear?

In the Temple of Diana, through her lovely figure an ugly metal tube protrudes. The Priestess, after consulting the oracle, would through this speaking appliance state the wishes of the goddess. The Official Public Scales, consisting of five round receptacles in stone, spoke of the probity of the citizens ; as did the four foot-high millstones, wherein corn was ground by the slaves, show their industry.

Having visited the city, we now proceeded to the residential quarter of the then " Smart Set." The house of the Bear, with the open court, which was a feature of each dwelling, contained some beautiful mosaics. The Vetti house, the largest yet unearthed at Pompeii, was remarkable for its really fine dining-room, wherein a frieze portraying fish, lobster, wine-growing, fruit, and other eatables still retained its pristine colouring. One must not forget a commodious kitchen, which would not be despised even in these days of luxury.

In bidding adieu to this silent ruin, pregnant with appalling catastrophe, we pause to look at the Theatre of Hercules. It was here that the greater part of the population sat watching the gladiators fighting when Vesuvius cast forth her ashes in anger. The promenade at the back of the theatre is quite intact, also the circle of stone seats, graduated as to price and tier, as in our present-day theatres—the boxes for the nobles, and so on down the social scale.

In the small enclosure at the back of the stage sixty-three bodies were found, probably those of the artists who took part in their last performance. A little farther on a larger enclosure proclaims that here the battle of wild beasts was fought.

Reverently I pass out of the quiet grass-grown City of the Dead, while Omar Khayyám lines come to me : " To-morrow ! I myself may be with yesterday's seven thousand years."

It was a quarter to two, and being frail humanity who have to look to fleshpots for existence our party began to clamour for luncheon. This we found opposite, the entrance gate at the Hotel Suisse. The lunch was excellent—the famous macaroni cooked in true Neapolitan style, fresh fish of the trout family, and several other dishes. For beverage we sampled Lachrima Christi (or Tears of Christ)—a name that repulses me, but nearly everyone drinks the wine here. The vineyards grow on the slopes of Vesuvius, with its rich lava soil, and the grapes are eternally sun-

A TROPICAL FOREST SCENE.

kissed, which imparts a flavour which has found much appreciation.

Our ship sailed at five ; therefore there was not much time to investigate Naples, and as I had seen the sights on several other visits I devoted the day to Pompeii. But for the benefit of other travellers not knowing Naples, may I suggest a visit to the Museum, also to the Aquarium, the finest in the world ; a drive to St. Elmo and Baiæ, the latter much beloved by the Romans as a summer resort ; and many more interesting excursions of which Baedeker will tell you? Signor de Luca and his charming son Alberto were kind enough to see us off. There was some delay. Darkness descended, and when we finally listened to the music of the working screws, Naples—la Bella—was wearing along her corsage a large necklace of diamonds, and on her dark head St. Elmo had placed a tiara of scintillating gems.

CHAPTER VIII

Port Said

PORT SAID loomed a dull red streak on the horizon as we approached, the blinking de Lesseps lighthouse shortly after 9 p.m. It reminded one of a belated houri about to retire, for there seemed to be a sleepiness over the whole town—so different in appearance from last year, when I was proceeding to the Durbar at Delhi. Then the place was wreathed in paper roses and green palm trees, while flaring arches blazoned forth warm welcoming messages to their Majesties the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress, who were due to arrive the next day on the *Medina*.

It was with a sad heart I bade farewell to my good friends. About twenty-five of the passengers left the ship, and as far as I could ascertain only two German ladies were to remain on board until the *Adolph Woermann* reached its destination at Dar-el-Salaam, a name derived from its Arab associations. These ladies, however, do not speak either English or French, and as my German is practically *non est*, the social life between us consists of a bow morning and night and various smiles in reconnoitring during the day. Naturally I longed for some English ladies to join the ship at Port Said. Even "Imp" acknowledged it would be desirable, as, however kind the men were, chatting with one's own sex is preferable sometimes.

I was leaning over the rail, a trifle depressed, watching the constant bobbing up and down of the small fleet which gathers around a newly arrived steamer, when I heard a familiar Arab voice shouting an order to his men. In a few seconds I recognized Abdel Sattar el-Bassel, Sheikh of the Fayum, ascending the gangway. Now I must go back about six years, to the time when I first met the Sheikh and his charming wife Malaka in Cairo. They had been married about a year at the time. I had wanted to meet a high-class Egyptian woman at home, and through the friendship of a Pacha I was introduced to the Sheikh, who in his turn invited me to visit his wife. Upon arrival there with the

Sheikh, who is cultured and refined, and has the principles of an Englishman—as he is very much against plurality in wives—I was astonished to find a handsome woman of twenty, with large vivacious brown eyes and dazzling teeth, her complexion of the palest *café-au-lait*, with clove carnation colour subtly rubbed into her cheeks.

FAVOURITE HORSE OF SHEIKH ABDEL EL-BASSEL, FAYUM.

The tea was served in English style, and my distinguished hostess, who speaks English, French, Arabic, Turkish, and Bedouin perfectly, commenced a conversation which touched upon all the current news of the day, literature and politics, and wound up with a discussion upon the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. I had to dig deep into the wells of my brain to resurrect memories which had long since slumbered. Thus began a delightful acquaintance, of especial interest to me, which has lasted, and I hope may continue.

I may mention that Madame el-Bassel is the only Egyptian woman who has lectured to an audience of five hundred women in Cairo, with the object of impressing upon the minds of the poor the beneficial principle of hygienic methods in their homes, and teaching them to bring up their children well, instilling in

them the love of cleanliness and work. I was so agreeably surprised with my first insight into Egyptian family life, after all the harem stories I had heard, that I wrote an article on my impressions, which appeared in English, and was copied into the French and Arabic journals in Cairo.

When the season was over and I returned to London our letters were of mutual interest, and last year, when I passed through Cairo after the Durbar ceremonies, I paid a visit of four and a half days to my friends on their huge estate in the rich oasis of the Fayum. The Sheikh has a light railway laid over his domain for the use of himself and friends, and to carry the harvests from the different farms. Much cotton is grown here, and the family have also large tracts of land in the Soudan, and are experimenting there in cotton growing.

THE GARDEN OF THE "SIT," FAYUM.

Truly, I never experienced a pleasanter visit, where, from the Sheikh and the "Sit," which is his wife's official title, down to the smallest servant, I was shown every consideration and hospitality. Therefore when I recognized the Sheikh I smilingly extended my hand, which he kissed. I had written to Madame that I should be passing Port Said, and gave the name of my ship; but the thought never occurred to me that they would take all that trouble and travel here just to give me a handshake and say "Bon voyage." The Sheikh said I must come ashore at once, as his wife Malaka was at the hotel and most anxious to see me; furthermore, that they were waiting dinner for me. I hurried ashore and walked along the wide main street accompanied by the Sheikh, who wore a magnificent burnous of rich purple

stuff and a striped kaftan. On we went, past postcard shops, splendid Japanese bazaars, and houses where nearly every requisite of travel could be obtained; but the street appeared not so gay, nor the shopkeepers so importunate as on my previous visits. However, there were plenty who rushed to their doors and stared at a blue-serged Englishwoman walking with an Arab Sheikh! Upon reaching the hotel, we found Malaka in her private sitting-room. She wore white velvet and much jewellery, and was delighted to see me, which feeling I reciprocated. How pleasant the change was from the ship, where I had felt so lonely after my friends departed, now to the welcome of warm friendship and hospitality! It was a great treat also for Malaka. It is very seldom the Sheikh will allow his wife in an hotel. She always wears black with a white yashmac in public.

A PRINCESS OF THE BEDOUINS, FAYUM.

Once during my visit to the Fayum I remonstrated with her upon wearing such magnificent raiment in the morning. Frequently she would appear in satins or velvets, at ten a.m., with a fortune of jewels upon her. She sadly answered: "Charlotte, if I don't wear them for you, whom should I put them on to please? You know my life here. Although I have

everything, I am almost a prisoner, and seldom meet anyone." I realized, and said no more.

Dinner was served at once. I felt very guilty to have kept them from theirs so late, and dubious about taking a full share of their liberal hospitality, as, not knowing of the unexpected pleasure in store for me, I had already dined at seven on board ship. There is nothing that irritates an Arab more than for a guest to refuse a course. He at once reasons that either you don't like his fare or you don't find it good enough ! I shall never forget my consternation on the occasion of my first dinner in the Fayum, when a black slave brought half a fat sheep to my side for me to carve. I gave a despairing look at the huge carcase. I always find it best when, if you don't know anything, simply to state the case an I ask for advice. People are not supposed to know everything in this world, although many dislike to acknowledge it. I begged the Sheikh to do the proper thing regarding the mutton, whereupon he carved me a noble portion of the fattest meat I had ever eaten ! Malaka explained that it was their custom. They always kept a sheep fattened, and whenever a distinguished guest arrived it was sacrificed.

Needless to say, that at the Port Said dinner this Gargantuan *pièce de résistance* did not make its appearance. The courses were mostly European, with an occasional Arab dish. There were many little stews with vegetables, and the chicken was stuffed with rice, nuts, sultanas, currants, and spice of all kinds, and was excellent. I have often given it to my friends at home, where it has invariably found favour. For dessert they had ordered a special sweet which I had last partaken of in the Fayum. It was a large open tart full of all kinds of fruit and very strongly flavoured with orange flowers. Delicious coffee followed. Of course, the Mohammedans do not drink spirits or wine. That was a very good commandment which Mohammed gave to them We sat chatting, enjoying ourselves, and all too quickly time pointed to eleven-thirty. My ship left at twelve, so farewells were said, with hopes of renewing our friendship next year.

I think Malaka imagines I am a little mad to undertake this long trip by myself, and sometimes, when I look at the map of Africa hanging in the companion way, and face the gigantic voyage which I have set out to accomplish, I cannot help wondering if I shall really achieve it and once again see my home and

friends. "Imp" hates me to have such thoughts, forbidding me to become morbid.

At parting with my dear friends Malaka pushed a packet into my hand. Woman-like, I must open it at once, and find a lovely necklace of gold coins, also a bottle of oil of sandal-wood perfume. How can I make her understand my gratitude for her never-failing kindness? Reluctantly I take my departure, the Sheikh accompanying me to the ship.

The next morning my first question to the stewardess when she brought me some coffee was: "Did any English ladies come on board last night?" She replied: "Yes, Madame, one English lady with her husband They are in the cabin next to yours, and I think they are going to Dar-es-Salaam." "I am heartily glad," I responded. "One companion is better than being absolutely alone."

SOME OF THE SHEIKH'S HOUSES, EGYPT.

At present we have three Germans and two English women. Down the Canal there is nothing to chronicle. The weather is rather cool, and there is a concert by a very good band in the morning and again after dinner. The food continues all that could be desired; the lazy ship life is restful, and without incident we drift on day by day. I forgot to mention that a dance took place the night before we reached Port Said. The deck ballroom was prettily decorated with flags and Japanese lanterns, and the dance was kept going for some hours notwithstanding the scarcity of lady partners. How the tables are reversed from London parties, where some of the greatest hostesses find a difficulty in securing a suitable number of dancing men!

In meandering down the Suez Canal one's thoughts revert to Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, and one cannot restrain pity and

sympathy for the man with the great brain who accomplished this marvellous waterway. That he unfortunately failed in that titanic scheme of his, the Panama Canal, was due, let us say, to disastrous fever as much as to faulty finance, and the wealthy American Republic devoted two years solely to the task of conquering the pestiferous climate before they set their men to pierce the heart of the Isthmus. Within a short time the gigantic Panama Canal will rank among the wonders of the world.

We arrive at the Red Sea, and equip ourselves in white. Lemon squashes with large chunks of ice take the place of other beverages; we prepare to keep cool. Yesterday we encountered phenomenal weather. Captain, passengers, and crew who pass through the Red Sea periodically say they have never seen such a storm as descended upon us. The heat was stifling. Every port was firmly secured, rain came down in sheets, decks were flooded, and there was no place to sit or stand except in the saloon, which resembled a Turkish bath. Thunder and lightning played around us. Another exceptional thing was a thick white mist that covered us, preventing our vision. We could only see a few yards away. The fog-horn tooted its dismal notes. We were all very much depressed. This inclement condition lasted the entire morning. After lunch it cleared, and the sun came out and began drying up the decks like an indignant housemaid who sees her work in arrears and remedies it by making her people comfortable and happy once more.

Mokha, a small town clinging close to the seashore on the Arabian side, nestled in drowsiness and sunshine. The latter showed us square white houses, land destitute of verdure, and a tall lighthouse. Mokha at one period gained the reputation of producing the finest coffee in the world.

A short distance further along, lying near the opposite coast, is the island of Perim. The following story illustrates the means by which it became a British possession. It was, in the old days when Aden had recently been acquired, overlooked by our people when capturing the more important barrier to the East, so that Perim had been neglected. Not so, however, with the French, who foresaw its value in strategical importance in war times. They made up an expedition to annex the island for France. The French ship arrived at Aden, and the officers were invited

to mess that evening with the Britishers. They fraternized and the wine flowed, which loosened the tongue of one officer, who confided that to-morrow morning they intended to take Perim in the name of their country. This unexpected revelation naturally opened the eyes of the English. A wink was given, and a few English left the table unnoticed by the French. The English officers who remained forced copious hospitality upon their guests, until in drowsy bewilderment they forgot the island of Perim. The next morning they sailed from Aden, and upon arriving at their destination, to their horror and amazement they beheld a British flag waving, emblazoning the fact that the English were already in possession!

Perim claims the attention of the passenger. This island would have made a lovely water-colour with its heather-tinted, rocky shores caressed by the sapphire sea. It fairly bristled with cautionary lighthouses, as if it were weary of having unfortunate wrecks tossed upon its shores, thus giving it an evil reputation. It was on the rocks of Perim that the P. & O. *China* met her doom.

PIGEON HOUSES, FAYUM.

Dim lights in the distance proclaim Aden. It is about 11 p.m. when we drop anchor close by the *Salsette*. This ship seemed like an old friend. When she made her maiden trip to the northern capitals I enjoyed a very pleasant voyage on board. She was built for swiftness, and now acts as a sort of ferry-boat to carry mails and passengers from Aden to Bombay. A traveller is constantly meeting with old friends of the shipping world. Discs of glowing light announce the fact that most of the voyagers have retired. Somali boatmen wearing turbans and a few fluttering rags shout to each other, their gleaming teeth flash-

ing in the intense darkness. Hatches are opened, merchandise is already being lowered to the waiting boats below, and steam derricks groan and wheeze as if protesting against labour. Passing to the other side of our ship are several huge barges loaded with cotton, which we are to take on to the waiting populace in Africa. At Aden a great deal of transhipment takes place. Many goods coming from America change quarters here. There is more cargo than was expected ; therefore the men will be obliged to work all night. By the gangway is a flotilla of Indian traders with their wares, but the Somali boatmen appear to have the monopoly of leopard skins, horns, shell necklaces, and baskets. These baskets are made by the natives, and are rather pretty both as regards shape and colouring. It is too late to go on shore. The town seems steeped in darkness, and one retires, but not to sleep—the incessant noise forbids such refreshment.

Early next morning we sail, and even Aden, that arid volcanic rock, dressed in pale blue cloudlike draperies, is beautiful, as distance lending enchantment gathers it to its bosom. I was not at all disappointed in being deprived of going ashore at Aden. Previously I had visited the place some half a dozen times, but for the benefit of travellers unfamiliar with Aden I think I can safely say that from a tourist's point of view there is little of interest. The mountains are certainly grand in their bleakness, and the different invasions of the Arab tribes make interesting history. One of the most picturesque figures to pay homage to their Majesties on Durbar Day at Delhi last year was the Sheikh of Aden. He was a tall, magnificent specimen of stately manliness, and he was almost the only ruler who appeared without jewels, wearing only his burnous of finest texture and a camel's-hair rope wound many times around his head. This Sheikh was greatly interested in the Kinemacolor photographs, and at the rehearsal of the Rulers before the actual day of the Durbar Mr. Charles Urban showed the Sheikh the particular workings of the Kinemacolor. After he had paid his obeisance and backed out of their Majesties' presence he passed very slowly before the machine in order that the Kinemacolor might have an advantageous view of his regal self.

People tell you to drive out to the Great Tanks, but from personal experience I should add, Do not. In the first place, the carriages are rather miserable contrivances with wretched, worn-

out, slow-crawling ponies or horses. The distance is some eight miles along a hot, dusty road. The horse I had dropped dead as I arrived at the Tanks. Fortunately, while I was exploring these huge receptacles my driver secured another specimen of horse-flesh. The Great Tanks, or cisterns, are supposed to have been built originally by the Persians about A.D. 600, when they invaded that part of the country. Other authorities contest this idea, and declare it was the Romans who were responsible. However, these Tanks lay buried for centuries.

Towards 1830 merchants and navy men assembled in large numbers at Aden, and it was regretted amongst the officers that

DISTANT VIEW OF ADEN.

the sailors generally preferred to leave the merchant ships and join the Indian Navy, thereby causing much annoyance by placing them short of hands after having brought the sailors on what in those days was a long voyage. A new law declared that these deserters should be put in prison for a short time as a punishment, but at that period they were not obliged to work. Some years after the Governor found it was useless for the Government to house and feed these deserters, and he compelled them to work for their bread, sending them to the Tanks to break stone for road building ; and it was a prisoner who actually discovered the Tanks. Then in 1856 British brain and activity overhauled, cleaned, cemented, and re-established these huge, valuable

reservoirs, which can retain 8,000,000 gallons of water—truly a "Godsend" to barren, parched Aden, where grass and flowers are ever absent. A superfluous painted placard warned people "Not to pick the flowers"—which the most vigilant hunter would have found an illusion and a snare.

Last year, when their Majesties landed at Aden from the *Medina* on their way to India, the whole front of the landing-stage had been transformed into a wealth of greenery. Palms, shrubs, crotons, and flowers had been shipped from Bombay to beautify and dress Aden, the gate of India.

There is an indifferent hotel, a line of straggling shops containing a collection of Parsee goods; ostrich feathers and fans are cheaper here than in Port Said. Also they have a club and brown golf links. The soldiers say the climate is healthy, and they rather like the place because they save money here, as there is really no expensive taste to cultivate. A few of the officers go in for polo, but it is most difficult, and forage for the ponies is expensive.

"Imp" suggests that we should establish a system of "Don'ts," warning people what to avoid at every stopping place; and as *It* wants occupation I shall delegate "Imp" that part of the chronicling.

DON'T

Lunch or dine at the hotel, ship preferable.

Drive to the Tanks. Not worth it, and you may miss ship.

CHAPTER IX

Down the East Coast

A PERIOD of quiet ship life is entered upon, varied by concerts, conversation, meals; and sunsets are remarkably lovely while the sea wears a robe of rich watered silk, shimmering towards the horizon. Flying-fish, whales, and several sharks have not omitted a certain amount of entertainment—one is so easily amused when excitement is limited. The small Somaliland colony who live in the well-deck, enjoy their housekeeping, and black velvet forms, with wrappings of white or gaily coloured cotton, rest tranquilly by day. Night sees them engaged in weird music. Cape Guardafui shows us with picturesque clearness the sleeping Lion crouching on its bold rocky promontory, ceaselessly guarding the Hinterland of Italian Somaliland—that land of which we hear little, but where one finds wild tribes, unknown customs, and dangerous adventures; not to mention the big game which prowls practically unmolested. Most people do not realize the immense breadth of Africa from Cape Guardafui to Cape Verde on the West Coast—the continent being only 250 miles longer than it is broad.

Yesterday we crossed the Equator. The weather was certainly hot, but not disagreeably so. We have every convenience on board in the way of electric fans, plenty of ice, and a well-chosen menu. In the afternoon traditional Father Neptune, wearing his rope, tow-wig, and beard, a high-pointed silvered tin crown, and holding a trident, appeared, followed by his satellites—a dozen or so, dressed in weirdly original costumes. He carried a large black book, on the cover of which shone a silver cross. Herein were inscribed the names of those unfortunate ones who acknowledged they had never bumped the Line. These were captured and taken to the lower deck, on which a large swimming tank had been prepared for bathers during the hot weather. The miserables, after listening to a lengthy sea harangue eloquently delivered by Neptune, had their faces shaved with a white concoction and huge

A COUNTRY SCENE.

wooden razor. Some underwent the agony of having an enormous wooden tooth extracted; after the brave performance they were ignominiously ducked in the tank, which must by its refreshing qualities have repaid the uninitiated for their indignities. Much snapshotting and laughter were indulged in.

About twenty of our passengers are leaving to-morrow at Mombasa for Nairobi, many going on shooting expeditions. They tell me that as the train passes through the country, the game, not fearing it, is often seen grazing in a natural state. It was decided that the Captain's farewell dinner should be celebrated to-night, and also an Equatorial Fancy Dress Ball should take place afterwards. The dining saloon was decorated very nicely with Japanese lanterns and garlands of paper roses. I include the menu of an excellent dinner. Toasts were proposed in German, English, and French.

MENU FOR "CAPTAIN'S DINNER"

Caviare in ice-block.
Green turtle soup.
Boiled salmon, Sauce Gourmand.
Saddle of veal à la Couvaroff.
Galantine of Capon, Sauce Cumberland.
Asparagus, Sauce Mousseline,
Roast Pheasant à la Jockey Club
Salad.
Illuminated Furst Puckler-Bombe.
Pastry.
Butter and Cheese.
Fruit. Coffee.

The health of Captain Iversen and his family was drunk with hearty appreciation. His courtesy to everyone richly deserves our gratitude.

When the ices were served lights were switched off while fairy lights took their place, greatly adding to the beauty of the scene.

Considering there were only five ladies on board, the costumes at the dance were most varied and original, all being designed with whatever material was procurable. Every man adorned himself

in joyous garb. It was a great convenience to wear light costumes, as the tropical weather demanded flimsiness.

After the ball, ices, sandwiches, and lemon squash were served. All the passengers were of one opinion—that we had enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

At noon next day a low-lying stretch of yellowish sand, backed by groves of palms and mangrove swamps, proclaim the harbour of Kilindine, said to be the finest natural shelter on the East Coast of Africa, with the exception of Pemba Bay. Above it float soft summer clouds. It is the hot season. From the ancient Portuguese Fort, also from Government House, a Union Jack is flying. A whale bobs his dark head from the water, probably startled by the arrival of two steamers, ours and the *Admiral* of the same Company. It was on this ship that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and Colonel Roosevelt made their memorable voyages, Captain Doherr being in command at the time. Buffaloes often are found near this water, and lions up to a short time ago were shot on the island of Mombasa. For the first time I see the baobab tree, commonly called cream of tartar. The Dutch once used the pods of this for the preparation of bread. One would imagine that it was a dead thing, until one discerns springlike leaves at intervals on the dead-appearing branches.

We pass the ruins of several old forts which date from 1500, recalling slavery times, for Mombasa did a great trade in those dark days. Arabs and Portuguese conquered and reconquered, until it passed under a British Protectorate.

Although it is very warm it is not painfully so, considering we are within four degrees of the Equator. Naturally people do not exercise much in the middle of the day, preferring the early morning or late afternoon. The evenings are cool. Small white-sailed fishing boats drift past mango and cocoanut trees; on the shore are peculiar-looking traps to catch the fish, made of dark red reeds. Down rattles our anchor, immediately we are surrounded by a swarm of eager black faces. Swahilis in dhows and small craft shout, Habari! What news? Yambo'. Good morning. A useful word to learn in this language is "Menda zako," "Go away!" A party of us were seated in one of the clean white-cushioned boats, but we had difficulty in making our men push off. They in their greed fancied that by waiting they would secure all the passengers. It is only a short distance over to Kilindine,

and there appears to be no fixed tariff, as the men demanded 7d. from some and 6d. from others, while sportsmen who landed with much luggage were entirely at their mercy.

We landed at Kilindine, the terminus of the Uganda Railway, only to find a large corrugated-iron shed, sectioned alphabetically, regarding luggage, as at home. There are many police about, dressed in khaki, with smart high-standing red turbans finished with a sort of cockade in bright yellow. Many of them come from India; I was also surprised to notice various officials were Goanese and Hindu. The examinations, especially in the case of sportsmen, are very strict. Every gun has to be thoroughly examined, unlocked, and all cartridges declared. In fact one's entire equipment is overlooked, even necessities being dutiable. On the station I remarked several priests, gowned in white, having long rosaries on their necks. The fast train to Nairobi leaves every other day, the distance being some 322 miles. Nevertheless, the Uganda State Railway takes 23 hours to run this distance. I am told the journey is most interesting, also including the voyage round Lake Nyasa. Nature has granted them zebra, gnu, gazelle, hartebeeste, impala, rhinoceros, giraffe, and possibly lion. One lady, a resident, said that from the train she had seen two lions eating a zebra. The exports coming down from the interior of this valuable country consist of hides, ivory, rubber, oil seeds, coffee, gum, copal, and potatoes, which grow very well on the uplands. All are shipped to Delagoa Bay and Durban. Cotton also promises to be an important industry; tobacco and the fibre of the mangrove tree add to a useful list.

ANCIENT PORTUGUESE GATEWAY, MOMBASA.
Entrance to the Fort.

Having at last passed the Customs and been importuned by various Swahilis, who beg to guide us for whatever our generosity will shower on them, we escape and enter a public ghari. A species of open trolley-car, very primitive, holding only four persons. This speeds off to Mombasa, about two miles away. Along the main road, which is called Macdonald Terrace, we have nothing but praise for its beauty. On each side are brilliant-foliaged flamboya trees, a member of the acacia family, the

LION ATTACKING ZEBRA.

branches of which are entirely covered with the most glorious red blossoms, while green and brown pods of some six inches in length hang from the already over-gaudy tree. British residents have commodious bungalows, with charming gardens, in which banana trees, cocoanut palms, and the delicious paw-paw supply a wealth of fruit, not to mention the flowering shrubs and decorative crotons, which thrive almost as at Panama. The climate matures these to perfection. Houses are mostly two-storeyed, with wide verandahs, the huts of the natives being thatch-roofed, with white-washed walls of clay. The trolley stopped at the Hotel Metro-

pole, which shares with the Grand, under the same management, the reputation of being the best. The Metropole was very full, and some of our people complained of their rooms. We were told that we should dine better on our ship than here. The courtyard or lounge, with its long chairs and sheet-iron tables, with a straw dado around the walls, and an uncarpeted floor not too clean, did not particularly appeal to me. "Imp" also protested. They tell me the cost per day *en pension* at the Metropole ranges from 10 to 15 rupees; the charges vary according to the situation of the rooms. If on the balcony, the price is higher.

The news from Mombasa consists of a vague revolution idea between the powerful tribes of Masai, Nandi, and Lumbria. The first two have hated each other since prehistoric times, and the present quarrel is a dispute over their land possessions. There has been bloodshed, and several native police have been shot. The Government are dealing with the matter quietly, but the Masai have appealed to the High Court. We strolled through the main streets, which were as narrow as in an Arab town, but fairly clean, with tortuous alleys leading to the native quarters. Everyone must be struck by the magnificent carved teak doors, relics of Arab days. In the lower hall of the houses there is a place for rickshaws, which are largely used.

We went on to the Portuguese Fort, dating from 1593. The drawbridge is grass-grown, a large paw-paw tree casts its shadow over the inclined pathway. The walls are of dark red, and on one side surrounded by the sea. Above the principal gateway is a tablet informing us that in 1635 Don Francisco de Cabreira was responsible for the rebuilding; it is at present used as a prison. Above the inscription is a cross with I.H.S., and a Bleeding Heart pierced by three daggers. The streets bear familiar names, such as Thompson Lane, Hardinge Row, and so on. The Indian element is much in evidence. Indian shops crowded with spoils from China and Japan predominate. Many Indians are engaged in municipal work. At about four in the afternoon people emerge for their recreation. There are several clubs, tennis being very popular, and a golf course recently laid out. A well-known hunter tells me the following story, illustrating the swiftness and intelligence of the telegraph department of Uganda: He was camping on the Athi River and despatched a boy twenty miles to a Baboo station-master to send a wire. The boy returned bringing a form, saying

he had orders that the words must be written on that form. This being done he started back, making sixty miles' travel. Again he returned, bringing a stamp, and told the gentleman he must affix it *himself*, thereby making a hundred miles' running in order to send *one* wire !

SNAKE AT HOME.

DONT'S BY "IMP"

Don't stay at the hotel if you are invited to a friendly bungalow.

Don't give the natives whatever they demand, for they are never satisfied.

Don't change German money into rupees—1s. 4d.—there is a discount on German money. English is best.

You will find Indian shops dear. Curios from Uganda may be obtained in a shop at the beginning of Main Street, but there is not a large selection.

CHAPTER X

Tanga

AT seven in the morning a green well-wooded country and a tall watch-tower of ancient workmanship give me my first glimpse of Tanga, in German East Africa. Several of our few remaining passengers disembark here. One family in particular journey by train 250 miles into the country, then have another sixty miles to do by mules and carriers. The gentleman is manager of some large rubber plantations; I fear his young wife will be weary before she reaches her destination. People rarely stay out here more than three years; the climate is very enervating, and for health's sake one must have a change. One catches a distant view of mountains in the background, some of the peaks rising to the height of 10,000 feet. The highest are quite eighteen miles away.

The most prominent building on arrival is the German Hospital. Europeans are accommodated in the large, airy, two-storeyed red-roofed building, natives having an annexe to themselves. Situated as it is on a promontory, it has the advantage of the cool sea winds. The grounds are spacious and well kept. At Tanga the buildings are more covered with foliage than at Mombasa; from the shore it looks less interesting, but do not be deceived by what the wiseacres tell you! I engage a clean boat, the Swahilis wearing smart red fezzes on their ebony heads, and khaki clothes. For one mark I was rowed to the landing-stage, where a native obtained a rickshaw for me. This is the conveyance of Tanga, together with narrow-gauge trolley-cars. I went jogging along the main street, and I being alone Imp accompanied me, complaining it had not had much privacy with me for exchange of thoughts, as I passed most of my time with fellow-passengers. The drive was beautiful. On each side for some distance blazed the scarlet flamboya tree, oleander, and palms of every variety. The houses are mostly two-storeyed, with deep closed-in verandahs, painted white with red roofs. In the gardens cocoanuts, mangoes, and pineapples abound.

On arriving at the market, a long, open structure, I descended from my rickshaw and passed through.

Markets, in whatever place I am, always interest me, for there one sees for oneself how the people live and what they live on. It was about nine in the morning, which is considered late for purchasing in the tropics. The meat certainly did not look appetizing, heat making the stench most disagreeable; but the fruit made a rather fine show. I bought some ripe mangoes, the largest I have seen, pineapples, bananas, and limes. Curious red

HOSPITAL, TANGA.

and yellow peppers were in great demand. The blacks control all the market trade. A quaint old Goanese was selling belts composed of a dozen silver chains, fastened by a German five-mark piece.

Evidence of loyalty to the Kaiser was manifest in every direction; his photographs and chromos in uniform decorated every shop and hotel. On leaving the market I was much struck by the cleanliness of a coffee restaurant for the native marketmen. There they sat enjoying excellent-looking brown and white bread, and I was in a way reminded of the stalls at Covent Garden. This bread was every bit as good as that at home.

The Government has excelled itself in laying out Tanga allowing it wide, shady streets with countless blooming shrubs, arranging squares and open recreation grounds. At Bismarcks Platz, for instance, is a large, well-kept café ; also a bandstand in the gardens, where red and yellow crotons stand ten and twelve feet high. There are several of the lovely fan-spread palms. On a stone pedestal a fine bronze bust of Prince Bismarck recalls the wisdom of a great man. The monument is guarded by old cannon placed

GRAND HOTEL, TANGA.

at its base. I am told that Tanga is noted for its band ; here in the cool of an afternoon the Europeans meet for social chat.

There are two hotels, which show a far better front than at Mombasa. The Kaiserhof Hotel, a large white hostelry, with green shutters and deep balconies, has a large open restaurant and café, which in this climate is appreciated. The Grand Hotel is spoken of as the best this year. Here I found clean rooms ; the ladies' sitting-room was furnished with wicker chairs of artistic design, straw matting covered the floor, and on the writing-desks gleamed silver necessaries—quite luxurious ! A balcony runs the length of the front, where meals are served if desired on blue-

CHAPTER XI

Dar-es-Salaam

IT is a glorious Sunday afternoon, the Golden God reigns in a tropical sky. Many healths and good-bye toasts have been drunk, as we are now entering Dar-es-Salaam, an Arab name, which translated means "Harbour of Peace." Truly it is well named. All passengers line the rails watching for the approach and first sight of their welcoming friends. The band is playing, and one cannot restrain the spirit of jubilation that spreads from prow to stern. We pass quite close to shore, which is crowded by white-clad people waving handkerchiefs. Two sharp turns through an extremely narrow neck of water and we enter the fine land-locked harbour of Dar-es-Salaam, the largest port of German East Africa. From here are shipped enormous quantities of merchandise for the Congo and Central Africa.

Upon the dropping of our anchor we are met with all kinds of craft—smart official boats, dhows, a number of small white-winged sailing yachts, skimming as close as they dare, and boats full of enthusiastic people. The mail's arrival means a great deal to the 1500 Europeans isolated here and deeply merged in colonial life. Fathers, mothers, and whole families, after a dreary sojourn, are to be reunited and start their daily occupations together. Then the interesting news, things they have seen and done, messages and presents from far-away friends, are eagerly looked for. The heat here is most trying. Frequently the residents are obliged to leave—it is not considered extreme when the thermometer registers 38 or 40 degrees C. in the shade.

Although Mombasa is nearer the Equator, Dar-es-Salaam is much hotter. The picture which presents itself is that of a long row of well-designed buildings, Government and private, the splendid Catholic church, with high steeple, while further on a Protestant church rears its tower. Throughout this long sea-front drive the scarlet flamboya acacias blaze, and tall, swaying cocoanut palms and crotons of all sizes and colours. It is with extreme

sorrow that "Imp" and I realize the fact that we must leave the dear, comfortable *Adolph Woermann*, which has meant home to us for a month.

My thoughts drift back to the 21st of December, at Southampton, when in great weakness, owing to bronchitis, I boarded this ship. Now I am perfectly well and scarcely realize the meaning of the word cough! "Imp" whispers, "What did I tell you?" which I pretend not to hear. Imagine the difference—England and its cold, wet climate—then one month's comfortable sailing on a ship where you are waited on by attentive stewards. No troubles with servants nor sticking on insurance stamps, no feeding coals to a ravenous fire! Here you have excellent meals served without a thought of ordering, you listen to music, most of your wants are anticipated, you have met pleasant companions, broadened your views in the mutual exchange of thought, have seen and visited marvellously interesting places, improving yourself in every way.

Upon inquiring I find that about eight of our passengers who are going farther south will live on board ship for two days before we transfer to the *Markgraff*, which at present is discharging cargo at Mombasa. I am pleased to say that amongst these are my friends Mr. and Mrs. Henry of Johannesburg, on their way to Durban. Mrs. Henry and I were the only English-speaking women on board, having taken all our shore excursions together. At the end of the voyage a ship's party becomes like one big family, and as I speak French and understand a few German words we all chatter like magpies. Most of the Germans are progressing in English, the men especially, since commercial relations with England demand it.

We are a very small party at dinner to-night, having our coffee on deck. Mr. Ott and Mr. Beesley, who are responsible for the management of the D.O.A. and Woermann Linie at Dar-es-Salaam, inform us that being Sunday night they have a grand concert at the Kaiserhof Hotel and suggest that we should attend. We are rowed ashore, the fare being 4d. (surely not extravagant), and wander along a white road planted with trees. A two-quarter-old moon lends beauty to the scene. We pass the prison, an old building of large dimensions which dates from Portuguese and slavery days. Figure to yourself the miserable times some poor creatures have known behind those thick-built

walls! We see the post office, an up-to-date modern building, also the Palace, or rather house, of the banished Sultan Said Khaled, exiled from Zanzibar, who lives in his retirement with a few faithful supporters. The tall walls of the Catholic church gleam in the moonlight. We enter, to find a plain but well-arranged interior, with stained-glass windows, but very crude as far as colouring goes, a fine altar, carved pulpit of ebony, comfortable cane benches, and a lofty ceiling. The funds for this church have been largely subscribed by natives, the Goanese having settled here

GENERAL VIEW OF DAR-ES-SALAAM.

in large numbers. In fact along this coast they are devout Catholics and Royalists.

I may state for the benefit of my readers who are not familiar with this race that Goa is a province held by the Portuguese in South-west India. In olden times the Portuguese colonials married native Indian women, and from those alliances sprang these people who prefer to drop their mother's ancestry, calling themselves Portuguese.

We should like to have gone into the Protestant church, which

stands close by, half hidden by a grove of cocoanut palms ; but since no service was being held at the time, doors were locked. This fact has always impressed me in regard to Protestant churches everywhere. One never finds a Catholic church closed to worshippers, it being possible to enter and pray or meditate whenever you will ; but not so in those of my own faith. When service is over the doors are invariably locked.

A large white hotel stands out from the mist of palms and

STREET IN DAR-ES-SALAAM.

shrubs—it is the Kaiserhof. There is a wide terrace, brilliantly lighted, on which quite a hundred people dressed in white sit sipping beverage, three-quarters of them drinking beer. Some of this beer is imported from the homeland, but most is a Weisse Beer, served in enormous bowl-like glasses, a full pint in each. This is made in Dar-es-Salaam. The beer has a slightly acid taste, which is a good thirst-curer in the grilling country, where refreshing liquid is in constant demand. Another glass which drew my attention as peculiar was what they call a vase of beer ; it is a tall glass twelve inches high, such as we use at home for flowers.

When filled with golden beer crowned by foam it is rather difficult to manage, but has an attractive look on the table. All these people were sitting in the cool evening air listening to an excellent band of about forty khaki-coloured natives, their conductor being a German officer.

The Germans take very good care of their colonists, and arrange for their entertainment. The French act very similarly for their colonies, for I remember when at Saigon, Cochin China, I attended a splendid performance of the Opera. Upon asking how the people could support an Opera House, I was told, "Oh, the French Government send out companies, and maintain it at the cost of many thousand pounds a year." We do not do enough in that respect for our colonies. They say that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly, but can you imagine our Colonial Office bothering its head whether we shall have opera or not in our colonies? After the hot trying day who could begrudge these people enjoying the cool evening and listening to music, even if it were not inside a church?

SECRETARY OF STATE'S VISIT TO DAR-ES-SALAAM. THEIR EXCELLENCIES DR. SCHNEE AND FRAU SCHNEE.

Here we met many of our voyage companions and their friends passing a pleasant hour. Next day, we, like greenhorns,

started from our ship to explore Dar-es-Salaam. There are only four horses, and they belong to His Excellency Dr. Schnee, Governor of German East Africa. The hot climate and the deadly tsetse-fly kill them. For conveyance there are rickshaws with black boys, and occasionally one sees a pair of small, well-worn mules drawing a carriage. Our party, however, decided to walk, thinking the exercise would be beneficial after being restricted to deck promenades for such a long time. Thus we valiantly started dressed in thinnest white gowns, cork topees, naturally wearing veils—at least, Mrs. Henry and I wore them. We had not, however, realized the power of the sun, for the blistering process started almost immediately. I was wearing what is called a lingerie gown, composed of the finest lawn and lace. Old Sol obviously did not like my costume, or perhaps he admired it too much ; any way, he fastened his eyes on me and embroidered my skin to match the pattern of the lace. He rather overdid his caresses on my shoulders, causing horrid white blisters to rise, and this painful affliction I still b ar the marks of.

We had not calculated upon the difference of this progressive port between 10.30 p.m. and 10.30 a.m., therefore we made a mistake. Of course, people who live here, like business men and officials, rise at six, do their work in the early hours, go home to breakfast, take a siesta, and venture out again at about four. So with their womenkind : they wait until late afternoon before venturing out. There are several hundred ladies at Dar-es-Salaam, and a hundred European children. The men greatly outnumber the women. There is a new golf course here with nine holes, by the sea, laid out with the help of the English Consul, Mr. King ; and tennis courts. But I should think the heat would not induce one to exercise much, even towards evening. I have visited all the tropical ports, such as Singapore, Panama, Buenos Aires, and Port Cabello, but I think for heat Dar-es-Salaam holds first place. Yet one must also remember that this is their hottest season. In June, July, and August the warmth is greatly abated, but up in the interior of German East Africa one finds quite a cool climate.

The railway, a narrow gauge of a yard wide, with carriages of a rather primitive character, has for some time been climbing to Morogoro, some 200 miles. Now it is ambitiously ascending straight to Lake Tanganyika, which naturally opens up the country. This year 8000 bales of fine cotton have been exported

from German East Africa, also large quantities of fibre, which realizes £35 a ton; and coming down from the Congo have been enormous consignments of rubber. Our ship has brought out 1250 tons of steel rails for this new railway. Soon, it is hoped, the Makatta Plains will be open to sportsmen; this may prove an Eldorado for them, as big game of all kinds abounds. The place will then be a serious rival to its neighbour Uganda, which they say has been too well shot over in most places.

The sun being so fierce, we decided not to have our skins baked after blistering, so we adjourned to the Kaiserhof to rest on its broad, shady verandah. There is always a breeze on one side of the hotel. Here we lunched, and found an appropriate meal, well served. The cost of the luncheon was 2 rupees each, and for *pension* 12 rupees. It is considered the Savoy of East Africa, and is ably managed by Mr. Paul Heltmann, assisted by his sister. The hotel consists of forty rooms, which are large and airy; about half of them have bathrooms attached. The black waiters in spotless white, wearing embroidered muslin caps, stand in line, and at a signal in the same manner as on the P. & O. steamers, they serve the different courses. Much fruit is eaten, delicious mangoes, pineapples, oranges, and bananas being most refreshing.

In the afternoon we took rickshaws and proceeded through the various streets, which bore the names of Kaiserstrasse, Bismarckstrasse, Wiessmannstrasse. Facing the sea is a bronze bust in honour of Prince Bismarck, and farther back in the town th memory of Major von Wiessmann, the great explorer, is recalled by an elevated statue with a native standing on guard. The population of the town is more than 20,000, the Europeans numbering about 1500; but that number is constantly increasing. We were conducted through broad streets with rows of acacia and palm trees, casting a beautiful shade, past the Brumer Hotel, and visited several Goanese shops, mostly containing ordinary Indian curios, but in one place the Indian dealer had some fine elephants, carved in ebony, and curious mounted trophies, including a dried elephant's tail.

I was glad to see this, as it showed one how the hair is obtained for making elephant bracelets, which are in great vogue along the coast. A large variety of Ceylon stones were also for sale. Eventually I succumbed to a fine plaited straw mat in bright colours, also a shell head-dress and belt, which are worn by the natives on gala

occasions. In some parts of the country where there is little metal coin, these shells or cowries are used as currency, about one thousand of them being the value of a rupee. We went on to the Bazaar, where dirt, colour, cloth, beads, and a miscellaneous collection spelt much fascination to native dames. European ladies have either to bring out enough gowns to last the usual two or three years or send home for them, as there are as yet no shops where ready-made clothing can be bought. I consider this rather a pity, as the Germans are most enterprising, and a ladies' emporium would surely prove a good investment.

The market next drew our attention, where the natives crouched over smelly fried fish. The fresh meat was kept in wire cages infested by flies, there being no ice in the market. All kinds of tropical fruit and great mounds of cocoanuts furnished this rather unappetizing place. Our only excitement was a tiny pretty-faced monkey, about six inches long, with greyish blue fur, wearing a wreath of white whiskers. Mrs. Henry fell violently in love, and bought him for 2½ rupees. We were all much interested in Mr. Monkey, and after bathing and Keating-powdering our small friend we christened him Darsallar, in memory of the place where he had been found. Poor Darsallar has since died in Johannesburg. The large area containing thousands of native huts we inspected; they were in good preservation, large and airy, for native houses, many having four or more rooms. They are palm-thatched and whitewashed. Groups of natives squatted outside, eating bananas or mangoes. Fat piccaninnies toddled about, and were amused by their chicken companions vainly in quest of food. The natives looked clean, well-fed, and comfortably housed.

Upon returning to our beloved *Adolph Woermann* to dine, we found her still indulging in a terrific attack of *mal de mer*, and incessantly vomiting cargo. The next day, through the kindness of Mr. Ott, I enjoyed a very pleasant drive out to the point and over some miles of cocoanut plantations. On this point is situated Government House, the General's quarters and accommodation for the officers. They were beginning to put out decorations for the celebration of the Emperor's birthday. Farther along we saw many soldiers practising at rifle targets. A large hospital, Moorish in architecture, facing the cool sea breeze is passed. People come here to be treated from all over the East Coast.

The next building of importance is the residence of the Governor-

General, Dr. Schnee. It is a splendid-looking mansion, standing high and built in the colonial style of the U.S.A., surrounded by a lovely garden. We saw groups of marabou standing stupidly

MRS. HENRY WITH "DARSALLAR" THE MONKEY.

on the shore. A well-kept cemetery is situated near, and sadly full of graves. Climate takes a terrible toll of life in this zone. Adjoining is the Mohammedan cemetery. Fearing our span of

worn mules would be tired and heated, we turned back, taking a picturesque route through the plantation to our wharf. This is our last dinner with Captain Iversen, which we all regret exceedingly, for to-morrow morning by noon we tranship to the *Markgraff*.

We are all of the same opinion concerning the comfort and kindness we have received on the *Adolph Woermann* and Captain

CATHOLIC CHURCH, DAR-ES-SALAAM.

Iversen's personal attention to his passengers; it is no wonder that he is one of the most beloved captains of the line, and that many people wait months for his ship to carry them homeward. I also wish to thank Mr. Beesley and Mr. Ott for the hospitality I received from them.

After lunch our small party of five was transferred to the *Markgraff*, which can in no way be compared with the *Adolph Woermann*. She is more of a cargo than a passenger boat, only 3800 tons; but

is the only steamer going south for two weeks, when the *General* comes along, and after staying three days at Dar-es-Salaam, and thinking of the thousands of miles I have yet to traverse, "Imp" and I decide we must not lose time. The *Markgraff*, an intermediate steamer, stops at many of the small interesting ports which the grand mail steamers ignore. The captain and first officer do what is possible to give us comfort; there is plenty of ice on board, they kill their own poultry, so we get on fairly well. I miss my nice stewardess, Hermine Bünning, who was one of the most obliging girls I have ever met in my many years of travel.

I am glad to say that dear Mrs. Henry and her husband are still fellow-voyagers, they going in this ship to Durban, while I get out at Beira. Our stewards are Goanese, but we do not carry a stewardess. We have a large number of natives on the well deck. It is amusing to watch them; they have a very particular stove to cook over. Last night one family had a dinner-party. They laid clean straw mats on the deck, and an enormous curry was served with many chutneys resting in tiny bowls. The old grandfather presided, and the bright and merry eyes of the youngsters regarded the feast with jubilant glee. Our little monkey Darsalla comes in for a great deal of attention, being most friendly, and will, I feel sure, soon suffer from indigestion, as first one will bring it a mango, then another a banana, and another an orange. It has polite Arab manners, and refuses nothing.

CHAPTER XII

Zanzibar

BLUE, softly-tinted skies, like those of Corfu, overhang a beautiful garden—it is the island of Zanzibar. Along the shores, and framed by cocoanut palms, whose fresh greenness waves indolently in the summer zephyrs, are the ancient palaces of the different Sultans. With each reign the man in possession of an uncertain throne built his home here, endowing it with his own individual taste. Some are in good repair, with palm-thatched native huts clustered round them like parasites; others form picturesque ruins, encased lovingly with flowering vines. These palaces are built of coral rock crushed into cement, and are therefore more durable than many of the residences in Africa. Small islands dot the horizon. One is Bat Island, and here thousands of bats, looking like old rags tied on a tree, sleep peacefully in the hot sun, but nightly make a pilgrimage to the mainland.

Grave Island, a near neighbour, lying flat and clothed in verdure, retains its name in consequence of the many sailors buried there. On a nearer approach the white tombstones are seen standing like pale sentinels and guarding the silent homes of death. Prison Island is larger, quite some miles in length. The Government built a modern prison and sent the native convicts to serve their time here; but they complained that it was too cold, they could not endure it, so now it is used as a quarantine station. The terrible scourge of cholera has frequently visited these shores.

Money in Zanzibar is counted in rupees and pice, as in India. Thousands of Indians have settled here, and, commercially speaking, trade is pretty much in their hands. For many years a landmark in the harbour was a dilapidated wreck named the *Glasgow*, which belonged to Said Khaled. This Sultan the English wished to depose, but he threatened us and refused to leave his ancestral throne, whereupon we bombarded his palace. He defiantly returned our fire with his only ship, the *Glasgow*. The English were obliged to make him see the error of his ways, and

with one shot disabled the ship. For fifteen years it has rocked here, an object lesson to the natives; but as the authorities now consider it an obstacle to navigation it was decided to blow it up. A vessel with explosives came down from Perim, at the cost of £5000, and now the *Glasgow* has entirely disappeared.

Sultan Said Khaled was obliged to flee from his country, and took refuge in German East Africa. The Government befriended him, and granted a pension for his maintenance, which unfortunately they have to pay to this day, as he still lives at Dar-es-Salaam. Another interesting celebrity of Zanzibar who has recently passed away was Tippu-Tib, a name which translated means rifle noise. His hotel at Zanzibar was a great resort for big-game hunters. Without his assistance, rumour says, Sir Henry Stanley would never have been able to find Livingstone. Tippu-Tib was a great scout, his passport working wonders with the different tribes. He was at one time Governor of the Congo.

STREET SCENE IN NATIVE TOWN.

In the old days, before Mombasa assumed its present importance, Zanzibar meant headquarters for the traveller who came to organize his caravan for Africa, and the Sheikhs did an important business in arranging transportation to the mainland. It still remains the strongest quarter of Arabs in East Africa. It was also the biggest slave-market in the East. Captured blacks from the interior were brought in cargoes to Zanzibar, and here they were distributed, this proving a lucrative business.

There are only about one hundred European residents, and most of these represent their different countries, being engaged in the Government. A pretty sight upon entering the harbour are the flags flying from the various consulates. The British Consul

has quite a palace, with a truly lovely garden, near the sea. The inside is most artistic, containing a minstrel gallery and some very fine old carving. Population consists of Swahilis, Arabs, Indians, Goanese, and Greeks, numbering about 260,000. The climate is delightful—slightly hot at midday ; the rains coming during March and April. The palace of the Sultan is the most distinctive building which meets the eye, large and four-storeyed, with verandahs, and a tower from which a flag flutters. Now it is used as Government offices. The Sultan spends most of his time in Europe enjoying a pension from the British Crown.

Here the French Cathedral is fine and imposing, with two high steeples piercing the pellucid sky. A large French Mission Hospital faces the water front, and a short distance away is the white-walled High Court with its red-roofed tower. Decision of law amongst such mixed peoples, religions, and castes must be very complicated. How easy, for the Mohammedan to divorce when by simply saying " Talak " to his wife three times before a witness, he is free to marry again ! The Police are all Swahilis. The Caram, or feast, is indulged in upon momentous affairs, such as a birth, marriage, or death. " All is not beer and skittles," as the old saying goes, in travel, and as we have to get to Dar-es-Salaam by six this evening the *Adolph Woermann* allowed me but one hour on shore. The steamer only calls for mails and to disembark passengers. It was a great disappointment to me, for all my life I have had a desire to visit this wonderful island.

I intend to be entirely honest with my public, never describing what I have not seen personally. I have to thank Judge Lindsay Smith for his extreme kindness in giving me valuable information about Zanzibar. He has presided over the High Court here for nearly ten years, so I could not have a better informant. Courteously he piloted me to the harbour and acted as my guide during that altogether too short hour. We visited the main street, which was singularly interesting in its Arab beauty, high buildings close together, and very narrow streets. When a motor—and there are many here—turns the corner, one is bound to lean against the walls in order to let it pass. I took several photographs, and purchased a bracelet made of elephant's tail mounted in gold. Zanzibar is famous for these ornaments. In the shops wonderful African curios abound—carved ivory, ebony, and jewellery. Alas ! that my time was so short ! It was twelve

o'clock noon, and between the baking sun and my mad rush, to see as much as possible was distinctly trying. I left "Imp" on the ship, as I did not choose to listen to its views, as I had enough of my own. Fortunately the Judge was most patient!

The Bazaars were gaudy, and varied little from those at Bombay. However, they are quite worthy of a visit. I was sorry not to be able to drive to the clove plantation, which I am told is most beautiful. Ninety per cent of the world's supply of cloves comes

A MONSTER SILK COTTON TREE.

from Zanzibar. They are picked while pale green, and I can picture these plantations, as I have passed some weeks at the spice gardens of Candy, in Ceylon. If one has time a drive to these aromatic groves should be taken. I visited the English Club, a fine, large structure, with the wonderful carved Arab doors, which are kept in perfect condition. They should be simply polished. The black ebony, with its intricate, lacelike carving, characteristic of Arab architecture, forms an effective relief to the polished brass clamps and spikes with which these doors are decorated.

I should love to have stayed a week at the Afrika Hotel, but as I had promised our good Captain Iversen not to exceed my hour my conscience kept reminding me to hurry. Regretfully I turn my back on this singularly lovely island, and with grateful thanks to Judge Lindsay Smith I enter a smart Government boat manned by eight jet-black khaki-and-red-clad boatmen, and speed back to the *Adolph Woermann*. One of the interesting features of Zanzibar is the wonderful skill of its divers. These boys could, I verily believe, live in the water, they appear so perfectly at home in a tiny dug-out, from which they leap and go down yards below surface for pennies. For a shilling they dart under the ship, bounding up on the other side with buoyant fervour.

CHAPTER XIII

Portuguese Nyasaland — Pemba Bay and Port Amélie

LAST night, at about twelve, we encountered a violent thunderstorm. Lightning flashed through the cabins, giving a gorgeous illumination, followed by crashing thunder. At breakfast this morning a lady asserted that it seemed as if the very heavens were angry with us! Sheets of water came down, washing our ship from stem to stern. Consequently when we

PEMBA BAY AND PORT AMÉLIE.

awakened, about six o'clock, the elements having composed themselves, the air was cool and clean, for which I assure you one is most grateful. A difference of two degrees in these tropical regions relieves the insupportable heat to a great extent. Mr. Massersmith, the first officer, tells me I must watch the approach to the harbour, as it is very pretty. I follow his advice, camera and glasses in hand. Across a beautiful bay with water like a

mirror Port Amélie is reached, named after that charming Queen who till recently ornamented the throne of Portugal.

This port could be made into one of the finest harbours in the world by reason of its natural advantages. The large bay is surrounded with wooded heights through which wander an abundance of game of all kinds. Lions and leopards one hears the most of. In the transparent water one sees many fish with long snouts, resembling our pike ; they dart about, their fins, tail, and a long streak on the under part flashing iridescent blue and silver. Ships drawing the greatest amount of water have it their own way here, on account of the depth. Our own vessel, the *Markgraff*, anchors within 150 feet of the shore. In time to come, when the railway is completed to Nyasaland, through the rich hinterland, Port Amelie should become one of the richest ports, with undoubtedly the finest harbour on the entire East African coast.

Unfortunately, under the Portuguese Government, with all its cross-purposing dissensions between Royalists and Republicans, also the natural sloth of the people strengthened by the disadvantages of climate, the country is allowed to remain in its primitive state. A great quantity of fine tobacco is grown in the interior, and has to be carried down for shipment, on the heads or backs of natives. Thus they lose three weeks or more before reaching the port. It is hoped that before long the rich Nyasaland Company will take matters into their own hands, build the railway, and open up the country for immigration.

From the steamer a collection of one-storeyed, wide, squatty houses, red topped and mostly with blue stuccoed walls, shows a rather pretty village. Trees of mango and baobab give a restful shelter from the intense blueness of sky and water. From the top of the green-topped hill, which is rather a struggle to climb, especially at 11.30 on one of their summer days, a fine view is obtained. I walked up the one and only broad red road, the perspiration dripping from my forehead and falling like tears on my veil. I wore a cork helmet, and carried a pongee sunshade lined with green, which is more than useful here. Eventually arriving on the summit of the hill, one has a charming view of sea on both sides.

I discovered the Governor's house, and it could not be called a palace, even with the greatest wish to please ! A sort of dry garden, laid out in what should have been flowerbeds, was

terraced with upstanding timber. A building in stucco with a flagpole and pennant waving marked the official residence of H.E. the Governor, Moto Deas. Alongside, the most imposing buildings in the place were the two-storeyed offices, in vivid blue, of the Nyasaland Company. Nyasaland is the only country boasting a giraffe on its postage stamps. Across the way a small but well-kept house was the headquarters for the Commandant of the Army. The soldiers are recruited from the natives, and the General is Goanese. His huge sentry-box, considering the smallness and primitiveness of this village in the making, struck me as ostentatious. Next to his house is the hospital. It has very little accommodation, but a splendid view. After conquering the *pièce de résistance*, the hill, I turned my attention to the houses, shops, and offices, which straggle along the sand.

Under a baobab or cream of tartar tree about twenty or thirty jet-black natives were having a discussion. As they stared at me I halted to give them the full benefit, and meanwhile I took mine. The different fashions of doing their wool would have puzzled our most noted hairdressers in Bond Street. Their ears, both top and bottom, were threaded with bits of green wood, beads, and all sorts of gewgaws. The native to whom I awarded the palm for originality, besides having a band of tin in his hair, also wore a long celluloid comb, quite eight inches in length, of vivid pink colour. This protruding from each side of his head certainly distinguished him for chic and taste.

He, ever alert for business, racked his brain how he could acquire silver from the wandering Englishwoman, and at length he produced two large rhino tusks from under his rags, which I bought for a shilling. With this he was more than content, following me about producing various bits of rubbish. To keep change in these constantly changing ports is a puzzle. What with the English, German, Indian, and Portuguese money, one is almost distracted.

Through the courtesy of the agent of the D.O.A.L., Mr. Burggraf, I went ashore in his boat. Six men rowed with great vigour, wearing khaki and tam-o'-shanter caps. As they beach their boats they wade out, two of them place you upon their shoulders and carry you through the shallow water, thus saving you wet feet. Not being accustomed to this mode of travel, I overbalanced myself in some unaccountable way, and had to grip the necks of my carriers to keep from falling. Coming back, however, I

managed quite gracefully. The men have a different manner of disembarkation ; they straddle the boys' shoulders, sitting upright. These natives, instead of smoking cigarettes as we do, put the lighted end in the mouth, seeming to enjoy it most in that fashion.

Likewise, if you beckon to a native he runs the other way, and if you motion him to go quickly he at once abates his pace ; in fact, he understands exactly the opposite to what one intends. A lady from Mashonaland relates this stupidity of one of her boys. A new one came, and she told him to fill the tea-kettle. He had never seen one before, and, after some time had

IVORY DEALERS, PORT AMÉLIE.

expired, upon inquiry she found him trying to pour water into the spout of it, not realizing that the lid came off ! I passed the house of a priest, a Portuguese, who had been excommunicated from the Roman Church. He has established himself here, and is doing good work in teaching poor children.

I enter the queerest shop I have ever seen to change money. My English pound brought me 5000 reis. The woman, who kept a weird collection of merchandise, was Luda Vilna, a Portuguese, and widow of a captain. She had a pleasant dark face, and possessed quite a good pug dog. She pointed to it and said, " Ingleterra." We both smiled, and an acquaintance was begun,

I thinking of my dear black pug so far away in London. I asked for postcards, not expecting to find them, but a box was handed down, and contained an assortment of beautiful painted ladies showing white teeth, and having roses in their hair. A rare one was a man's thumb and forefinger holding a glass, through which a woman's face was reflected. As this style of art did not appeal to me, I motioned to the sea. She nodded, and gesticulating to a boy, placed a chair and fan at my disposal, then held up her hand.

I understood I was to wait, and while doing so naturally my eyes took in various details. Along the back of this general-provider store ran shelves filled with all kinds of spirits and eatables. In the centre stood a dilapidated billiard-table, scarcely able to stand alone, its sides having disappeared entirely; but still it spoke of former grandeur. One wonders how it drifted to this out-of-the-way shop. On a shelf, high up near the ceiling, was crockery—plates, cups, and saucers—also washbowls and jugs. Under this was a marble table, very dirty, with some broken pens and writing materials which did not invite correspondence. Then Madame shows me her dining-room. It is an hotel of a pioneer. The table is laid with the most crude and coarse furnishings, and a faded patched punkah hangs above it. All this is most intensely interesting to her, and sometimes when I murmur the word "good" she understands, and appreciates my compliment.

The boy has returned with another box, and in it I find a few really good photographs of the place. I have to pay 8d. each for the cards; but considering the trouble and cost of production, I do not think them expensive. This ended my unconventional call, much to the regret of Madame, who rarely sees one of her own sex. I am informed that there are only five white men at Port Amélie. Mr. Beste, who is head of the immigration, and from whose house a Union Jack is floating, has six men working under him. They find natives for the Witwatersrand Native Labour Association—that is, boys who are sent to the Transvaal to work in the mines. We have about a hundred on our ship. I am told that the company get one pound a head, which seems to me to have a close connection with the slavery days which previously flourished so successfully along these shores. Dr. Bostock, Mr. Reed, and Mr. Begg complete the white population, but the European feminine sex is entirely absent.

A mine-manager from Johannesburg, to whom I told my

opinion about the transportation of these boys, indignantly denies the idea of slavery. He says : " Nothing of the kind, Mrs. Cameron. Those boys are in no way slaves. They are well housed and fed free, their wages varying from £2 5s. to £8 a month." I agree that it in no way hurts the native to work.

Leopards frequently are seen close to the shore, many goats being stolen. Lions also make their appearance, and a few months ago an enormous man-eater came over the hills, attacked a native woman and child, and ate them. The next building was a garage ; the door being open and a large motor-car inside, my curiosity compelled me to enter—for to find an up-to-date 40-h.p. Dietrich car in this place where there are practically no roads was a real surprise.

Before I had time to investigate this phenomenon a man came upon the scene ; I was astounded when he addressed me in English. He proved to be a Mr. Begg from Inverness. Both bearing Scotch names we immediately clanned together. He said he was delighted to speak English again, and described Port Amélie as desolation itself. He was under contract with the Governor to remain three years, and had brought the motor-car out for the roadless country. They intended to undertake the construction of a road from this port to Nyasa Lake, but after being here a year only three miles of road had been completed. There is really no enterprise in the country. He had his home in the large garage, and showed me a Gatling gun stored there dating from 1879 ; but the wheels of it had been almost destroyed by white ants.

Tentatively he asked me if I would like to see his mode of living, and as life in different phases interests me, I willingly agreed. Back of the garage were two rooms. In the eating-room a table standing in wet tins, to keep ants from climbing up its legs, was covered with a Scotch rug of the McLean tartan. On a shelf were a few magazines and books, which he assured me had been read several times over. I promised to send him some magazines from the ship, and did so on my return. In describing his manner of living he told me that it was most difficult to get food. Once a week a man brings a petition, and if enough people sign it a goat is killed, if not they have to go without. He confided to me that he had ordered two pounds of goat for Sunday, though dubious if he should obtain it.

The bay is full of fish, but the boys are lazy ; consequently one

cannot depend upon them for supplies. Vegetables are nil. A good-sized fowl may be obtained for 100 reis—5d., a smaller for 2d. Eggs they had in plenty, and they cost a penny for two. He showed me the frying-pan, in which reposed two fish looking like soles. "This is my lunch," he laughed. "And will you see my kitchen?" I followed him into his compound, and there in a corner, constructed out of bamboo and thatched with palms, stood a chicken house, attached to which was his bath—crude indeed. He had to catch rain water to fill it. Next door was what no one would have believed to be a kitchen, but it acted the part with impunity. The

MAIN STREET, PORT AMÉLIE.

drinking water had to be brought every morning from the hills. They have wells, but their contents are quite salt to the taste. He complained that natives stole his chickens, and with great pride showed me a small garden where he was trying to grow pumpkins. Truly life under such circumstances is trying!

A Portuguese Major came on board, and when one of the passengers unthinkingly said that the country would become more prosperous under either German or English rule, the Major became infuriated, exclaiming, "Never, never!" He banged his fists upon the table, left his meal untasted, and went out on deck!

Close by lies the island of Ibo, another fort, star-shaped in this case. It was built in 1791, which fact the inscription on the gate

announces. This town was also a great rendezvous of the slave-dealer, who waxed rich on his human harvests. Twenty years ago slavery existed here ; now, although Portuguese, it is under charter to the mighty Nyasa Company.

Through the information of Mr. Oldenburg, who has for twenty years made his home here, I learn that in many houses slavery still continues, although not publicly. The families keep the children of their former slaves now by law liberated ; and, although they receive no pay, they are carefully taken care of and given clothes. Many of them have adopted European blouses, and wear gay-coloured scarves around their heads. Ibo lies quite a distance from our anchorage, and we have to pay 1000 reis or 4s. for the boat-man there and back. In almost every place one goes ashore in the boat of the D.O.A. Line, which is preferable to any other, mainly because their boats are the best, quite safe, and generally charge nothing.

The Governor has a residence here, and is at present on the island. The hopes of the people are centred upon rumours of a projected railway between Pemba Bay and the great Nyasa Lake, which, if ever accomplished, will benefit the country to an enormous extent. There are many small coral reef islands dotted about, of no special value, called Kereimba Islands. From Ibo it is roughly one hour to the mainland. The supply of fish is abundant ; in fact, a great number are exported by Indian dealers to Bombay. There is no hotel of any kind, but Mr. Oldenburg assures me that any stranger arriving is given a hearty welcome and becomes a guest of the different citizens, who do all that is possible in his honour.

There is a German, French, Spanish, and Belgian Consul at Ibo, but no English, which seemed to me strange ; but as we have a Consul at Port Amélie, a few hours distant, I presume this gentleman acts for both places. One disagreeable thing about the Portuguese law here is that both white and black have equal rights. This is naturally much deplored by the white man, there being 2500 natives and only fifty white.

The rainy season, January to April, is more efficient than in some of the neighbouring places, and sufficient when it comes to enable the inhabitants to produce a variety of fresh vegetables. Cucumbers grow wild here, and I am told are better flavoured than those at home. Ibo and Inhambane are considered the healthiest spots on the Portuguese Coast. The method of travelling here is in the picturesque machilla.

CHAPTER XIV

Mozambique

A SMALL island has a tall yellow lighthouse which signals our approach to the ancient and official capital of the Portuguese. It recalls the adventurous discoveries of da Gama, for his eyes first beheld the green-wooded shores of the East African coast. Mozambique began life as simply a ring of coral reef, but as time progressed through a development of nature earth filtered in and made the island a mile and a half long and about a mile wide. The climate is excessively hot, but it must be taken into consideration that it was in the month of January that I landed—on the 25th. This is one of their hottest periods ; it seemed well-nigh unbearable, especially in going over the mediæval fort. The mainland is close by, rising in misty heights of blue. They had a small revolution the day before I arrived, and I watched an old slave dhow being filled with the mutineers. They were to be conveyed to the hinterland and detained. The prisoners wore chains, gang after gang being hooked together.

Having commenced with prisoners and slaves I may as well go on with them. Mozambique is the penal settlement of Portugal. Here are sent not only the ne'er-do-wells of Portugal, but also from far-off Macao in China, and Dongola, a Portuguese possession of the West Coast—all transfer their convicts to this spot. At any rate, they need never complain of the cold ! Very little rain falls. Typhoons, however, frequently pay visits, with disastrous results. If these convicts have friends or relatives who will pay a small sum to the Government, they can be liberated and wander at will over the island. This only occurs, naturally, if a prisoner is well-behaved and law-abiding. Some of them have started little shops —others do housework. A lady I knew had an excellent convict cook who had killed two men. The butler of the Oriental Club, the only one in Mozambique, was also a murderer. Upon going over the prison I thought the faces of the convicts were most

terrible—murder and villainy of every kind were stamped upon their horrid countenances.

The Eastern Telegraph Company have a prominent office here; nearly all their errand boys are recruited from convicts, likewise the postmen. They wear dark blue uniforms with their number embroidered in red. I met several when driving in a rickshaw along the clean and fairly well-paved streets. They also do the menial labour of the hospital, which is a fine building for a small place, facing the sea. Although Mozambique is said to be unhealthy in regard to malarial fever, the residents assert that it is quite as habitable as other towns on the coast. There is no sanitation whatever; buckets take the place of sewers, and are dumped into the sea at night. Electric light has not as yet made its appearance, paraffin lamps illuminating the houses and streets. Rickshaws are the only mode of conveyance, none being public. Each family has its own, drawn by the blackest of negroes, whose skins shine in the broiling sun as the water drips off them. Only cocoanut palms, a sort of gum tree, and acacias grow in the parched soil, for the rainfall is very slight and seldom. The rain is carefully gathered on the cemented roofs, built specially for the purpose, and conducted to underground cisterns; every morning the boys pump enough water for the household to last the day. As glass is very expensive in this far-away island, most of the Indian houses have wooden shutters half-way up to cover the windows, the top part being filled in with the beautiful shells for which Mozambique is famous.

Religion is well observed in this restricted area, there being no less than four Roman Catholic churches, and an Indian Mohammedan house of worship. The mixed population amounts to about 9000 people. Of the white men, about eight are employed by the Eastern Telegraph Company. The various Consuls and firms perhaps number twenty white men all included. Of the feminine gender only three European women live at Mozambique—my friend Mrs. Marcus, wife of the German Consul, and two French ladies, wives of traders. These latter, my friend tells me, rarely go out, therefore there are no gossipy teas on this island.

Housekeeping is done by the boy cook, who goes to the market and buys what he can. There is an abundance of fine fish in the harbour, which is nearly always obtainable, but all other

NATIVE LIFE.

provisions have to be brought in by boats from the mainland. If stormy the boats cannot cross ; then the cook returns with empty baskets, and Madame is obliged to resort to her pantry for her tinned stock, which every practical housekeeper learns to appreciate. She always keeps a large reserve in consideration of the changeable markets.

Mozambique exports ivory, ebony, oil seeds, amber, rubber, and a few pearls. The pearls are beautiful in colour—pink, brown, and yellow, but rarely white. They say these tints are caused by the native fisher throwing the oyster into boiling water in order to open the shell, thus causing the discoloration. Some of these pearls I have seen mounted into very beautiful ornaments. There are many tortoises in this part, whose shells are exported to Germany. Mrs. Marcus kindly provided us with rickshaws, and we went through the enormous native town to the Portuguese cemetery, which was planned in 1879, and contains many handsome monuments. Sadly enough, many of these bear English names.

A gum tree much resembling a banyan cast refreshing shade, under which we rested looking down upon both arms of the sea shimmering in the sunshine. Along the ocean side we watched the dug-outs and fishers spearing for pearl oysters. Natives carrying large trays of heaped-up cocoanuts on their heads passed through the streets, and herds of goats rambled at will. It was so hot that few people were about, preferring to lie low in their thick-walled, two-roomed and palm-thatched huts.

Our next point of interest was the Fort of San Sebastian, which dominates the harbour. It is over four hundred years old, and in ancient days was impregnable. It was built entirely by slaves. The whole of the stone was brought from Europe, by way of the Cape. Can you picture those days ? I can, when I see these old wooden dhows assemble around our ship for cargo, their huge prows carved with figure-heads, and having one or two broad sails. The hold, in which hundreds of slaves were battened down without air, chained hand and foot for fear they would jump overboard ! What misery and torture they must have suffered ! Their burning thirst would have been insupportable. With what hatred and dread they regarded the dealer and his men when they appeared in the native Tabora hinterland villages, and, surrounding them, forced them by the power of steel to surrender and follow. One

meets many of these ancient dhows in every port along the coast. What sad stories they could relate!

At the entrance of the antiquated fort a stone tablet caught my eye, on which was inscribed: "Vive la République. Oct. 5th, 1910." The touch of modernity contrasted strangely with the historic pile erected here in 1511! We entered, and came upon an immense quadrangle painted yellow. The Portuguese forbid white paint on any of the buildings, thinking that white intensifies the glare; therefore blue, pink, red, and yellow houses

SPRINGBOK RESTING.

are seen everywhere. Our guide took us through the fort, but there was nothing interesting or original. In the grilling heat we humbly followed him to the top, where a dried-up garden struggled to live on the high bastion walls.

A number of obsolete cannon and balls furnished a dreary outlook, while the view was of no great importance. I do not remember having ever felt the heat more than upon the shadowless battlements of this most celebrated fortress in Portuguese history. Descending we saw some of the convicts; they wore heavy leg-irons of primitive pattern. One I felt sorry for. He was a young man with quite a nice face, and although shackled tried to read

a paper. The rest looked more like baboons than men. One felt they had arrived at their proper destination.

Having described the disagreeable features, I will now endeavour to show the pleasant side of life in Mozambique. Our rickshaws stopped at the largest house—restfully grey painted—on the water front. It is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus. Mr. Marcus is the German Consul, and also one of the heads of that well-known firm Wm. Philippi and Co., whose offices have been a familiar landmark from Mombasa downward. Mrs. Marcus and her delightful baby were my fellow-voyagers from Dar-es-Salaam. With her habitual kindness she invited Captain Bremer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, and myself to luncheon, also most of the European men stationed here.

We were a merry party of fifteen at table. The luncheon was served in charming style, with iced beverages, a large blue punkah, pulled by a boy, giving a cool breeze. The party might be compared with an Elysian feast after our sightseeing morning in a temperature verging on 110 degrees—that in the shade! The house of Mr. Marcus is several hundred years old, and was formerly a monastery; the walls are quite a yard in depth, keeping out the heat and glare. The rooms were immense and very lofty. The staircase, with curious carvings, was wide enough for the proverbial coach and four. In the windows fine wire netting prevented mosquitoes from penetrating—the insects are a great nuisance here. It was altogether a very comfortable home—our host and hostess perfectly delightful. For many years I shall carry that picture of Mozambique hospitality in my heart. Everyone has been extremely kind all along the coast. Sadly I regret that as a passer-by I can in no way reciprocate unless some of these good friends come to my own country.

Captain Bremer informed us that time was up, and he must speed the *Markgraff* across tropical blue. Reluctantly we said adieu and left for the small boats. The embarkation is rather curious. Water along the beach being shallow, two black boys grab you, hoist you on their shoulders, and rush into the water, carrying you dry-shod to your ship. If one is not accustomed to this sort of riding one is liable to fall off. You must grip the negro on the top of his head, rising and falling to his movement, as you do when riding a horse! On arriving we discovered some of the passengers had bought lovely shells, fans in native work, starfish

of dull drab striped with handsome red, and fine big fish looking like salmon. A tinted sunset of pink and gold watches us out of harbour as we speed towards Beira.

The food on the *Markgraff* is all that could be desired, and the attentions of Captain Bremer and his first officer, Mr. Massersmith, make us feel very welcome guests. I wish to add a note about the delicious mango. How marvellous that Nature has perfected this luscious fruit for the benefit of the ever-thirsty in such a warm climate ! Our ship has 1200 mangoes on board ; we all enjoy them iced, three times a day. I have never met anyone who failed to appreciate this red-gold fruit, which you dig into with a spoon from its dark emerald cup. Some say that a mango should be eaten in a bath tub, but the usual way is to slice off two sides as near the large stone as possible. Our first officer has taught us a better way. Take a knife and cut the mango in a circular direction around the middle as far as the stone. This done, twist the two halves like a corkscrew, then the pieces are cleft and fall cleanly apart.

A special amusement on the *Markgraff* is at sundown to watch the heterogeneous mixture of our three hundred deck passengers. Every religion, colour, size, and condition can be seen, each living its own life. For instance, two stoves with glowing embers light up one side of the deck. These are for Hindoo and Mohammedan to cook their food as religion and caste decide. A Chinaman hurries along with a pail of water and a raw fish—this constituting his repast. The Indians spread clean straw mats and sit about cross-legged diving into pots of curry and rice with naked fingers. Weak tea or water is their beverage. Some are clothed in a rag or two, others wear rich raiment—all is life and bustle stimulated by chatter and excitement. They laugh and sing, a few tunes are struck upon peculiar stringed instruments—life is indeed very merry. As the sun goes down every Mohammedan, gazing Meccawards on bended knees, offers up his prayers to Mohammed the Faithful.

DONT'S BY "IMP"

Don't waste time on this port.

Don't go ashore unless you have friends. There are no public conveyances.

CHAPTER XV

Beira

I DEFY the most enthusiastic traveller to describe Beira as beautiful, or even approaching beauty in any way. A first impression is of a low-lying streak of sand upon which huddle a lot of grey-looking buildings, protected by wide clinging verandahs.

Beira is reached through the mouth of the rivers Pungwe and Busi ; we have to engage the services of a pilot to guide us up to this dreary-looking but important anchorage of Rhodesia. One could imagine the late Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, that truly colossal organizer, after surveying the giant possibilities of Mashonaland and Matabeleland, consulting his confrères and saying : " The country will not advance without a port. A couple of you go down to the coast, look sharp, and see what you can do." And Beira, under the charter of the Mozambique Company, was chosen to be the outlet for the enormous exports of Southern Rhodesia and Manicaland. It is said that soon it will act in like capacity for the rich copper mines of the Congo.

I had been told I should encounter much anxiety and discourtesy in passing my baggage at the Custom House ; that one must pay duty on everything one brought ashore ; and especially severe were the officers about cameras. I, having two rather good ones, naturally felt apprehensive, but was agreeably surprised to meet an official who was most polite, who passed my eight pieces, and only asked me to open my dressing-case. If one believed all that people tell one on board ship, one would indeed get into all sorts of difficulties.

It was with real regret I said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Henry when I left the *Markgraff*. We had been fellow-voyagers since Port Said, and enjoyed the shore excursions together. They go on to Durban, while " Imp " and I proceed a thousand miles inland.

The heat at Beira is cruel, intensified by the burning sand, which oozes over and into your shoes as you plough your way

along, eventually arriving at the main street. There you find a narrow elevated stone pavement, which you joyfully accept as a blessing. I was told the Savoy Hotel was the best, and it being quite a short distance I preferred to walk. A few stunted pine trees cast fitful shade and, assisted by acacias and tall rank grass, furnish the decorative verdure for these streets. On each side are one- and sometimes two-storeyed shops built of corrugated iron; in fact, that unattractive material absolutely rules this place.

NATIVE HOMES.

You see it everywhere—buildings, fences, in new and dilapidated conditions. One ponders on the fortunes which must have accrued from this useful material.

I glance into the shops. General merchandise prevails. Yellow boots, shoe strings, tin trunks, fancy calico to suit Kaffir taste, biscuits, and inferior whisky make up the contents of these small emporiums. In all my travels, which include most places on the globe, I have never remarked so many bars. At every two doors one encounters signs proclaiming only pure drink is served, and

the different names of the bars, Imperial, Carlton, and so on, suggest that every one possesses a famous cognomen.

Along the centre of the weird streets runs a narrow-gauge tramline, and in no other part of the world have I seen this method of transit. A ghari, which resembles a half-cut wooden garden seat, holding two instead of the usual four, and mounted on small wheels, is lifted on to the track. To protect the head a rickshaw hood is arranged ; two people seat themselves and two negroes push it along quickly. A rickshaw-trolley would be a more appropriate name for these conveyances.

I arrive at the hotel, and find a large and lofty building with verandahs around the entire house. The rooms are clean, comfortably furnished, and spacious. The halls and sitting-rooms are cool ; in the latter, to my intense joy, I found a really good selection of papers and pictorials which every traveller who has lost track of home news welcomes with gratitude. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis are the proprietors of this up-to-date house, and do all in their power to increase the comfort of their guests. Many distinguished travellers have made a sojourn here, among them the Duchesse d'Aosta, that Princess who gained such popularity on account of her philanthropic work as the Royal nurse during the Italian war with Tripoli, and is also renowned as a traveller and big-game shot. Other prominent visitors have been Earl Grey and Lord Milner.

The charges at the Savoy vary from 15s. to 25s. per day, in accordance with the situation of the rooms. The custom of this hotel is to send up tea at 5 a.m. To Europeans it seems rather early, but if you know your Beira you will soon be glad to get up when it is yet cool and the mosquitoes are quiescent. At eight there is served a breakfast, which I never took, because at 11.30 the lunch-breakfast is partaken of, after which, it being unbearably hot, everyone has a siesta until awakened by a boy bringing tea at three. More bathing and dressing, and about five you order your private trolley to be affixed to the rails and off you go. There are no public trolleys. At the hotel they have six, which one can hire, otherwise one would have to depend upon the generous instincts of friends to lend theirs. There is a really fine golf course, which attracts many, and one can rely upon a cool breeze blowing late in the afternoon.

The trolleys conduct you two routes only. One is to the beach of Ponto Je, where it is pleasant to sit on the fine sand and watch

A LARGE FAMILY AT BEIRA.

the sunset ; the other takes you four or five miles into the country. The beauty of the glossy-leaved cocoanut palms *en route* is dimmed by the malignant mangrove swamps through which you must pass ; and as you look down into the dark mud and figure to yourself how many trillions of anopheline mosquitoes are born nightly, whose sole ambition is to plant malarial germs in human flesh, you long for cooler climes.

They tell me that great improvements in sanitation have taken place at Beira in recent times, but if the authorities would only take a leaf from the book of hygienic precautions which the Americans at Panama have so efficiently tested, by simply the lavish use of crude oil, fever and mosquitoes would eventually be wiped out here as effectually as in that giant waterway—another wonder of the world about to be opened. Two years ago I travelled extensively in South America, and through the kind courtesy of Colonel Goethals, the chief of the executive of the Canal Zone, I had the good fortune to motor along the entire route ; and no traveller can resist giving vent to enthusiastic praise when it is seen how the Americans have transformed Panama from one of the most deadly unhealthy places the world has ever known to a tropical resort which, from a health point of view, leaves nothing to be desired.

Dinner is at 7.30. The large dining-room is cool ; one is waited on by black boys in white linen, and the food is always good. In this country, where one is ever thirsty, the scale of prices for liquid refreshment is at first startling. No drink is less than one shilling, even for the humble lemon squash. Frequently there are neither lemons nor limes, and the supply of ice is also occasionally exhausted. Then you order a soda with a dash of lime juice from the bottle, but the cheque you sign is for the eternal shilling. A glass of beer is the same price. For whisky and soda 1s. 6d. is charged. In looking over the wine list I find that the Portuguese wine Serradayres, in both red and white, can be obtained for 3s. a bottle ; and it is excellent for an ordinary wine, proving quite a blessing. Mrs. Ellis tells me that the wine of Portugal is admitted to this country free, while on spirits the duty is high. She also confided that they pay £200 a month rent for the hotel, that all food-stuff is very dear, and in many cases impossible to obtain ; therefore they are obliged to import much in the way of tinned food from Europe, which of course at this distance is most expensive.

A few years ago there was a great land boom in Beira, and speculators rushed in, buying plots with dreams of selling to advantage. The boom passed, as the vacant land, overgrown with rank salt grass, bears witness. Burns says, "The best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

There is very little social gaiety at Beira. The Englishmen meet at their club, and the Gremio dos Empregadoz de Moçambique, which has a prettily situated club house, is much patronized by the Portuguese. The Governor has a rather fine house and garden, where he entertains frequently. At present, counting up the houses that are exempt from the everlasting tin, there are only about six buildings in all Beira built of the more substantial brick.

Obviously Carnival fills a prominent place here, as I saw signs of fancy dress and masks exhibited as the foremost attractions in the shop windows. From June till September the climate is ideal, and Beira is quickly achieving a reputation as a pleasant place in which to spend a holiday by the inhabitants of Rhodesia who have neither time nor inclination to go further afield.

Now it is their hottest season, and very trying. What with the heat and the mosquitoes, life becomes a misery. The Zambesi Express to Salisbury and Victoria Falls leaves Beira three times a week; as I have just missed my connection I am obliged to wait here four whole days, which I exceedingly regret—the time might have been passed to greater advantage. Last night I found an ideal spot on a terrace built out to the sea from my hotel. There was a moon which mercifully shielded the dilapidated tin abhorrences, and from my elevated position I looked into the back garden of the hotel. The aridness was covered, and in the light and shadow it appeared quite lovely. I congratulated myself and soliloquized: If I had to live at Beira I should sleep all through the hot day and live in the garden by night. But being a tenderfoot my calculation fell instantly. I counted without my host, so to speak, and forgot His Majesty Mosquito, who rules here—I must use the old formula—"not wisely, but too well." He was furious, as he had not dined, and he and his relations, who were innumerable, fastened themselves upon me.

Result: This morning, as I regard myself in the mirror, with the vivid embroidery on arms and chest worked by Phœbus at Dares-Salaam and the bumpy bites left by His Ruling Highness and family at their last night's carnival, I am sure I should be at once

exhibited if a Freak Museum existed in these parts. I told "Imp" I wished I were a spirit like him instead of a mortal clothed in eatable flesh. But "Imp" is never sympathetic. After luring me out here he says: "Well, you're seeing things, and going to the Great Falls!" "Not only seeing, 'Imp,'" I protest, "but feeling things as well!"

I have been introduced to a few British residents who are connected with the banks and the Mozambique Company, and they drop in after dinner for a chat. We exchange views on home life, politics, literature, and the stage. I tell them all about the Imperial Durbar at Delhi last year, which I had the opportunity to attend as I represented several journals, and wrote a novel based upon that historic occasion. They in their turn relate stories of interesting adventures through which they have passed in this wonderful vast land—the Eldorado of the future.

Mr. Duncan, of the Standard Bank, for a holiday elected to camp with friends near the Golden Valley and on the banks of the Sanyati River. He started off with a native servant and three dogs to procure something cookable for the party. Unfortunately he lost his way, wandering along the banks of the river quite three miles away. He kept walking until midnight, when hungry and exhausted he shot a guinea-fowl, cooked and ate it for his supper. He fired the usual distress signal—two shots in quick succession—but there was no response. Being tired, and not knowing his whereabouts, he made his boy cut some grass, and, throwing himself upon his crude bed, was soon fast asleep. His sleep, however, was destined to be short, for he was awakened by his boy violently shaking him and shouting breathlessly, "Vuka, Bass"—"Wake up, Sir,"—"nanzi ingonna"—"There is a lion!"

It was a dark night, and when Mr. Duncan opened his eyes he saw, not twenty yards off, three lions with six luminous eyes fixed upon him. Meantime they were uttering low guttural grunts with internal mutterings. The dogs, deceived by an opposite wind, which swept away the scent, rushed out, but hastened back instantly, pursued by a lion. The dogs were terrified, their hair standing on end. Mr. Duncan, with quick forethought, set alight his grass bed, springing behind the blaze, whereupon the three lions, grumbling, retired a little farther back, still keeping watch, though they dared not approach the fire. He then discovered a tree, which he promptly climbed, and hauled

A GROUP OF NATIVES.

his native up after him, the dogs whining at the foot of the trunk. Meanwhile the lions reassembled, and kept an unwearying watch upon the tree, never ceasing their weird hunting grunt.

The gentleman having only five cartridges left dared not waste any, fearing further emergencies. Thus man and beast waited until dawn, when the three lions strode slowly away into the forest. After waiting till he was assured the man-eaters had really departed he found his way back to camp, and his friends regaled him with their experience of the night. They had heard a lion attack a baboon from across the river, which was only a stone's throw from them. They were obliged to listen to the baboon's barks of distress and afterwards to the crunching of the bones, accompanied for a short time by its agonized cries, which closely resembled those of the human voice. My friend once saw about three hundred baboons assemble on Sable Hill. A short time ago a lion crouching on the railway lines fifty miles from Beira was run over, and a lion has been seen only five miles from Beira. The whole country is full of game.

Unsuccessfully I have sought for curios in the different shops. One would think that skins, tusks, and Kaffir work would find a sale, but up to the present I have been disappointed.

The Queen's Hotel, which is only a few yards away, was for many years the only hotel in Beira. Prices range from 10s. 6d. per day. Furthermore, at the Savoy, the quality is unquestionable. The various bottles bear the well-reputed name of Fortum and Mason, and one reasons that to have the best in the circumstances is the better policy.

A peculiarity of Beira is the ever-present bugle call from the barracks. One would think a big army was quartered near by, and that war had been declared. The prestige of Europe is well maintained, as there are 1000 residents against 4000 natives, which is a much higher average than in many of the ports I have visited. The rainfall at Beira is limited, and when a drought arrives the question of water supply becomes a serious matter. As in most of these towns, the water is collected from the roofs and runs down into huge tanks; for instance, at the Savoy Hotel, where they really do try to give one as much luxury as possible, the baths are of salt water, and very salt it is; and in a climate like this, where one would like to bathe twice a day, it is

a serious drawback. Bougainvillæa flourishes exceedingly well, but has no rivals, as there is a dearth of flowers.

I must not forget to mention that on the way to the beach one passes an ugly bull-ring, constructed of the ubiquitous corrugated iron, and painted a suitable blood-red. The bull-fights here

S.S. "ELEONORE WOERMANN."

are tame, they complain; they follow the Portuguese rule, the bulls being tortured but not killed.

I was very much amused by a remark of Mrs. Ellis. She said: "I don't know why it is, but of all the writers who come to Beira not one has a good word to say about it, while we think it's not at all a bad place." Mrs. Ellis and her family have lived here for sixteen years—and "there is no place like home."

DON'TS BY "IMP"

Don't stay more than a few days at Beira; what with the damp, heat, and the mosquitoes, you will have had enough.

CHAPTER XVI

Beira—Train Journey to Victoria Falls

I ENTER the Mail Express of the Beira and Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railway (that's the way they put it), and Mr. King, the chief clerk, has kindly arranged every detail for my convenience and comfort. I arrive at the station feeling rather forlorn, for, after all, "Imp" is not much company, and to my surprise I am received, so to speak, as a *persona grata*.

"Oh, we know of you, Mrs. Cameron; your compartment is reserved, and we trust you will have a very pleasant journey."

I feel rather like a child going through the joys of a surprise party, because I really experience a sense of loneliness in invading Rhodesia and advancing nearly a thousand miles towards the Victoria Falls, which are situated almost in the middle of Africa.

The train starts at once. My ticket to the Falls includes my stopping anywhere I will, and amounts to £11 18s. 9d. single, not return! The carriages are most comfortable, with upper and lower berths. They are wainscoted in yellow oak, with a washstand and latest improvements in nickel plate. A large mirror hangs over this, and the top forms a most convenient table, on which I am now writing. There is electric light, enabling you to read without straining your eyes, and plenty of hooks are handy on which to hang clothing. The Metropolitan Amalgamated Railway Carriage and Waggon Co., Ltd. (a long enough name, surely), has been responsible for the building of these coaches in Manchester.

After leaving Beira the country is flat, and we pass many cocoanut plantations of large dimensions. I regret that I was unable to visit that titanic sugar plantation at Lusitana, some twenty miles from Beira. It consists of 300,000 hectares, and employs 30,000 natives. They told me that as Mr. Alfred Lawley, the manager, was in Europe, they were not showing this estate, which is considered to be perhaps the finest in Africa.

Leaving the station punctually to the moment, we pass through natural pasture lands, well wooded. It being the dry season there is a great deal of dust, as there would be at home travelling in the summer. We enter a jungle, through which a red trailing shrub, casting decorative festoons, makes a trellis-work from tree to tree. Round Kaffir kraals, with thatched palm-leaf roofs, are clustered about with vines, and as it is late in the afternoon the Kaffirs have lighted a fire under their black iron pots and sit cross-legged watching the evening meal being cooked. There appears to be no hurry on this railway line. We stop first at a jungle, which is either glorified or detracted by a tin building, and answers to the appellation of Dondo. I do not know if this spot is supposed to be exhilarating or not, but we stop, presumably to give a drink to our engine, and also to enable the natives to sell pineapples. They bring them along, strung on a pole. I find them rather small, and not having the delicious flavour of the West Indies fruit.

With a sudden jolt we pass through a jungle so dense with shielding, secreting lianes that its mysteries are impenetrable. Here the lion and big game generally will be wandering in search of a *pièce de résistance* in the shape of a nice young zebra or some other toothsome morsel. The sunset flings out two huge weird wings of cloud, and it looks as if they attached themselves to guard an enormous sacrificial altar reminiscent of Egyptian times. These wings devour the sun and separate, reappearing dressed in purple and lined with gold. We cross a pretty river, and arrive at Ponte do Pungue, whose importance, as far as one can see, consists of four tin establishments, some goats, and very thin, evil-looking cats. Certainly "Nestlé's Cream" has played no part in the existence of the latter. Now the Orb of Day bids good night and sinks behind a golden blaze, crimson cloud curtains drape the horizon, and the dining-car attendant announces "Dinner is served."

The dining-car, built in England, is much the same as our own. Electric fans and lights add to our comfort; the waiters are exceedingly polite, attending to your every want. Pretty flowers in silver vases give a homelike touch. Here is the menu, and considering the difficulties of procuring and cooking food-stuffs, it is excellent, while the price, 3s. 6d., cannot be called extortionate.

MENU.

Beira and Mashonaland and Rhodesia Railway Refreshment Department.

Breakfast, 2s. 6d. Luncheon, 3s. Dinner, 3s. 6d

Soup.

Consommé Pâté d'Italienne.

Fish.

Baked Mullet—sauce Maître d'Hôtel.

Entrées.

Braised Ox Heart.

Green Peas.

Joints.

Roast Sirloin, horse-radish sauce.

Leg of Mutton, red currant jelly.

Roast chicken and sausage.

Boiled potatoes and cabbage.

Rice pudding. Biscuits and cheese. Coffee.

The food is very fair, but my thoughts revert to the wonderful cuisine of the Train de Luxe going to the Riviera, and to the restaurant at the Calais terminus, where the roast chicken, cooked by French culinary artists, is tender and succulent. Here the fowls are flavourless and their bones fleshless. I do not for an instant complain, if one always had as good one would be fortunate ; but as I am writing this book without any interest or commission from anyone I shall endeavour to chronicle absolutely things as I find them. It is a pity to spoil good food in preparation. I am the only woman on the train, and at my table were three Portuguese. Their few words of English were polite, also their manners. I recall my grandmother's maxim, which, having been impressed on my brain at a youthful stage, always dwells in my memory. She was a great traveller for her times. Her admonition was : " Remember, my child, whenever you travel you are an unpaid ambassador to your country, so never miss a chance to advance our prestige and honour." My Sprite of Travel, " Imp," impertinently answers that this was good advice.

Now the night is terribly dark, and finds " Imp " and myself speeding into the heart of Rhodesia. I complain to " Imp " : " It's a long way from home, and the solitude is gloomy." But

" Imp," as usual, chastises me by saying : " Are you not glad that you have not a lot of people to dinner in London, to whom you must display your best linen and silver, fuss about arranging flowers, and so forth ? You said you were tired of friends and Society." " Yes, but, ' Imp,' " I certify, " I had perhaps been doing a little too much. This is solitude indeed." " I know one time you said to me," continues " Imp," " you were weary of listening to the complaints of dissatisfied married women. One had a husband who she feared was not faithful, and she asked your advice about having him followed by a private detective. Another friend of yours was tortured by the jealousies of her Benedict : some wanted charity, and they poured out their troubles to you. You were bored—surely this is better, seeing God's country." " One thing, my ' Imp of Travel,' I never am able to please you, even though I risk my life for your sake," I mournfully add. " You're rather weak, and I don't know what you would do without me," lamented my phlegmatic emissary.

The egoism of " Imp " is detestable. I refuse to listen further, and gaze out into the black night.

Through the murkiness a wonderful cinematograph rushes past, which I intently stare at through the two-yard-square window-pane of my compartment. The moon condescends to appear, rudely pushing past stately silver clouds. Queer, uncanny cries of animals and birds drift through my sleepy brain. Some bird pours forth lovely roulades, interrupted by the croak of countless frogs. One thinks of the wild animals—the hartebeest, eland, buffalo, leopard, zebra, and lion—who may be wandering out there in the thick jungle. At five the next morning we pass through a beautiful forest with enormous quantities of flowers of all colours ; but the most remarkable is tree after tree covered with red and white lilies which resemble those of the Japanese Arum family. I cannot quite distinguish if this is a vine of lilies acting as a parasite to the tree or if the flower belongs to the tree itself ; at any rate, the effect remains charming. As the mist clears well-wooded mountains come into view, and the sun, from a horizon of gold, ushers in another day.

About 5.30 we reach the small and pretty station of Macequece. Here amongst gardens of roses I can see the lily I describe, and find it grows on bushes and trees of its own, and refutes the idea of being a parasite. At Macequece we enter the mountains of

Manicaland. About here, rumour states, was the ancient site of the Land of Ophir. Perhaps 3000 years ago Solomon, King of Israel, drew the supplies of gold from this land with which he dazzled the Queen of Sheba. Herodotus hands down descriptions of the sacred images, some of them in solid gold, forty feet high, and various sacred emblems which received universal admiration during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. The precious gold of those wealthy times was known to be found in Africa.

Through the discoveries of Dr. Carl Peters, Phœnician tombstones and ruins have been brought to light, proving that Manicaland had been considerably inhabited centuries ago. Macequece is the mining headquarters of the Moçambique Company. A puff and a snort and we are in motion again. The scene has changed. We are on a bridge looking down into a tropical swamp. A summer shower is falling, although the sun is still shining on the mountains. An old frog, who forgets that the dawn has arrived, wheezes gloomily, and a pretty pink bird raises silver wings and sails away.

In the early morning, fresh with the glittering dew, this forest is enchantingly beautiful, with its mile after mile of lilies. I ask the conductor what they are called. He shrugs his shoulders, and shakes his head. "I don't know. Some folks call it white weed." Of course he wouldn't know. They never notice lilies, although they travel through this wonderful scenery every day. To me, who love Nature with all my being, it is inconceivable not to notice or appreciate its beauties.

The waiter has brought me a cup of hot liquid, and I cannot make up my mind whether it is tea, coffee, or chocolate. It tastes like neither, but the concoction is not bad, it has a lot of milk in it, and, as I drain the cup to its dregs, I think it must have been weak cocoa. More huge trees of lilies nod their heads as we race by. The earth is very red and reminds me of Ceylon. Umtali is reached at 7.45 a.m. It might be called the gate to Rhodesia, and how different from Beira! Truly this is a white man's country. It is over 3000 feet above sea-level, and situated amongst delightful mountains, whose wooded sides, with the sun shining through the mist in iridescent shades, make a picture long to be remembered.

Many English people are assembled at the station. They

are possessors of good complexions, brown and healthy. It was pleasant again to meet them after such a surfeit of Portuguese and natives. Here the air is fresh, breathable and invigorating. Two hotel porters in smart, clean clothes solicit patrons for the Royal and Cecil Hotels. Our old friend Sunlight Soap is present, in the garb of a Dutch girl, and hangs on the side of the tin refreshment room in great prominence. Umtali is the centre of some very rich gold mines, and is also one of the strongholds of the Chartered Company. One sees many churches, and the huge shed upon leaving the station belongs to the repairing shops of the railway. Very fortunate is Umtali in its generous water supply. The rainy season lasts from November till the end of March, good drinking water being obtainable and laid on to all the houses.

Leaving the town the scenery continues interesting. Queer-shaped, conical mountain heights form fantastical shapes. Through the far-seeing eyes of one of England's greatest sons, Cecil John Rhodes, the man who "thought in empires," this vast wonderful Rhodesia is ours; and future generations will bless the name of him who has given innumerable homes to overcrowded Britain. It is such a relief, after the scalding heat I have passed through along the East Coast, to enjoy vitality, coolness blowing off the mountains, and the generously flower-laden atmosphere. Patches of mealies and a few thatched Kaffir kraals form the only signs of habitation as the train proceeds on its way through miles of fertile land, and my thoughts turn to those thousands of suffering humanity, the flotsam and jetsam of suffering London, who in the cold, damp winter eke out a miserable existence, crowded in close unhealthy quarters, while this smiling vast Rhodesia would give them life and happiness if only they could reach it.

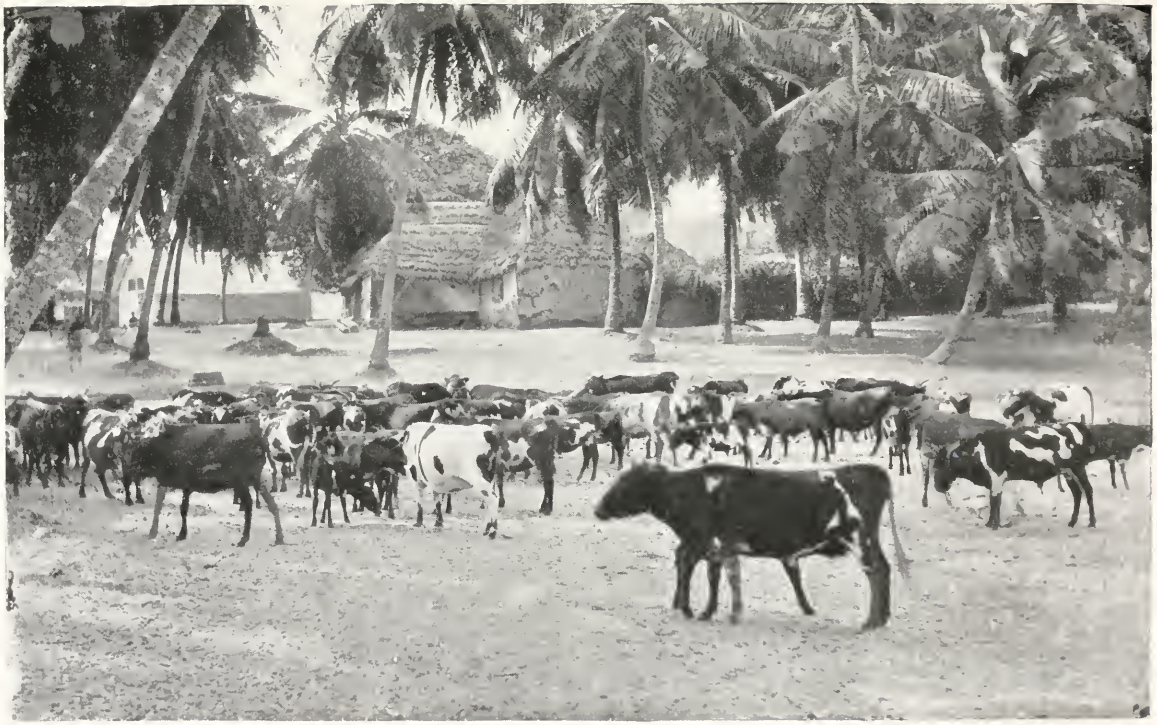
Quite a nice breakfast has been served. We had tinned kippers, which were not at all untasty, eggs, and a long list of things which I did not sample. How different is travel in these days, one thinks, when one can go in comfort, compared with the old pioneer times, not so far back, with meals picked up wherever they could be obtained! I guarantee that in those days it was not a question of choosing, it was simply one of "Give me what you have." Long coach rides of many hours' duration, jolting over rough tracks, aggravate the appetite. A queer land of marvellously placed rocks comes into view. By some freak of Nature these

rocks are mounted, in nondescript shapes, one over another, forming weird effects. Some are poised at such an angle that one would imagine the slightest push would send them over. Others shape themselves to look like villages in the distance, and a variegated floral carpet creeps up close to the rocks with loving solicitude.

At nine o'clock punctually, the Mail Express arrived at Salisbury. The train waits two hours, and I thought it would be interesting to dine at the Commercial Hotel. It is more central than the Queen's, which I had heard well spoken of. It was very dark, and I was surprised that in the capital of Rhodesia the streets were not lighted. At the hotel they told me electric light is about to be installed and also that water—which is of an excellent quality—will soon be laid on at the different houses. I I was glad to see the familiar figures of horses. During my long trip down the East Coast since I left Port Said, I had never seen a horse, their great enemy the tsetse-fly making existence impossible.

At Salisbury there are many motor-cars, rickshaws, with native runners, and hotel omnibuses; therefore there are plenty of ways of getting about this sprawled-out town, which in a way resembles an octopus with its tentacles spread in all directions. The wide main street appeared to have attractive shops, but darkness forbade even a conjecture as to what they contained. I found myself at the Commercial Hotel, and at once went in to dinner. I confess I was a little disappointed in the hotel. One sees many of the South African millionaires in the best restaurants and hotels of London, and one wonders how they can put up with the accommodation given out here. They must occasionally visit the properties from which their great wealth is obtained.

I entered a long narrow dining-room, whose walls were papered in dark red, while a frieze about six inches in width depicted impossible mountains and crimson islands. There was no covering on the board floors, but one strip of cocoanut-fibre matting wandered down the centre. Several stuffy green portières decorated the doors. Plenty of pretty flowers were on the tables, and the waiters wore white, with a broad red sash over their shoulders, which ended in a huge impressive tassel at the side, and meretriciously reminded one of the Grand Cordon de Légion d'Honneur of France. The dinner was uninteresting: fish peculiar, grilled rump steak like



VIEW OF COUNTRY LIFE.

leather ; roast sirloin the same. The boiled parsnips I managed to eat—they were at least tender. Stewed quince and custard I declined and chose devilled sardines. These proved impossible. The price of the dinner was 4s., with drinkables just as expensive as in all these parts.

Afterwards I wandered into a very well-arranged reading-room and looked over the papers. Everyone was courteous, and I was shown upstairs, where there are two sitting-rooms, and on the balcony a tea bungalow, as they called it, encircled a portion of the building. Here were placed comfortable wicker chairs and small tables. A lady was sitting by herself, and as I experienced a feeling of loneliness we began talking. She had recently come to the country from England, with her husband ; they were both twenty-two, she confided. They had bought their farm and were now live-stocking it. She naturally hoped to succeed and build home and fortune in her adopted country. " Speaking of making money in the farming line," she said, " why, eggs are 4s. 6d. a dozen, and butter half a crown a pound."

It appears that farmers at the end of the season, when the revenues of toil come in, re-invest as much of the amount as possible in buying additional land and stocking the farm—which certainly shows the right spirit and their faith in the great future of the land. Without a doubt Rhodesia has one of the finest climates in the world. It is elevated, and can be compared with Riviera conditions, without that deadly chill which lurks in shadows in that part of Europe. If the day is warm there is an ample breeze at night, and one awakes refreshed in the morning. The people who live here are pictures of sturdy, bronzed health and strength. The women wear cotton gowns or coats and skirts of light material, with shady-brimmed hats. The men stand and walk with the easy grace of strong manhood. They favour large felt hats rather than cork helmets, and wear leather belts, as they are often in shirt sleeves, though they always don coats to come into the restaurant car.

There are as yet no postmen in Salisbury. All mail is sent to the General Post Office, where people have their private boxes, and either call or send for it. Most of the buildings I can discern are erected with the ever-present corrugated iron, but they are made more pleasing to the eye by a coat of paint. I fancy it

must be one of the social functions of Rhodesia for the inhabitants to gather at the station on the approach of a mail train, for there is a large crowd, and the shaking hands and embracings for intended departures are interesting to witness as one sits in solitude.

Not being able to see anything of Salisbury in the murky night, I came back to my compartment in the train early, and therefore had plenty of opportunity for studying the people, and it was very engaging to listen to the cheers and parting exclamations of a family of English on their way home to that great-little island when the train pulled out of the station. "For he's a jolly good fellow!" roared and echoed for some time in the distance. It made me think of Doncaster with its Yorkshire roar, and how it used to please King Edward when with one mighty ringing voice the mob on the racecourse yelled, "Teddy! Teddy! Good old Teddy!" And the "Peacemaker," whose courtesy was phenomenal, would stand, his hat in his hand, and a big cigar in his mouth, bowing and smiling to his loyal folk.

When I entered the restaurant car to order one of those precious lemon squashes that cost 2s., and are mostly made of cheap Portuguese mineral water, the conductor asked me how I liked my dinner at the hotel. I said, "We had better dinners on the train." He was exceedingly gratified, and added, "Everyone says the same thing, Madam." On my return from the Victoria Falls I intend staying in Salisbury, and in the sunshine I shall be able to see things better.

As the train rushes through the country I glance at the telegraph wires which glisten in the light of the engine. There are three, and one will be the cable. Pages of history, ruin, and romance float through my brain as I think what that cable has meant to many—how fortunes have been won and lost as this tiny wire flashed mining tips across continents; how many thousands of pounds have changed hands by the message borne on that slender thread of unimportant-looking copper.

The next morning I awoke at dawn, dressed, and sat by the window watching the scudding scenery as it vanished in the distance. There are many trees bright and fresh in colour, evidence that we have left the dry lands behind, and thickly clothed hills look down upon wide valleys. Suddenly I am conscious of a dull distant roar of some mighty unseen force. The conductor is

passing, and I say to him, "What is that noise?" "It's the Falls," he answers, smiling. "The Falls," I exclaim; "but we are yet a long way off, are we not?" "About twenty miles," he agrees.

What must Dr. Livingstone's feelings have been when, after those long weary marches across a continent, he heard this constant roar of mighty waters thundering in the distance! Upon a nearer approach he saw what anyone would think at first sight was the smoke of some gigantic fire ascending thousands of feet heavenwards, and the natives told the brave explorer, "It was the Mosi-oa-Tunya," which translated means "thunder of smoke." A splendid name it is for this giant of Nature's work! I can now see the smoke or mist myself, and it gives me a feeling of intense excitement. I long to see more—I am impatient, and want the train to arrive. Then a great wave of gratitude comes over me that I am to be privileged to behold this World's Wonder—that I, out of the millions of people who will never in their lives enjoy this pleasure, am favoured by God and circumstances. In a short time the train stops in a sort of wood. A small tin station stands close by—and a big white wooden signboard spells: "VICTORIA FALLS."

VICTORIA FALLS STATION.

CHAPTER XVII

Victoria Falls

FIVE minutes' walk under trees, and through pretty gardens, which have large whitewashed stones round the flower-beds, brought me to the Victoria Falls Hotel. After registering I passed through the hall to the verandah. A beautiful view greets you as you look down two great gorges covered with fresh trees and kept ever verdant by the ceaseless spray. Victoria Bridge, 600 feet high, with a cantilever span of 500 feet, is the loftiest bridge in the world, and in the blue distance resembles filigree work. I take a hasty breakfast, feeling I must lose no time before seeing the Falls. I set off, camera, sunshade, and notebook in hand. The managing clerk accompanies me to the end of the verandah. "Don't you think I should have a guide?" I inquire. "Oh, no, it's not necessary," he responds. "The paths are well laid out, as you will see by the signboards."

In all the hotel advertisements one reads that the Falls are only a few minutes away. This is quite deceptive. After half an hour's walk over a rather rough road you come to Victoria Bridge. All along the approach the roar of the Falls increases its thunder; but even so you are totally unprepared for the scene that opens before you! Everywhere are wonderful trees, crystallized into eternal freshness by the mist. They crown and decorate well-worn pinnacles of rocks. Then you stand on Victoria Bridge. To the left and far below is the dark brown water, churning in what is called the Boiling Pot. The water rushes in, swirls, runs about in impotent anger, having been hurled over a precipice, down 400 feet, and into this maze from which there is no outlet. At last, however, it rushes under the bridge, flows with loud protest, hissing over rocks, and wends its way through deep and narrow channels to its natural bed.

The top view of the Zambesi looks as if snow were lying on the grass, and white cascades pour down from its great height, spraying to some 3000 feet.

From the other side the scenery is enchantingly lovely. Imagine a chasm of bold forbidding rock, superfluously trimmed with green teak forests and the gnarled trunks of monster trees. Over it come tons of irresistible water falling uproariously into the profound pit, hidden by magic spray. My prevailing sensation is that of awed humility. I feel like crouching and sobbing how insignificant an atom I am amid all this appalling grandeur. The Omnipotent Being I gratefully thank for having permitted me to view this eighth Wonder of the World. I would like to stay alone on this spot all day, give myself to thought, and watch the fascination of that vari-coloured magnitude of water.

But there is more to be seen, the sun is becoming fierce, so I go around a bend in the road—and the great Zambesi itself lies before me, a sapphire set in malachite. There are wooden benches, and fortunately many are placed on the road in spots where the prospect is particularly alluring. I take my notebook, only to realize how inefficient my description will be. What poor lifeless things words are! No pen nor brush could ever express the gloriousness of the Falls.

" Imp," my spirit of travel, for once is overawed and silent. I recall that just a hundred years have passed since the great explorer was born, and wonder how Dr. Livingstone—the first white man to view the scene—felt when his eyes beheld this vision of Nature's grandeur in 1855. Were his emotions those of reverence, exultation, or gratification ?

These ethereal Falls are difficult to photograph as they roll, tumbling and boiling into a titanic cauldron. How far London seems away, as I sit entranced in the heart of the Darkest Continent !

I walk on for some distance, in the glorious panorama ; then I come to a signboard pointing to the Palm Grove. This path I was told to follow by some of the hotel people. I understood that near by is the boat for Livingstone Island. Down I go and am astounded to find such a way, it is the gully of a one-time stream, narrow, with loose sharp rocks. The stones rattle after me ; I constantly cut my feet, and my ankles threaten to sprain at every moment. It is a long way, and, like the road to ruin, difficult to retraverse ! Besides, I tell myself and " Imp," the ever-present, that this must be the right turning, for occasionally there are a few worn-out seats placed under the trees.

VICTORIA FALLS.

By kind permission of Mr. Percy Clark, F.R.G.S.

The way appears interminable as I go slipping downward, while the idea occurs to me what an awful fix one would be in if one's ankle got broken. Here one would have to lie all day, perhaps all night, until the hotel people sent out search parties. There is plenty of big game. Lions have come within a couple of miles of the hotel. I think they should repair this miserable route to the Palm Grove, or at least send a Kaffir with you, in case of accident !

There are many palms. As a tropical grove it is very beautiful, but I am too uncomfortable to appreciate its attractiveness, and

VICTORIA FALLS.
By kind permission of Mr. Percy Clark, F.R.G.S.

too busy trying to keep my feet. It is dreadfully hot, and myriads of flies insist upon taking up quarters in my eyes. I see a scorpion sitting on a rock sunning himself and only just avoid stepping on him. There are innumerable centipedes, wormy creatures, moths, and butterflies. After I should think a mile of steep downhill struggling, the perspiration dripping from my nose and face, I espy a hamper under a tree. It is marked "V. F. H."—signs of life, at any rate, I think ; maybe the hotel has a boat below.

I am so thirsty ! If only that hamper had bottles of water or anything ! I open it—it is full of bottles. I take one up, deter-

mined to smash the neck against a tree in case I can't find a corkscrew. Picture my disappointment and dismay to find every bottle empty ! Afterwards I heard that they were the remains of a picnic a fortnight previously. A little farther on I found myself at the very bottom of the cliff, overlooking the Boiling Pot, which is horrible in its whirlpool fury, but more impressive from the bridge. I am just 600 feet below the bridge, and as I look up it appears to span all heaven. There is a high black rock ; I climb it to rest, and a little lizard, yellow and black, possessing a pale blue tail, comes to keep me company.

I see no way of being fetched by boat, as nothing could live in these whirling rapids. There is no conveyance of any kind. I philosophize that I must scramble up the narrow, broken path again, or rest here all my life. I am tired, hot, thirsty, and not knowing I was going for an adventure of this kind I am wearing light shoes, so my feet are bruised, blistered, and aching. A chattering begins over my head, and I look up. Horrors !

The trees are full of monkeys. There are all kinds, little and big. One hideous ape fastens his long tail around a branch, leaps towards me, grabbing at my veil, which hangs down from my cork helmet. I scream, and he looks astonished, blinks, and springs back to his tree. I have only my sunshade for defence. What shall I do ? There must be a hundred of them leaping about. Oh for an aeroplane to fly up to the bridge ! Shall I jump into the cool waters of the Boiling Pot and end it all ?

I cannot reason with " Imp," but I know if I don't scramble up the cliff I shall go mad. My only thought is to get out of the place. Heat is unbearable. I begin to climb those same rocks I slid down, but find it more easy, for I have now a firm foothold. The monkeys accompany me, chattering all the while. A little one has jumped on my back. I beat him off, since I have no intention of carrying monkeys as well as myself. I assure you it was dreadful getting over those pointed rocks. My heart seemed to be in my throat. It beat so violently that I often had to pause to recover my breath. Heat, flies, and monkeys ! But I was not doomed to lose my reason in the Palm Grove, or to rest with the latter. I plodded higher and higher, and when I was nearing the top the monkeys disappeared as quickly as they arrived.

I emerged from that place of torment gasping, and sat down on the seat near the deceiving signboard. Once on top I real-

ized that never before in my vast amount of experience all over the world had I been quite so uncomfortable ! After a little rest I begin again, and have more than two miles to walk back to the hotel. It is nearly one o'clock, the temperature registers 115 degrees. On I plod amid the hot, sandy soil and over lava stones, which grind the leather off my shoes. I again cross the bridge—the toll being 1s., which they have forgotten. The low, flat roof of the hotel looks a long way off, and I thought I would never be able to reach it. I am a strong woman, but I wonder if

THE "BOILING POT."

the same circumstances happened to a semi-invalid or an elderly lady what would be the result.

When I eventually arrived, feeling more dead than alive, I found I had climbed and slid 1200 feet—no light task to accomplish at noon during the hot season in the heart of Africa ! The hotel people were astonished to hear of my adventure. Men folk agreed they would not even have attempted such an arduous task. I went to the clerk in the office and asked him what grudge he had against me ; and also told him my opinion of the hotel conveniences and arrangements. Then lunch, which I felt I deserved. I was terribly tired, and getting stiffer each moment, for I am a novice at cliff climbing. By three o'clock I started again ; this time, however, having a guide and a rickshaw.

CHAPTER XVIII

Zambesi and Rain Forest

MY next jaunt is in a pony rickshaw led by a black boy. A guide accompanies me. Victoria Falls Hotel has an inadequate supply of conveyances—only one guide, two rickshaws, and several old carts. One can imagine with twenty-five guests, each clamouring for attendants, the disadvantages of sight-seeing. If only the hotel management, after enticing you by splendid advertisements to cross Africa, would deign to provide better comfort for their guests, all would be well. There is no more beautiful scenery in the world. The property belongs to the Chartered Company. This hotel is old-fashioned, and should be rebuilt. However, it has the monopoly, and refuses to modernize, nor will it allow its land to be sold.

An enterprising American desired to purchase real estate and erect an enormous hotel costing a million dollars ; but his schemes were foiled. Victoria Falls Hotel consists of a collection of primitive corrugated-iron houses, bungalow style, walls inside being of rough boards. There are a verandah and annexes which rest on wooden piles, but the whole edifice shakes as you walk. What they need is a fine three-storeyed building facing the falls, where the view would prove magnificent. I presume the authorities' philosophy is, "We have the eighth wonder of the world. If you want to see it you must pay our prices and put up with accommodation offered." I paid 21s. a day pension.

It was pleasant jolting along in the rickshaw, scenery becoming so lovely that I nearly forgot the pain of my blistered feet. The Zambesi resembled a turquoise chain. It is said to be extremely dangerous for boatmen who are not familiar with its treacherous currents. Several unfortunates have been ruthlessly swept over its great cascade. A charming canoe like one used in Canada was waiting. I settled myself comfortably ; the afternoon was gorgeous, while the beauty of my surroundings gave me a sensation of unreality. Softly and quickly I was paddled across to Living-

stone Island, and here I beheld the famous tree on whose trunk that great and good man carved "D. L." Some people discredit this. But in Dr. Livingstone's book he states it was the only time in his life he was guilty of vanity and cut his initials on a tree.

From here I went to Danger Point. One sits on a huge overhanging rock clinging to a friendly tree. The distance looking down is appalling. Picture the eddying surface of the Zambesi betrayed and falling 600 feet into innumerable cascades of pearl, diamond, and topaz, coloured by sunbeams, chasing each other over the impetuous falls. Can you see this enchanting fairy spectacle of mist, rising three thousand feet? You look down the sides of brown rocks trimmed with a hundred rainbows. The iridescent sparkling shades with their snowlike hurricanes quite bewilder one—the titanic force of the falls makes you feel utterly insignificant.

VIEW OF BRIDGE AND VALLEY.

Almost instantly dull, black clouds cover the sky and Nature indulges in a tempest. The thunder of the skies and that of the falls fight a royal battle. Rain comes down in sheets—and it certainly is a watery place. In a few minutes I am as wet as if I sat under a cataract. There is no shelter. In a short time the sun came out victorious, but these tropical showers give no warning. I stood up, and began wringing out my heavily sodden skirt. Then I hastened to the canoe and proceeded to the hotel for dry raiment.

Upon arrival I immediately looked to see if my letters of credit had been wet through and my signature blurred—I invariably wear an under-pocket containing money and these letters. For the benefit of travellers may I suggest it would be an improvement if these pockets were lined with rubber?

Fortunately for me a roll of notes guarded the precious letters, they were a pulp, but could be easily dried. My aching feet warned me that I had had sufficient adventure for one day, so I retired early. It was very amusing next morning, since all the guests had gone through the same experience as myself. Their clothes and boots were taken by the Kaffirs to be dried. There are no women servants at this hotel, while the niggers are the most stupid I have met. They must have just left the bush, since they cannot speak even a little pidgin-English. Between seven and eight

VICTORIA FALLS HOTEL.

a dozen heads bobbed out of doors, crying, "Boy, I want my clothes—my boots."

The bedroom I occupied could not be styled pretty or comfortable. The iron bedstead held a thin mattress which reminded me of a sandwich. Every time one turned the wires groaned dreadfully, and two of the hardest and smallest pillows completed the discomfort. A precocious green window-blind would not go up or remain down, but chose its own level, while the matchboard walls were a sickly green. An early Victorian mirror with a side broken enabled you to dress, and in the corner a wooden triangle, supporting a blue rag, served as a wardrobe.

The dining-room was commodious and food quite all right.

I began sight-seeing early, and visited the famous Rain Forest. Everyone tells you to wear thick boots and an old gown, because this interesting place is so well named.

Tropical foliage and charming views are everywhere. Gnarled trunks of forest monarchs are draped with pink and white convolvuli, while giant lianes rope dead and living branches with wonderful effect. The traditional rain appeared in a soft fine mist, lenient in comparison with yesterday's hurricane. Yellow-green moss like velvet clings to grey grim rocks, and tiny streams murmur a continuous lullaby.

" Imp " was much impressed with the dark solemn splendours of the Rain Forest. I had a look at the beautiful Rainbow Falls and the Devil's Cascade, whose waters formed a steaming cauldron. This gloomy abyss, and the fearful majesty of the scenery, were

GARDENS, VICTORIA FALLS HOT L.

almost supernatural. The Zambesi River is about a mile and a half wide above the Falls, its length 1200 miles, the greatest volume of water pouring over the various gorges in April.

Comparing Niagara Falls with those of Victoria, I say there is no comparison. Although belonging to the same family, each is a perfect beauty.

Victoria Falls are much greater, because there are several distinct cataracts descending into majestic gorges. On the other hand, Niagara discloses her beauteousness at once. I shall never forget my first view of this silver horseshoe, mere tumbling water framed by prismatic rainbows, nor my wonder over its beaming in the moonlight. Taking everything into consideration, Victoria Falls are the most imposing in the world.

An American tourist taken to see them, had on the previous evening boasted considerably about Niagara; standing for several minutes dumbfounded, he exclaimed, "Sell Niagara!" Imp felt inclined to agree with him.

Mr. Percy Clark, F.R.G.S., who lives in "The Hut" close to the hotel, can be relied upon for genuine native curios. He is a splendid photographer, as his numerous pictures testify. Most kindly he assisted me in developing my snapshots, also giving me permission to use two of his best views of the Falls. Another interesting personage living near by is a trapper of big game. One can buy furs and lion-skin bags at his hut, which he tells me is the same sort of shelter as Dr. Livingstone used.

CHAPTER XIX

Bulawayo

ON the whole Rhodesian railways are comfortable, service and food both being commendable. The line extends to Broken Hill in the north, where one can change at Sakania and connect through to Elizabethville in the Belgian Congo. My return by train to Bulawayo was not interesting. We stopped some time at the Wankie coal mines, seventy miles due south. It appeared a busy place, many miners coming into the restaurant car for drinks. I am told that on account of the drought throughout Rhodesia there is some apprehension that the Wankie water supply may be exhausted, then these mines would close. One regrets the vast waste of water at the Falls. Oh, if it could only be harnessed by engineers and irrigate the parched country.

In the morning I arrived at the Grand Hotel—Bulawayo, the translation of this Zulu name meaning "killing kraal." Shortly after breakfast I took a motor-car to the Khami Ruins, fourteen miles distant. Leaving my car I have a long, rough way to traverse. I cross a dry river bed, with sharp, projecting stones, and continue to follow my instructions. The sun is intensely hot, while paths to the Ruin laid out in 1910 have not since been cleared. Consequently weeds obliterate most of them. I could discover only one well-worn signboard, but eventually arrived at this much-overrated spot. There was an extensive high parapet of thin, narrow bricks, and heaps of stones. The Ruin itself in ancient days may have been a walled city, the sides being curved. It occupies an immense site, with débris piled to such an elevation that I felt no desire to climb its uninteresting ridge. Why on earth had I taken all this trouble to come?

Everyone has his own version as to who built and inhabited the Khami Ruin, the list running as follows. Since I know nothing about its accuracy, I leave you to take your choice: Asiatics from the Persian Gulf, Phœnicians, Sabæans, Bantu or Bushmen. The place is now in possession of the largest lizards I ever saw,

resembling baby crocodiles. I imagine it is their market day, since they have assembled in hordes and are frantically busy. I saunter on trying to find Bushmen paintings, but only encounter more bricks. Being almost noon, with a grilling sun beating down and no shade, I decide to make for the car. After walking ten or fifteen minutes I am suddenly aware that this is not the right way, the signboard and a certain tree I remarked being missing. What a nuisance, and in such a lonely place with heat absolutely baking!

They have a queer way in Rhodesia of sending you out with a gay sentence, "Oh, it's just over there," and you walk for miles

KARMI RUINS, NEAR BULAWAYO.

to that phantom "over there." It is said that Cecil Rhodes would never be left alone on the veldt, as he had a horror of being lost. Odd he should choose his last resting-place in the very heart of such grim and mighty loneliness. I am not at all frightened. I can easily retrace my way to the first Ruin, where I can sit on bricks with the lizards until the chauffeur comes to find me, since he dare not return to the hotel alone.

After a time a distant hallooing sounded, and responding to it, I was found and safely conducted back to the car. Motoring proved pleasant after walking in the sun, although the road is exceedingly rough and must play havoc with tyres. At luncheon I was introduced to an American who had seen most of the globe.

He leaves for the great Zimbabwe Ruins, which I hear are marvellous. The journey, however, is most trying by train, including miles by coach afterwards. I yearn to behold these wonderful relics of the ancients, but my thoughts travelling to the long route before me, I realize time will not permit me to see everything of importance in Africa.

Distances here are enormous compared with those of my own country. By the time I reach Beira, where I embark, nearly 2000 miles will have been covered.

"Imp" says: "Buy photographs of the Khami Ruins—it looks much more impressive in shop windows." But my advice to prospective travellers is, "Don't bother to see it."

The streets of Bulawayo are named after the men who originated the Chartered Company—Rhodes, Fife, Abercorn, Shelborne, Grey, and others.

The first thing which impresses you in the Main Street is the huge bronze statue of Cecil Rhodes. It is mounted on red granite, brought from "World's View." This commemorative tribute was executed by Mr. John Tweed. The pioneer of continents is standing—his hands clasped behind his back—wearing a lounge suit, and it is a well-known fact that he always clung to suits he had grown to like, detesting what is called "smart attire." Bareheaded, he is gazing forever down the principal street of the town he created. The monument is placed opposite the Bulawayo Club, at the junction of Main Street and Eighth Avenue.

A short distance beyond rises another mark of gratitude from the country. This is a granite pedestal, some thirty feet in height. On the top is placed a Gatling gun captured from the Matabele, who had treacherously smuggled it into the country. One side is inscribed with the following: "To the memory of those 259 pioneers of civilization who lost their lives during the Matabele Rebellion, A.D. 1896." Below, on white marble tablets, one reads of those who fell for love of patriotism. Two opposite sides record these facts in Dutch.

After luncheon at the most comfortable hotel I have stayed at in Africa, namely, the Grand, I again take a motor for the Matoppo Hills. Weather is perfect—the air exhilarating.

No one should miss seeing "World's View," and no one could fail to appreciate the weird, silent grandeur of this mountain

CECIL RHODES' GRAVE.

stronghold that treasures the remains of the renowned founder of Rhodesia.

On Saturdays and Sundays one can reach the Matoppos by rail, but somehow chance never allows me to participate in cheap excursions, so I was obliged to motor out. The cost was £4 10s., which I in no way regretted. If I lived in these parts I should often spend hours in this wonderful spot. The road is good, and we spin along most enjoyably. When you arrive at your destination, an enormous rock confronts you, and at its base you pause to read this notice before beginning the ascent: "The public are most earnestly requested not to leave empty bottles, straw, envelopes, tins, or paper on this estate, but either to burn or take them back to town, so that visitors who pass here on their way to World's View may carry away a favourable impression and feel that Mr. Rhodes' wishes in this respect continue to be observed."

Kopje after kopje rises on every side, something like 300 feet in height. Huge, queer-shaped stones, tons in weight, with fantastic green shrubs, mark the way to the summit.

I climb up the massive hill opposite. A wild cat emerges from its rocky shelter, and I welcome it as an omen of good luck. Fascinated, I watch the sun shining on its black coat, the animal silhouetted against a golden wall. The lonely desolation of the scene is indescribable, deepest silence reigning for miles around. One goes on steadily climbing for twenty minutes or more. View after view entrances the eye. In solemn grandeur an amphitheatre of innumerable purple mountains circle the horizon, the sunset tangles its rays into rock-set glories of splendid colouring. The black cat still maintains its position. Has it come into this solitude for mere admiration, or only in search of a supper?

In front of the mountains are smaller and countless hills of rock which remind me of the Roman Colosseum. Everyone says that Cecil Rhodes' funeral was wonderful. The population of South Africa attended in thousands, each one desiring to pay last respects. All vehicles and modes of conveyance were called into action. People who could not do better rode upon oxen. The multitude followed the gun-carriage and its escort over the marked path that I am now walking. Everywhere you look granite confronts you, and his grave is sunk into a species of plateau. Eight great boulders, each approximately seventy tons in weight, stand—tireless sentinels—to guard the dead. A card

neatly framed in black reads: "This is consecrated ground." Suddenly you arrive upon a flat stage. Before you a granite slab, raised perhaps a foot from the rock, covered by a simple bronze tablet, records plainly, without scroll or emblem:

"Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes."

No date of birth or death. Like Dr. David Livingstone, he sought no title. He rests in a spot chosen by himself, surrounded by the rocks and mountains he loved so well. Gone, passed through the final door, sleeping in God's eternal peace, alone with the granite boulders so like the strong firmness of his character. "World's View" is well named. I place my hand in reverence on the bronze tablet, offering a silent prayer. The stillness, the golden beams of the sun going to rest, the lonely solitude of this great pioneer, print a picture utterly ineffaceable on my memory.

RHODES' GRAVE.

A few minutes' walk towards the south-east brings you to a grey stone memorial in Grecian style upon the base of which is written:

"TO BRAVE MEN."

"To the enduring memory of Allan Wilson and his men whose names are hereon inscribed and who fell in fight against the Matabele on the Shangani River, Dec. 4th, 1893. There was no survivor."

On each side of the monument, depicted in bronze and splendidly executed, are scenes of battle and Major Allan Wilson's last stand. This superb work was also achieved by Mr. John Tweed, thirty workmen being sent out from Aberdeen to adjust the stone.

Major Wilson and his men were at first buried at Victoria, but afterwards brought here and interred with solemn ceremony. Cecil Rhodes chose the site. An interesting painting, showing the hero still armed and fighting in the centre of dying comrades and horses, should be seen. It is in the Bulawayo Public Library.

This part of the country, covered as it is with rocks, made an ideal battlefield for the Matabele. Curiously enough, at Intumbane, fourteen miles away, the Chief of the Matabele, M'Zilekazi, is buried in the fissure of a boulder. He was a Bantu ruler, causing much trouble in the Transvaal and Bechuanaland. He died in 1868.

MAXIM MONUMENT.

On my return journey I motor through the Rhodes estate, comprising some eighteen thousand acres. The man who "thought in empires" dearly loved this retreat. He established wonderful Botanical and Zoological Gardens. It is said he experimented by planting nearly every known tree, and the estate is now reaping the benefit of its founder's thoughtfulness.

Upon one of the kopjes stones are heaped by natural forces, forming a sort of throne which the natives have christened "Cecil Rhodes' Chair." One of the rocks bears a remarkable resemblance to his features.

The next place of interest on our return run is the Matoppos Dam and Hotel, both built by Mr. Rhodes. The dam is capable of holding nine hundred million gallons of water, and when full forms a lake three-quarters of a mile in length. The Matoppos Dam Hotel, in bungalow fashion with verandahs, affords a pleasant stopping-place.

My "Imp" and I counsel all travellers not to miss "World's View."

In the evening I dined at the hotel, and enjoyed the best dinner I had partaken of for some time.

The dining-room is spacious and lofty, carpeted in dark green felt, with a wainscoting of the same colouring, relieved by cream shaded walls, all of which give an air of coolness. Electric lights are covered with rose-pink shades, and long casement curtains give a pleasing effect. The furnishings of the spacious lounge outside are in the same tones, while comfortable wicker arm-chairs and plenty of newspapers make it an enjoyable place in which to loiter.

Rumour says this is the best hotel in Rhodesia, and I who have sampled most of them certainly agree. The waiters remind me of those at the Taj Mahal Hotel at Bombay, light-complexioned Indians of good caste, serving an excellent dinner and doing it well.

Here is the menu :

Crême d'Asperges.
Boiled Scotch Salmon. Sauce Mousseline.
Venison à la Chasseur.
Brains à l'Italienne.
Roast haunch of mutton. Red-currant jelly.
Pheasant and bread sauce.
Fried and boiled potatoes.
Green peas. Marrow.
Smoked sardines.
Fruit. Coffee.

All the items of this dinner were of the best quality.

Prices of everything in Bulawayo are exceptionally high. Most food-stuff is imported from Europe, Cape Town and Durban supplying the fruit and vegetables. Exorbitant wages are demanded by Kaffir boys. For example—washing costs 4s. 6d. a dozen, one shilling is charged for laundering a white shirt ; petrol 3s. 3d. a gallon ; whisky at the grocer's 7s. a bottle and at the hotel 10s. Brandy runs to 15s. ; while a good brand of champagne cannot be got for less than 25s. a bottle. An ordinary lemon squash means a two shilling piece. At the Grand Hotel 15s. 6d. to 25s. per day is the inclusive charge, Mr. T. McMurray being the able lessee and manager of this up-to-date establishment. A

new hotel is in course of construction; it will be called "The Carlton."

I had the pleasure of meeting the Bishop of Mashonaland, one of the best-loved men in Rhodesia. His diocese extends over thousands of miles, and across it he is continually travelling to deliver his message of peace and goodwill. He bears an extraordinary resemblance to the Bishop of London. We began talking of fever, I asking if it was prevalent here. The Bishop replied with a wise shake of his head: "It is true we have some fever, but the worst comes out from Scotland in bottles."

I came to the conclusion in driving about Bulawayo that the system of hygiene was well organized. The streets are enormously wide, averaging from ninety to one hundred and twenty feet, giving the idea of broad, red ribbons laid across the town. I visited the handsome Drill Hall, presented by that generous benefactor Cecil Rhodes. Over its entrance was inscribed "South Rhodesian Volunteers." The residential quarter contained many fine houses, mostly in bungalow fashion. A few possess two storeys, and are surrounded by gardens of shrubs and flowers. These homes are very English in style, tennis courts and croquet lawns testifying to our carrying sports with us all over the world. Especially noticeable were the residences of Mr. Walter Currie, Judge Vincent, Mr. Myburd, chief magistrate, and Mr. Ackerman, mining engineer of the Chartered Company. The Race Track with its picturesque stand looked well kept, a meeting taking place about every two months. Adjoining it is the Polo Club, which has forty members. The Public Library was opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught in 1910. It contains seven thousand volumes, and was erected at a cost of £25,000. I thought it a plain, ugly building. No one should fail to visit the Museum, for its small collection proved to be exceedingly well arranged and most interesting, the animal life of the country being magnificently represented. It also possesses some fine minerals. In the business quarter, handsome stone buildings equal ours in London. It is pleasant to see the *camaraderie* that exists. Everybody appears to know everybody else.

There are many excellent shops, and some of these would not disgrace Bond Street. For example, Basch and Co., showing jewellery, McCollough's women's clothing, Beesley's men's attire; and there are several well-stocked pharmacies and good book shops.

Dust storms are a frequent nuisance. One can always meet little whirlpools of sand circling skywards. There has been very little rain in Rhodesia this year, and 1912 also lacked sufficient water. The proprietor of the hotel told me that if this drought continued it would mean the ruin of the entire country, the dearth of water causing cattle and crops to perish; mining interests would be at a standstill, and capital exhausted. For the sake of the colonists, let us hope the elements will be more merciful. So far only three inches of rain have fallen, while the average should be something like thirty-two. They tell me that within the last month 40,000 head of cattle have died. The farmers have no fodder, cannot afford to buy it, and with the drought sickness has set in, greatly depleting their live stock. Water is so scarce in Bulawayo that the authorities turn it off during the afternoon. I ordered a bath at night, but was told by a polite chambermaid it was impossible. In the morning they allowed me one bucket and a half of water, which was absolutely inadequate.

A very pretty drive is to Government House, two and three-quarter miles from town. The fine avenue, 130 feet wide, is bordered on each side by a splendid variety of trees, reminding one of the Long Walk at Windsor. Government House, the former residence of Cecil Rhodes, constitutes a delightful, rambling white bungalow built in quaint Dutch style. This is at present occupied by the Hon. Rochfort Maguire, who is Vice-President of the British South African Company.

Sunday afternoon—and an At Home is in progress! The arrival of guests is distinctly interesting. All sorts of conveyances are represented, from the primitive Dutch cart to the ultra-smart motor, both men and women being fine specimens of ideal colonials. In a species of small garden at one side I was shown the "indaba tree." Under this Lobengula used to assemble his chiefs and hold important palavers. Here also his old kraal existed. From this site one can see the mountain which witnessed his vengeance, looking with its flat top like a sacrificial altar. I should describe Lobengula as "a merry old soul, and a wicked old soul was he." As I pass through his late capital, stories I have been told of his wars and atrocities crowd my mind. There are very many of these.

Lobengula was a younger son of that powerful Zulu chief Dingaan, and certainly followed in the footsteps of his barbaric

parent. He possessed hundreds of wives, and thought nothing of invading lesser chiefs' domains in quest of attractive females. Having selected the most desirable for himself, the others were handed on to the big men of his tribe. However, he always obtained substantial payment for these favours in cattle or gold. Many people still think he buried great treasure in some near-by spot, but up to now it remains undiscovered. Here are instances of his appalling cruelty: To a mountain named Maxim Hill or Thabar's Induna he sent those who incurred his displeasure, to be brutally assegaied. Even his wives did not escape this fate. At one time, having doubts as to their faithfulness, he promptly despatched all the suspects *to* and *on* this mountain. They were said to number three hundred, a rather large harem to keep under one husband's eye. These things must sound strange to stay-at-homes in England. Only those who have seen the place can realize how such scenes mark with sanguinary milestones the past history of the country.

CHAPTER XX

Salisbury

COMING from Bulawayo, one halts at Gatooma, surrounded by huge fields of mealies and wooded hills of brilliant verdure. It is the centre of some of the richest gold mines. Although a baby in years, the town has good streets and shops presenting a flourishing appearance. Everyone talks of the famous Cam and Motor mine here, predicting a marvellous future for it. Already they have something like one and a half million tons of quartz in sight, which is estimated to be worth nearly £3,000,000 sterling.

It was wonderful passing through this Eldorado, which Nature has doubly blessed, clothing it with fertile fields, and hiding marvellous treasure underground.

On my return to this beautiful town I was met by friends who were keenly anxious to show me the capital of Rhodesia, which is certainly laid out with great taste. The 3500 English people who have established charming homes here have the advantage over the Matabele people, because in Mashonaland they are blessed with a greater water supply. Consequently there was a freshness about Salisbury which Bulawayo lacked. Government House wore an attractive air, being one-storeyed, and well screened by attractive gardens.

However, the most beautiful private house belongs to the Weil family. It is a Dutch mansion. Many skins on the stoep bore testimony to hunting prowess, and an old English flower-garden sounded a perfumed echo from home, while specimens of old Dutch furniture made one covetous. The climate appears delightful, but fever stalks at will, people having to be very cautious.

As yet Salisbury has no water laid on to the houses, but this is being done; pipes at present lie along the streets, while electric light is also being installed. The land is very fertile, everything planted producing good results. Many more farmers are greatly

needed, but they must possess a certain amount of money. This is not a country for the ordinary immigrant, as white men cannot perform menial labour. To get a farm, put up buildings, and stock it with cattle is expensive. Therefore a man coming to take up land should have at least £1500.

I was talking to a prominent citizen who knows the country well, and he explained the situation, adding that the right sort of farmer could, with a small capital, in the course of five years become a wealthy man. He suggested that it would be a good thing if the Government gave assistance in the beginning to encourage settlers. The country cannot progress unless more farms are established. At present, with all the rich land, it does not raise sufficient food for the population. Eggs, chickens, fruit, butter, and many other commodities which should be home grown have to be imported into a colony which should export.

The tobacco industry has made rapid strides in the past year. It is estimated that the season's harvest of 1913 will equal a million and a quarter pounds. The crops of Virginia and Turkish leaf form excellent brands of cigarettes. I noticed many men carrying small white bags, and was informed they held Rhodesian tobacco, which they preferred to any other. Colonists, please note that 100,000,000 acres yet await the hand of the pioneer. Wages are generous—miners receive from £60 to £80 a month. Even Kaffir boys who do housework receive as much as our high-class servants in England.

Salisbury possesses many fine buildings, notably the Victoria Memorial Library, costing £10,000; the Standard Bank of South Africa, and the offices of the London and Rhodesia Mining and Land Company. Also a large seated statue of Mr. Alfred Beit, whose generosity to the town has been greatly appreciated.

Unlike many new capitals, there are several hotels to choose from. The Queen's is supposed to be the best, the Avenue, well spoken of, the Commercial, the Langham, and several smaller hotels. A good room at any of these will cost 15s. and upwards per day. Rhodesia is by no means a cheap country to travel in; one has patiently to put up with discomforts and pay the price.

Here again the tennis courts, said to be the best in South Africa, form a prominent feature, and the race meetings are popular.

The Government give £5 to anyone bringing in a lion skin. They wish to annihilate these ravenous beasts; big game is

NATIVE LIFE.

plentiful all over the country. The Salisbury Club is most charmingly situated, and conducted on the same lines as our best clubs at home. The usual description fits it—white bungalow formation with cool green awnings and a pretty garden. I was fortunate enough to be the guest of honour at dinner in this exclusive rendezvous ; as in most men's clubs, women are not admitted except on special occasions. However, at this abode one private room is set aside for entertaining lady friends. Here a very jolly small party assembled, a splendid dinner being served. Roses decorated the table, the flowers duplicating the white rose of York and the red of Lancaster. The meal was perfect in service and selection, from the commencement with delicious iced melon to the finish with strawberries and cream—an evening to be remembered. I must not forget that every honour was showered upon me ; even Tiger, the mascot, condescended to eat turkey from my hand. Tiger is a beautifully marked tortoiseshell cat who has ruled here for thirteen years. In saying good-bye to progressive Salisbury, I part with truly lavish hospitality and genial-hearted friends.

CHAPTER XXI

Lourenço Marques

THIS is the first port where we were alongside a wharf on the whole East Coast. Having entered the Bay between Mahone and Reuben Points one discovers ample accommodation for seven large ships, the dock being 901 metres in length. A gigantic iron shed is already engaged in swallowing a monstrous cargo of iron rails, machinery, huge rounds of cable, barbed wire, and hundreds of other requirements necessary to construct a railway in a new country.

Atmosphere is steamingly hot. Motor-cars and rickshaws stand side by side—ancient and modern. Parsees clothed in white hold sunshades over their heads as they sort out their possessions. The Union Castle and Deutsche Ost-Afrika Linie offices form prominent landmarks, and far beyond, the residential quarters peep out from amid green coverings. Across the Bay, about a mile away, the land has also many signs of commercial activity.

Lourenço Marques is the natural port for the Transvaal, as Beira is for Rhodesia. The former is not only the finest harbour on the coast, but also one of the richest and most progressive possessions of Portuguese East Africa. Millions of pounds' worth of merchandise pass through here annually.

Both these ports should belong to Britain, as we have a gigantic amount of capital invested in the interior. I believe we have the first right of pre-emption since the McMahon award of 1875 to purchase Delagoa Bay in case Portugal should wish to dispose of it. In time to come, when the exchequer of Portugal requires replenishing either for future revolutions or other enterprises, we may be able to annex these two coveted toll-gates to our colonies whose outflow of wealth is fast enriching the Portuguese.

I go ashore and take a rickshaw. There are plenty of ways of getting about. In the Public Square twelve or fourteen motor-cars ply for hire, the tariff being 1000 reis a course. Not expensive. Well-turned-out carriages are easily obtainable, and clean electric

trams conduct you all over the town, spread out on spacious lines. A pleasant run is to the local beauty spot, Reuben Point, the fares amounting to 2s.

My rickshaw boy sped through a narrow street in which were many bars, and where small shops eked out a miserable existence. He dumped me down *en face* of a rather new-looking monument of grey stone. A bearded bronze figure of a patriot faces the Bay, and on the base one reads :

"A ANTONIO ENNES,
A PROVINCIA DE MOÇAMBIQUE,
POR SUBSCRIPICA PUBLICO.
8 DE SETEMBRO DE 1910."

This testimonial to the benefactor was simple yet elegant in design, but the garniture of the Plaza surrounding the memorial looked dry and brown. A few shrubs had been planted, but these wore an unhealthy look, and the general air of lassitude about the place was in sharp contrast to the shrieking business of the docks as they panted and groaned at the command of steam derricks, modulated by the sing-song of native labourers. At Lourenço Marques the Portuguese have imported the same decorative pavements as at their capital. Mosaics of black and white stones in a waving pattern, others in clover-leaf design, remind one of the various squares of Lisbon, or Lisboa, as they spell it. I walk past open cafés, invitingly clean, and find myself in the main street. Shops, although small, show a practical selection of the necessities of the country, while one—Robinson's, purveyor for ladies—rather blatantly announces, itself "The centre of fashion." I made a few purchases, finding the tradespeople most polite and speaking fair English. Prices do not rule as high as in Rhodesia, but counting up these millions of reis is a nuisance ; about seven thousand being the equivalent to £1 in English money. Streets, while not being devoid of interest, were not unique. A tram passed at the moment. I boarded it, not knowing in the least its destination. I thought it did not matter, as I should understand better the position of the town.

This tram ran uphill through very poor quarters. Small houses, built of tin, painted red, have windows and doors wide

open, which show meagre furnishing inside, consisting mainly of wooden tables and wicker chairs. After whirling around corners the tram stopped abruptly at its terminus, the front of a large cemetery. The officious conductor came, and with elaborate gestures indicated I should descend. This I steadfastly refused to do and clung to my seat, not wishing to pay calls in the early morning even to people always "at home."

Having had an invitation to drive in the afternoon and be shown the entire town by a Portuguese officer, I retraced my steps to that comfortable marine hotel, s.s. *General*. At four I again started, this time in a smart victoria and pair, with my host to explain things. We drove along the famous Avenue Francisco Costa, past comfortable-looking houses, flowering shrubs, and trees. This promenade on a height conveys one seven miles, the prospect of which lies like a switch-back before one's eyes.

RICKSHAW BOYS.

The European population comprises about 5000, with double that number of natives. Some time ago Lourenço Marques was considered one of the most fever-stricken holes on the coast, but the draining and filling up of swamps have changed this; malarial fever is rapidly vanishing. At Reuben Point a new hospital has been built, finished only last year. The wards have a splendid outlook, being ever cooled by the ocean breezes. They are equipped with every modern improvement. Various quarters for Europeans and natives will house 600; and there is accommodation for the rich who desire a suite *de luxe;* also for those who exist upon charity.

At the Hotel Cardozo, on the Point, one finds every convenience, also a charming garden with beautiful views and an excellent

cuisine from 12s. 6d. per day *pension*. Other hotels are the Central, the Grand International, and Savoy.

One unique possession of this progressive place is that of a Chinese Temple with a priest residing on the premises who conducts its services. The public buildings, railway station, post and telegraph offices, rank with the best in South Africa. Land is very valuable, many speculators having acquired plots and holding out for big prices. There is also a good supply of water. The town has electric light.

We next drove to Polana Beach. During the season many people from the Transvaal pass their holidays at this beautiful place. The road is macadamized, but shows wide belts of bright red earth, which colour is peculiar to Africa. The white-flecked breakers form an unforgettable picture. Polana Beach is as spick-and-span as our own seaside resorts. There is a large enclosure for swimmers, absolutely shark-proof, well furnished with diving boards, rafts, and all safeguards. Many of its patrons are now enjoying the waves in the afternoon sunlight. There is a café, while a large hotel will soon be built on the beach, and should prove a paying venture at this beautiful retreat.

On the way back through the best residential quarter, one remarks the large white house of the British Consul, and the extensive premises of the headquarters of the Government of Portuguese East Africa. Here the Governor dispenses generous hospitality.

Of sport there is no limit. The tennis court, situated in the Public Gardens, forms a popular rendezvous for afternoon tea and chat.

Obviously Lourenço Marques has a great future before it.

DON'TS BY "IMP"

Don't miss the beach—but it's not at all necessary to visit the cemetery.

CHAPTER XXII

Durban

AT seven in the morning I hear a rap at my cabin door. "Please appear before the immigration officer," says the steward. Being an old traveller, accustomed to urgent summonses by health and port guardians, and remembering Panama, where at 5 a.m. one is called, I have thought out a hasty costume to be donned on all such trying occasions. A skirt, a long coat, and a motor scarf to wrap round one's head make quite a respectable combination.

At Durban the large official sheet, which you have previously filled up, should leave no private secrets of your life undiscovered; but that is not sufficient, it is requisite to inspect one with official eyes, so to speak. After being passed by the urbane officer I retire to make a complete toilet, and when I appear at breakfast find all ports are closed, the atmosphere decidedly stuffy, deck awnings down, and everyone in a flutter to get ashore. We are veritably surrounded by floating islands of coal; and, considering the coaling appliances have the capacity of loading 400 tons an hour at this wharf, conditions can be imagined.

The first thing that struck me upon landing was the toggery of the Zulu rickshaw boys, who stand expectantly waiting a fare. Surely they have attended a fancy dress ball, I thought, and have forgotten to change. Their costumes are grotesquely barbaric beyond all description. There are perhaps a dozen of them standing about, but to my unaccustomed eye their adornments are beyond words. The boy I selected had bare feet, on which, and up nearly to the knees, was painted in whitewash a lacelike stocking with embroidery at the top, and boots. I am not sure that this method of drawing imaginary stockings on bare legs is not more practical than our own. It is certainly cooler, and saves laundry bills, also the wear and tear of fine hosiery!

He wore short trousers fluttering with red ribbons, and bits of embroidery harmoniously matched a betrimmed shirt. On his head my warrior poised a pair of immense horns, painted bright red, and

from them, an aureole, sprang a shower of stiff porcupine quills, descending down his back—a cornucopia of plenty holding an avalanche of coloured feathers. Across his shoulders was slung a variety of fur tails. If only this costume had appeared at one of the recent Albert Hall balls what a furore it would have created !

Never have I seen in any part of the world savages more wonderfully arrayed than these Zulus, each one dressed to suit his own individual taste. The bead necklaces and plaited wire bracelets, anklets, and fallals which they put on, notwithstanding the heat and their fatiguing labour in hauling one about, strike the traveller as extraordinary, and one can picture the droll effect as several run in procession down the main streets.

RICKSHAW BOYS AT DURBAN.

When I arrived at the Marine Hotel the porter said I was to give the burly fineried one sixpence. I gave him ninepence, whereupon he howled for more, and had to be shown into the street with a threatened kick. I felt rather sorry for him, and presume he thought his elaborate get-up entitled him to an extra fare.

Out here the white woman must be stern and keep natives in their place—there is trouble enough with the blacks all over Africa. The thought occurred to me that the history of France would in all probability have been changed had not the fierce Zulus attacked and killed the Prince Imperial in this very land.

The Marine Hotel, which they tell you is the best out of a numerous list, has a splendid situation on the Esplanade, overlooking the Bay, which ensures a breeze at all hours. It was built during the Boer War, and has been the scene of many important political discussions. It has housed the most celebrated personages of recent times.

Among its distinguished visitors have been H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and family, the ill-fated Crown Prince of Portugal, the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Selborne, General Botha, Christian de Wet, and others who have made history. The hotel is most comfortable in every way—spacious rooms, many of which are encircled by deep stone balconies, from which a superb view of the bay is obtained. The attendance and food are distinctly good, and altogether it forms an ideal place for a long sojourn. Prices range from 15s. 6d. per day upward.

Durban has a large choice of hotels and boarding-houses, which should suit the purse and taste of all. The Royal, which is considered excellent, is in Smith Street, facing the Square, the Town Hall, and Post Office. This hotel has a grill-room and restaurant for non-residents. The Ocean View, situated high in gardens on the Musgrave Road, has an air of quietness which many people appreciate ; and the prices here are from 12s. 6d. Then there are the Hotel Edward on the shore, Fern Villa, Beach Hotel, and many others.

Durban itself is a model town, and needs no praise. To see it is sufficient to content one. The following elaborate phrases have been used to glorify its charms, and I think I cannot do better than give them to you, and you can take your choice :

" Garden City of the South," " Delightful Durban," " Playground of the Sub-continent," " Pearl of the Indian Ocean," " Queen of South African Resorts," and " The Brighton of South Africa." One and all are of the opinion that Durban is certainly beautiful, with its deep bay, upon which the sails of small yachts like white birds flit in the sunshine ; and as a suitable background its high surrounding Bluffs of emerald, interlaced with light and shadow, form a setting of changing colour, a worthy frame to the gem itself.

Across the way is Salisbury Island, upon which the Government is endeavouring to establish a depot for the Naval Volunteers. A memorial has been erected on the point in honour of that great

Portuguese explorer Vasco da Gama, for it was his eyes that discovered this whole coast in his search for the land of Prester John and the King of Calicut. Upon his arrival here on Christmas Day, 1497, he named the country Natal. For some miles along the front the Municipality have laid out an esplanade ; and its wide macadamized walk, bounded by greensward and planted with palms, pepper trees, aloes, mimosa, and various other tropical plants, gives one an ever-changing panorama of the beauties of bay and landscape.

As I walked down West Street, I thought that had I been blindfolded, then suddenly the fold removed, and asked, " Where are you ? " I should have answered, " In some town in England." How good it seemed to hear your own language, and to feel that if you lost your way or asked a question you would be answered in some familiar phrase ! The shops are very attractive, and you can obtain all that you may require, and at practically the same price as in London. In the Portuguese towns the smallest necessary article was not to be found ; and even in the well-organized towns of Tanga and Dar-es-Salaam nothing that European women desire can be purchased.

People who are obliged to reside in these parts must bring enough to last the usual two or three years, or ask friends to shop for them at home and send things out. It was therefore delightful to restock a few necessities. To see good chemists, photographers, book-shops, tea-rooms, and stores for men and women was an appreciated luxury.

At last I have been able to find two good curio shops, where genuine Zulu and Kaffir work can be bought. They show many wonderful and weird objects—native beadwork, shields, assegais, carved goods, calabashes, ju jus, bangles, arrows, necklaces, and other curios too numerous to mention, besides ostrich feathers, goldstone ornaments and Cape rubies.

" Imp " warned me not to spend too much money, but I have a weakness for barbaric curios, and the good native work here is not at all cheap. The shop I particularly recommend is : The African Curio Company, 394 West Street.

Durban has probably the finest public buildings in Africa. The Town Hall is a splendid architectural work, reminding one very much of the equivalent building in Buenos Ayres. It was erected at a cost of £300,000 and opened in 1910. The Assembly

GATHERING COCOANUTS.

Hall will accommodate over 3000 people. It also contains a Library, Museum, and Art Gallery. The Post and Telegraph Office, which was formerly the Town Hall, has a clock tower 164 feet high, and is a landmark for miles around Durban. The Public Library, churches, railway station, Drill Hall, Masonic Hall, and all public offices are built of solid stone, brick, or granite. No artificiality or stucco appears in their formation, and they are quite worthy of our great cities. Drainage, water, and electricity are laid down as at home ; and this is the first English town I have visited along Africa where postmen deliver the mail at your door. I was surprised to find the absence of this at Salisbury and Bulawayo.

The tramway service is excellent, and very cheap ; also easy to find, as the post office in the middle of the town is the terminus. If one takes the car marked Marriott Road and the Berea one passes through the main streets, past the racecourse, golf links, polo and recreation grounds, and ascends the Berea. The charming villa homes lying in the midst of gardens are likened to pearls set in emeralds, and to look down on the town from the sloping banks by night one seems to see the scene of a great celebration ; for everywhere illuminations blaze.

All the streets have English names, Musgrave Road being exceedingly pretty. In Gordon Road and Newmarket Street large trees of oleander and bushes of hibiscus, flowering acacias, and eucalyptus trim the neat and carefully tended gardens. Occasional glimpses of blue sea in the distance make this Berea tram ride one of the pleasantest and cheapest I have ever known. One silly and annoying rule they have is that instead of paying the amount of your ride at once, the conductor comes around every mile and a half and demands 2d. Just as you begin to get interested in the scenery you must fish in your purse for two more pennies !

The tram takes a circular route, and lands you back again at your starting-point. I again mounted a tram and went to Ocean Beach. I place Durban as the third prettiest beach I have seen. I think that Biarritz should be first, the formation of rocks there giving it an advantage. Newport, Rhode Island, comes second. This beach has a fine esplanade, kept spotlessly clean, and harmless pools for children to enjoy themselves in, pretty shelters built in the style of Kaffir kraals, a large semicircular iron pier

enclosure, shark-proof, for bathers, and the largest swimming pool in the world.

It was a Sunday, and a perfect day. Thousands of men, women, and children were diving through breakers, sliding down the high water shoot into the pool, burying themselves with sand, and all enjoying to the utmost the delights of nature. Horseback rides were also indulged in. Ranged at the back stand a long line of hotels, and on the beach one remarks the large restaurant of the Model Dairy Company, who supply refreshments at moderate prices. It is open on most sides, and would seat hundreds of people.

What a glorious sight it was! The magnificent beach with the great white breakers of the Indian Ocean hissing and kissing the golden sands. Mountains of pale green water rise up like devouring monsters to attack the sands, are vanquished, then reincarnated in soft foam, white as curd. On the left side the green-clothed Bluff blocks wage war, while on the top of this the lighthouse and wireless telegraph station stand like a candlestick.

DURBAN BEACH.

The Bluff belongs to the Government, and there is an idea of fortifying it. Along its sides in the deep jungle of shrub and trees monkeys and snakes abound. I am told it is dangerous. The Municipality are considering the project of extending the esplanade as far as Umgeni Point, a further distance of two and a half miles, and it is hoped that this improvement will be accomplished during the next five years. One part of the beach recalls Folkestone. There is a green lawn with many chairs having umbrella awnings; and people dressed in their Sunday best sit and chat during church parade.

On the other side of the Bluff is a large whale industry, with a

factory for refining oil. The company has a fleet of twelve boats resembling our North Sea trawlers; in the season each crew expects to capture two or three whales a day. Their method of attack is with the harpoon gun and explosives. There are many sharks in these waters, and they tell me that often when they haul the whales in they find them terribly mutilated by the sharks during their helpless progress through the water. Another big industry on the opposite side which is familiar to home people is Messrs. Lever Brothers' Sunlight Soap manufactory, which has assumed enormous proportions, employing hundreds of workers. Sir William Lever, the purchaser of that historic pile Stafford House, has recently paid a visit to his works.

With theatres and amusements Durban is well supplied, and such artists as Martin Harvey, and most of our best theatrical representatives, have paid visits here. That charming artiste Miss Margaret Cooper was playing at the Royalty Theatre.

Recently a unique event took place, the starting of "Springbok Scott" and "Jock Armstrong" from the Town Hall on their self-imposed task to walk overland to London by way of Egypt and Turkey. They expect to cross sea only from Calais to Dover. Mr. Scott, the champion walker, completed a 10,300-mile walk around South Africa, and after a rest of three months this indefatigable athlete started again on an adventure which he contemplates will last over two years. He had a great send-off during a thunderstorm, and was accompanied some distance along the Umgeni road by the Geordie Cummings bagpipes.

Patriotism and memorials have not been neglected in this go-ahead town. In the Public Gardens a graceful figure of Queen Victoria, executed in white marble, informs you: "Victoria, Queen and Empress. This statue was erected by the citizens of Durban to commemorate the sixtieth year of the glorious reign of their beloved Sovereign: A.D. 1837–1897." Directly facing the Town Hall is a memorial to Sir John Robinson, K.C.M.G., first Prime Minister of Natal. At its base is a profusion of red, white, and blue blossoms. Another revered name in this Valhalla of memories is a statue to the Right Hon. Henry Escombe, P.C., Q.C., LL.D., M.L.A., 1838–1899.

A pathetic record of bravery is shown by a bronze and granite group, recalling the brave who fell in the war of 1899–1902. The inserted tablets on the sides give the names of the heroes who

were killed. Mitchell Park, in which the zoological collection is situated, and the splendid Botanical Gardens should be visited. The famous dry dock and Wool Exchange would be of interest to many.

I visited the Coolie Market near the Mohammedan mosque. Sometimes curios direct from the natives can be bought at very low prices, and it is a medley of colour to watch the assemblage of Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Zulus, Swazis, and Hottentots. Durban has rather more than its share of flowers and fruit. The papau fruit, iced and with a sprinkle of lemon, which they serve for breakfast in the hotel, is most refreshing; also the grenadilla, placed with ice in a glass. The mangoes are smaller than at Zanzibar. Other fruits are the orange, rose-apple, custard apple, banana, guava, loquat, amatungulu, and avocada-pear.

One of the joys of travel is the finding of new things, giving the eyes different views and the appetite diversified tastes. In whatever country I am I like to try the home products, whether it is a certain "plat" or a fruit. I remember being in Russia at a dinner given at the restaurant of the Hermitage at Moscow, which is considered the best and most expensive in Russia. The *maître d'hôtel* had been interviewed, and the result was a wonderful meal of the favoured Russian dishes. We all enjoyed it immensely except one English lady, who refused nearly everything, and at last asked for a piece of cold beef. Now it is a cruelty and a waste for people like that to travel—they simply martyrize themselves and everyone else. It would be much better if they remained at home, where ham and eggs and roast beef are always available!

On my return to the *General*, after three days on shore, my fellow-voyagers declared unanimously that Durban had more than fulfilled their expectations. At night, with the band playing, the full moon pushing away and lighting up obtrusive clouds, Durban faded out, its multitudes of lights resembling in the distance a well-spread-out Milky Way.

"Imp" wishes to stay longer; although I should love to, I say it is impossible.

. . . . . .

One of the most delightful pilgrimages, and one which no traveller should miss, is a visit to the Trappist Monastery, or

"Mariannhill Mission," at Mariannhill. It is situated amid lovely rural surroundings about twenty miles from Durban. Captain Fielder, whose kindness and courtesy have been appreciated by hosts of voyagers on the *General*, invited Her Excellency Madame Schnee and myself to motor to this interesting abode of the monks.

In flying quickly over the country one realizes why Natal has been called the "Garden Colony." The roads are good on the whole. Wherever you look over the softly rolling downs banana, papau, and palm trees wave in the sea breezes, and long lines of

MARIANNHILL. TRAPPIST MONKS.

opulent farms stretch themselves over the landscape. We pass Pine Town on the way, with several small hotels, and see wagons drawn by eight pair of mules. Also a great many Indians, the women in orange and magenta cotton, burdened with nose rings, bracelets, and anklets. A sign-post shows the way to New German Town, where there has recently been established a German agricultural colony.

On arriving at the Monastery we pass through a substantial portico and gateway of red brick trimmed with white. A large tablet representing the Madonna and Child in white marble is

framed over the entrance. The Master Father greets us, his contented countenance and quiet smile speaking of the peace he has found in his life and benevolent work. Graciously welcoming us, he says he will be delighted to show this extensive retreat, whose followers have been doing good deeds in secret for more than thirty years.

We inquired if the brothers were allowed to speak, and our genial Samaritan confided: "Yes, our Order permits us to converse now, but when I first became a disciple of the Faith we remained silent. I never talked for twenty-five years." Imagine this! The isolation of spirit, the continual prayers, the long days from sunrise till sunset filled by hard work with never any recreation. One asks oneself, "Does the God who we are told is compassionate and full of love for His children demand such iron-handed sacrifice?" I say no.

This estate covers some thousands of acres, and every industry and art has its department, presided over by the Brother whose tastes and ability qualify him to take charge. They have many black boys under them, to whom they teach trades, making them useful workmen. The principal Father, who conducts our party, wears white with a wide black stole back and front. The Brothers don a brown garment and black stole, and nearly all are bearded. Our first halt was to watch the monks hewing granite. When completed these huge blocks will form a monument to the founder, Abbot France, whose portrait, depicting a calm, gentle face, we afterwards saw in the museum.

A large blacksmithery stood with hospitable open doors. Forges blazed and red-hot iron was being turned. A holy-faced monk busied himself making keys by a window through which a singularly beautiful valley of green revealed itself. The next building was a carpenter's shop, showing practical furniture, every piece hand-made; and here they were also building heavy ox-carts. In each department were the blacks who were being taught the trades which would make them clever, useful men. Zulus who came from the dense bush were by patient teaching of the monks converted into clever craftsmen. The photographic gallery should not be missed, as here one discovers hundreds of interesting views, and intimate knowledge of the Kaffir home life.

The artistic Brother who is responsible for this building is not

content with camera effects, but is also a marvellous worker in stained glass. The material itself comes out from Germany in sheets, but is cut and put together in charmingly original designs. The Brothers have constructed all the windows for their church, besides those for several in Natal. This community is German, the headquarters being in Bavaria, the Fathers and Brothers speaking both German and English, also French; and one cannot help wondering how they retained their linguistic abilities after the many years of enforced silence.

The miscellaneous collection accumulated in the museum defies description. An enormous number of large frogs reposing in spirit jars, dreadful snakes, including the deadly "Black Mamba," a golden mole, small fox mice, dozens of scorpions—yellowy brown and black, with their elongated tail and tiny tip from which they exude their poison—all are there. Lovely birds are splendidly mounted; and Kaffir curios in very-well-done bead work. Some pieces of rock with Bushmen painting I found most interesting, the colours of the dark red men on brown stone striking me as unlike anything I had ever seen before.

Another remarkable wriggly being in a bottle was brought out. The monks were experimenting on this species, which proved to be a newly discovered spider, which kills and eats frogs. The long Latin name of it I could not catch. There were cases of bugs, insects, and an assemblage of the most gloriously coloured butterflies, the green Queen moth being especially remarkable. Coins, some of them old Hebrew, a whole family of watches, one dated London, 1582, and a map of primitive Africa during the period of 1770 completed this original museum, which will live in memory's page for years to come.

"But we have not yet finished," asserted our guide with his sympathetic smile. And he led us to the bakery. The odour of freshly baked loaves was delicious, and made me feel quite hungry. The bread was white, and that made with mealies a shade darker; but the dimensions were colossal, each loaf measuring a yard long and a foot high. Every assistant was scrupulously clean, and the great ovens glowed as the loaves were shoved in and out. The vegetable gardens of the monks have attained great renown, for they supply an immense quantity to the householders of Durban. We saw the tannery, with lizard, crocodile, and calf skins drying, and watched the evolution from hide to fashionable, well-made boots

and shoes. The saddlery department turned out harness of every description, strongly sewn and capable of durability.

The sun was very warm although a breeze was blowing. Our benign Father insisted that we should next visit their dining-dormitory and partake of refreshment. One hundred and twenty Fathers and Brothers dine there. A table had been laid for us. Everything was very simple, but beautifully clean and appetizing. Bread, several kinds of delicious cakes which the Sisters had sent down, and excellent red wine made by the monks themselves were served.

DINING-ROOM OF THE TRAPPISTS.

In the two schools on the estate the Mission are educating five hundred children, half of whom are boys in charge of the Brothers, and the remainder of the opposite sex are taken care of by the Sisters, whose establishment is but a short distance away. After inspecting the church, which is a new and modern structure of brick, the holy pictures on the walls depicted in bright colours to please the native mind, we passed on to interview the Mother Superior.

When the Holy Father showed us the font he remarked: "Although we wash them in white water, yet the black does not come off." We took our motor, the Father accompanying us, and

drove to the Convent. The Mother Superior was presented to us, and she told me that she was born in New York State. She went to London, then lived in Belgium, and for twenty years has done her charitable work in Natal. She was charming, and the sweet placidity of her features bespoke the purity of her heart.

Every moment of her day while the light lasts is occupied in the great achievement she has set herself to accomplish—the teaching to work and the enlightening of the black girls to become useful and self-respecting women. Her uniform, which we considered most becoming, was of the German colours—dark red dress, black stole, and large white cap. The Mother sadly communicated to us that by rule of the Order these colours, which had become endeared to them by many years' use, were about to be changed, and grey substituted as the principal colour scheme. The achievement of these Sisters, hidden away amongst the hills of Natal, deserves to be recorded.

We were shown their workrooms. Picture a long corridor with fifty sewing-machines in a double row each side. These machines are run by motor power, and the moment the feet touch the pedal sewing commences. By a pressure of the knee the needles release the cloth. In an outer room we were shown the motor, which was efficiently run by a sweet-faced nun. The Father jokingly called her "the engine-driver."

Upstairs was a similar room, where upon long tables lay stacks of rough khaki and jean cloth. The nuns have a contract to supply clothing for the miners of the Transvaal, consequently the garments must be of coarse and durable material and make. On each table is a thickness of twelve layers of cloth. Upon the face are chalk lines denoting shapes and numbers. The raw Kaffir or Zulu girl takes a sharp knife, and, as if she were paring cheese, cuts out the different portions of overalls or suits—each section being numbered and the joinings shown. These are handed over to the machine-girl, and a suit is finished in about half an hour—well done. The pockets and braces are not only strongly sewn, but riveted as well by small brass clamps, so that the material has to be torn out before a rip or rent can be made.

Another industry is knitting. They have machines for this, and the Sister informed me that a girl working the entire day could knit one dozen pairs of stockings. They are also endeavouring

to teach the girls the higher art of lace-making and embroidery. I should like to have bought some lace as a souvenir of my visit, but so popular has this industry become that all the lace available had been privately ordered. They showed us some church banners most marvellously embroidered, and copied from pictures of the Saints.

I hope I have not bored my reader by too long an account of the Mission ; but to see the place is to love it, and the genuinely good work to which these kindly people devote their lives should be recognized.

For the information of those who motor I may mention that the price our chauffeur charged was £2 15s. for the car, with a tip of 5s., with which he was fully content.

CHAPTER XXIII

East London

THE s.s. *General* dropped anchor before East London about three in the afternoon. Captain Fielder said we had better not venture ashore until the morning, as often a squall drives up the surf across the sand-bar leading to the entrance of the Buffalo River, and over the long jetty, with such terrific force that it is almost impossible to get back to the ship.

As it is the wool season we are taking on board enormous quantities of soft bales, which they tell me are ideal to handle as cargo. We shall be obliged to wait here the greater part of two days. From the steamer East London has a prepossessing appearance. If you desire to keep your first opinion, my advice is, *Don't* be disillusioned by going on shore !

The next morning Captain Fielder, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse, world-wide American travellers, and myself entered the round basket used in descending to the lurching, rollicking launch below, which acted exactly like a drunken man. It is a very easy mode of changing ship. Seven people occupy the large basket—standing. They present a rather droll appearance as heads and hats protrude above the rim of the unique carrier. Its door is firmly bolted, the cargo officer waves his hand, a crane works, one is for the moment suspended in mid-air by a cable cord, then very gently swung over the side of the ship and dumped into the launch. The door opens, and out you emerge, quite content that it has been no worse.

I had been through the same experience at Pernambuco, and find it the most practical and safe manner of landing, especially in water where sharks abound, and safer than the method adopted in many waterways, where with the sea bounding ten feet or so you grimly hold on to the rope, a quivering festoon. When the word " Jump " comes you obey, not knowing whether you will land into someone's friendly arms or at the bottom of a boat with a sprained ankle. Possibly into that most roomy place—the sea !

Our launch rolled its way to a jetty and breakwater, past a dredging boat which was strenuously working to eat up sand, and entered the Buffalo River. The channel is narrow, and requires constant dredging. Big ships come up to discharge cargo. There are two Castle Liners, and one of the Clan Line, but our ship requires deeper water.

As one enters the river the scenery becomes charming. I should imagine that it increased in beauty farther up. Where there are waterfalls it would be very picturesque. Just here, as the local books tell you, it in a measure looks like our Dartmouth, only not nearly so artistic. We landed and took a carriage with two horses—3s. 6d. an hour was the cost. It is wise to order a conveyance beforehand, otherwise you have to walk up a long dusty hill a considerable distance from the town.

I am sorry I cannot say very much for the charms of East London. After Durban, which was a model town in every way, this place appeared crude, new, and ugly. My friend said it was exactly like a primitive Australian town; but as I have never visited that vast country I cannot vouch for it. We drove to the market square, where the most prominent building was that of Messrs. Mosenthal and Co., Ltd. The square had an air of desolation. Spans of eight and ten mules drew wagon loads of merchandise which in Europe would require, I think, two or three strong horses.

Although this is a very important place, and the frontier port of Cape Colony, exporting and importing for the vast lands of Transkei and native territories, the streets, houses, and general population gave the impression that they knew this was not home. They were obliged to remain here in order to gain the wealth which they hoped would make them a home in the Motherland. The gardens surrounding the painted corrugated-iron dwellings were dry, and showed no taste or enthusiasm of their owners. Very few really artistic or beautiful houses were passed, although we went through countless streets. Certainly a few hibiscus hedges and oleanders exhibited some blooms, but even they looked drooping, as if demanding, "Why should we bloom? People do not appreciate us."

St. Peter's Road inaugurates the best residential quarter, then Cemetery Road, Recreation Road, and Jubilation Road—this is exactly as they run, and whether you are supposed to find recrea-

tion and jubilation in or after the cemetery I leave you to judge for yourselves. Of all the dreary ways since the nitrate ports of South America, I have not encountered anything so bad.

We were a very amiable party, not prejudiced in any way, and anxious to find something we could rhapsodize over. The one remark which was universally reiterated was—"How different from Durban!" I suppose it would not be well to have every place beautiful. Certainly East London is a change. We passed gigantic tin go-downs. The Texas Oil Co. throve.

The Belgrave Hotel was a dismal structure. Quite close were two solidly built schools—one for girls, the other for boys. The children whom we saw playing outside were splendid-looking youngsters, and a credit to South Africa. Oxford Street was inspected. This is their main street. The thoroughfare is wide, with a very good tram service, which also leads down to the beach. Some of the shops are good. Stephenson and Mitchell's is the best drapery emporium. One curio shop I entered, but the price they asked for ostrich feathers gave me the impulse to take a returning ship to Paris, buy a stock, then come out here and re-sell them!

The Town Hall is quite a handsome building, with clock tower in brick and white trimmings. In front of it a fine war memorial is surmounted by a large bronze equestrian figure. I noticed two small picture theatres. The Central Hotel, well recommended, was gloomy, and needed a new coat of paint. Dyer and Dyer had not a cheerful tone! Palmerston House belittled its name, and ugly small tin houses without a scrap of loveliness dominated all. We drove to the market, which was entirely empty. I am fond of markets, because there you see the fruits of the country. In the shops I saw a few tiny pineapples, which they tell me are deliciously flavoured, and many water-melons. I inspected the Queen's Park. There everything was better—nice carriage drives, trees of every description, flowers, oleanders, and hibiscus in hedges; glimpses of lovely green hills, a garden where roses were dying from thirst, and an ornamental brown water pond, with white swans apparently quite contented. The Park must have been a great effort on the part of the municipal bigwigs, and I willingly give them all praise.

Next we visited the beach, which by the generous aid of the eternal tin has been evolved to thwart Nature's handiwork. A dull woebegone building, which was labelled "Beach Hotel" in the front and "Boarding House" on the back, gave you an idea of the

AN OSTRICH FARM.

accommodation. This seaside resort looked almost palatial from our ship, but on closer inspection we found that the authorities had done all in their power to spoil the symmetry of the beach.

They inform me that the grand season is about Christmas time, and that thousands of people spend their holidays by the sea, bringing their own tents for camping out. They certainly possessed a Joy Wheel, and a something called a Mirror Hall. In the town there were two picture theatres. Farmers journeying seawards find this no end of a gay abode.

Amongst other crudities on the jaunty sands were a tin shelter for natives, worded in black letters, "For Females Only," another for "Males"; and a little farther, the splendid term "Ladies Only." Who ever knew a black woman who did not call herself a lady? Consequently I should judge from what I know of their natures that the latter shelter would be patronized to such an overcrowded extent that suffocation would ensue. One could fancy the language which one black lady would use to the other woman who dared thrust her unwelcome presence upon the "élite of Society"!

The white population here registers 13,000. There are many clubs and churches. Of water there is a large supply. Many things favour East London, but as a tourist one wishes they would cover their mean-looking tin residences with vines and greenstuffs; also expend a few more pennies in flower packets. It would, I am sure, make them much happier: as they have plenty of water there is no expense.

Instead of showing a town which resembles a bushmen's or miners' camp, they could, with a small amount of trouble, cover up their mean streets with profusions of flowers and change the dreary aspect into a garden of beauty. I am sorry for East London, but I must write the truth about the places I visit, and have conscientiously done my best.

DON'TS BY "IMP"

Don't go ashore. Rather rest and read. It looks much more attractive from your steamer chair.

Rest and laze.

CHAPTER XXIV

Port Elizabeth

DOWN went the anchor, and up I hurried to see what Port Elizabeth looked like from my ship. Whether I was still sleepy or had dreamt of the East I do not know, but anyhow I fancied from the distance it looked Oriental, though I found afterwards that I was wrong. One sees lines upon lines of long go-downs, most of them overflowing with wool, mohair, skins, and, most beautiful of all, ostrich feathers ; for it is in this colony that the haughty ostrich flourishes. Hundreds of farms in the interior export these lovely millinery accessories to all the great centres of the world. A bunch of white feathers plucked from the bird in his

RESIDENTIAL QUARTER.

natural environment may in two months' time be waving on the hat of a Society lady driving in the Palermo at Buenos Ayres, or be held as a fan to refresh the slumbers of some important Maharani in India.

What stories of joy and tragedy these feathers could tell were they possessed of human power as they journey on through their career, and, like some fallen beauties, eventually, when thin, begrimed, and old, end their despoiled days in slums ! Harriet loves her feathers and clings to them, no matter how straight or

dishevelled they have become. Can anything be softer, whiter, or more beautiful than masses of these magnificent adornments? I have seen pounds and pounds of them in the shops, feathers averaging about a hundred to a pound, and varying in price from £25 to £50 and £60.

Ostrich feathers have had Royal favour since our earliest historical records. A feather was the emblem of sovereignty in the days of the Pharaohs; Rameses the Great showed them in his cartouche; the Queen of Sheba, we read, wore them on her visit to King Solomon, while he in his turn showed her the marvels of gold from his wonderful Land of Ophir.

From the Ptolemaic period Cleopatra has left us a picture unforgettable as she reclined clothed in golden tissue, the purple silk sails of her dahabeeyah swaying gently, and her slaves fanning the beautiful Queen with Royal feather fans. So feathers have figured down the centuries of chronicled time to the present day, where they show prominently in the coat-of-arms of our Prince of Wales.

I took a launch to the jetty, and at first glance discovered that Port Elizabeth was in no way related to East London. Here everything was gilded in up-to-dateness, clean, bright, vigilant. Long warehouses spelt wealth; the fine main street, a moment's walk from the jetty, meant enterprise. In the Square a Town Hall costing £26,000, built in Renaissance style, with clock tower, creditably upheld the prestige of progressive success. Facing it an obelisk in reddish granite towers triumphantly, the base of which is a commodious drinking fountain for animals.

Across the Market Square a splendid library, a Mecca for readers, of some 45,000 volumes, charms the literary taste of the public. In front of this stands a more than life-sized statue of Queen Victoria in marble. In the Square, as already remarked, stand eight span of oxen drawing a comparatively small load. This I cannot understand, but probably the roads are bad in the interior and the distances great.

It is quite comfortably cool to-day, and most refreshing to those who have passed six weeks in the real tropics. I dislike that sensation, when you are doing your hair in the morning and trying to get it up, and the strands cling fast to your shoulders and stick, refusing to move until nearly torn out! I am sure a good deal of it *is* outrooted.

This morning at breakfast the Captain, officers, and stewards laid aside their white linens and came out in blue serge. It was a relief to me once more to wear serge myself. The end of February in this part of the world is equivalent to early autumn at home. The fruit is certainly most inviting. I passed several shops in which large ripe melons, peaches, grapes, and pines spoke of a plentiful harvest. I was sorry to hear this morning that the mangoes were giving out on board. They had been brought out from Zanzibar and Dar-es-Salaam, and were in perfect condition. Nothing is more refreshing in a hot climate than an iced mango. It is a pity this fruit is not more easily obtainable at home.

I next directed myself to the wool market, which on certain days is also the feather market. It is a huge enclosed structure with a gallery, from which, looking down, one saw thousands of bales of this useful material, many of which are open for inspection. An auction was going on in one corner, the workmen who handled the bales wearing long blue cotton garments to prevent the wool from adhering to their clothes.

On one side of the wool market an immense concert hall opens out, containing a very fine organ. It was here that Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford gave their concert when recently they visited South Africa. There is a large Opera House, and near it several theatres ; also an arcade, artistically built, with a long flight of steps and shops on either side. Some of the streets running up to the residential quarter are very steep.

The Standard Bank of South Africa is a fine building, and there are many others. One of the first names you read upon landing is Mosenthal and Co., wool merchants. Obviously they reign here as well as at East London. Churches exist of every denomination, and Port Elizabeth excels by being the only town on the coast which owns a real Hindoo temple. This small white place of worship is down in the valley through which about four years ago the floods caused such havoc, carrying houses away to the sea as the waters rushed along in their maddened heedless career.

I took a carriage and drove along the main street, which was filled with well-dressed, prosperous-looking people, who were splendid representatives of their race. The shops were a credit to any large

city, and it appeared that one could find almost anything one desired. Old familiar names followed me, and gave a homelike touch—Sunlight Soap, Mazawattee Tea, Zebra Polish, Reckitt's Blue. I can't think what Sir Thomas Lipton is doing, for I certainly saw no sign emblazoning Lipton's Tea ! This fact should receive immediate attention ! The main street, after being respectable for some miles, eventually ends in a slum, and is crowded with warehouses, while the breakers literally lick their back doors.

" Imp " likes this place, and as I am alone to-day, the Spirit of Travel is beside me. We now ascend " The Hill," and look upon the residential region. The wide macadamized streets, the trees shading the side-walks, hundreds of artistic houses with clean, well-kept grounds, make this part *homeland* indeed. The flowers are lovely. Large trees of pink and white oleander, bougainvillea, hedges of hibiscus, and roses decorate and beautify these gardens and homes. It would appear from their cheerful exteriors that each inhabitant had thought out to the best of his ability how to please the eye of resident and traveller.

Rosebery Avenue, Dickens Street, Cape Road, Park Drive, Walmer, and several other routes would be pleasant places to reside in. At the end of Cape Road was the Golf Links, with eighteen holes. It possesses a fine inland view. Nazareth House, with its convent and schools surrounded by pepper trees and pines, looked a peaceful retreat. In St. George's Park I much admired the monument over the reservoir in terra-cotta to the memory of the officers and men who died in the Transkei in 1877, and Basutoland in 1880–1881.

At times the fountains play here, with rainbow effects which are really lovely. A unique statue a short distance beyond I considered well worth noticing. It was a large stone drinking-fountain, and on its top a soldier in bronze was holding a bucket of water to his jaded horse. Both figures were splendidly designed, and underneath the natural rock was written : " The greatness of a nation consists not so much in the number of its people or the extent of its territory as in the extent and justice of its compassion " ; below this under the ever-running water were these words : " Erected by public subscription in recognition of the services of the gallant animals which perished in the Anglo-Boer War 1899–1902." It struck me as a happy sentiment to

remember the dumb beasts who did their part as valiantly as their masters. How many thousands of horses have left their bones to whiten on battle-fields with no memorial to mark their sacrifice! I had never before seen any recognition of these services.

I next went to Bunton's Grand Hotel, which is spoken of as the best. It certainly was clean and comfortable-looking, with a nice view of the sea. Across the road is Donkin Reserve, from which,

IN MEMORY OF THE ANIMALS WHICH PERISHED IN THE BOER WAR.

looking down on the sea, our ship and the *Walmer Castle* appeared like children's launches. Here stands a tall white lighthouse, and a pyramid-shaped monument in brown stone built to the memory of Lady Donkin, which is inscribed: "One of the most perfect human beings, who has given her name to the town below." The terms are certainly eulogistic. Lady Donkin was the wife of Sir Rufane Donkin, the first Governor; it was he who at the head of a small colony landed here in 1820 and established Port Elizabeth, the Liverpool of South Africa.

We shall be delayed two full days. In East London we took on 2000 bales of wool, and now the cranes are vigorously gathering seven and eight sacks at a bite and depositing them below. Verily, the space of a ship's hold is limitless. Port Elizabeth is blessed inasmuch as there is no fever, and it is considered distinctly healthy. The proof of this may be read in the faces of rosy-cheeked children whom one sees playing about, even in the primitive quarters of the negroes.

They have taken the trouble to cultivate the homely but decorative sunflower, which excels itself in these small gardens, and various flowering creepers drape themselves around their tin houses, lending a touch of primitive beauty. The Port Elizabeth Club is a handsome structure, large, and with double verandah. Opposite the Donkin Reserve are the newly-built King Edward Mansions, commanding a splendid view. These are residential flats, and catering is done on the premises, altogether making a charming abode.

Thus Port Elizabeth, with its splendid situation, clean health-sheet, pleasant homes, unmistakable wealth and progress, makes the English traveller proud of its 20,000 inhabitants. In their turn they should venerate the memory of their ancestral pioneers for choosing this fortunate site on which to establish one of the finest towns of the sub-continent.

CHAPTER XXV

Captain Fielder and the s.s. "General"

THE *General* is the last addition to the Fleet of the Deutsche Ost-Afrika Linie, with the exception of the *Tabora*. She is 8000 tons, and is one of the most luxurious and up-to-date steamers afloat—especially designed for the tropics. The *General* has extraordinary advantages over other ships, for she is fitted with the new process to prevent sea-sickness, the anti-rolling tanks. These tanks have proved to be very successful in their steadying capabilities, and one feels little motion, even in the roughest seas. They are built into the ship three feet above the false bottom, and 40 feet long, 17 feet deep, and 15 feet wide. The space for 360 tons of cargo must be sacrificed to this new invention. Water is pumped into these huge receptacles, 140 tons being required to keep the equilibrium. As the ship sways the water surging through its various compartments rights the vessel from side to side, and preserves a nearly even balance.

This method has been tried on some of the great German liners crossing to America, but to be entirely successful the tanks must be constructed into the steamer when it is built. The cabins have been thought out with great consideration for comfort. The one I occupy is an ordinary first-class room. On the floor a dark red carpet of a soft thick weave is spread. The berths are not built one over the other, in the old-fashioned style, but one is placed alongside and the other to the back following the wall. Over each, in a white and gold china receptacle, electric light blazes, which is really excellent and placed conveniently over your head for reading purposes, the switch not being, as is usual, at the other extremity of the cabin.

For bed, door, and port are curtains of white cotton with red, white, and black borders—the German colours. Two racks, one for books and one to hold light articles, hang on the wall. A small picture—mine is a knight in armour riding over sand-dunes—gives a homelike aspect. In all the ships of this line each cabin has its art representative. It affords amusement in visiting our friends to see what they possess in the way of pictures. A shelf

table stands by your couch under the port. An electric fan and plenty of hanging hooks one finds most useful.

There are two wardrobes; in the door of each is a panel mirror, where it is possible to see your waist. In many of the ships on which I have made my temporary home it was impossible to see how to adjust one's belt or the hang of a gown. The wash-stands are very similar to those on other ships. We have an innovation, however. Nickel-plated brackets hold white china bowls for sponge and toothbrushes. These are particularly easy to keep clean, permitting the air to dry and purify them. Altogether these cabins are very comfortable.

The dining-saloon has small and large tables to accommodate different parties. The walls are faced with greyish-coloured marble, not only giving a cool effect in these hot climates, but also hygienic, as it can be kept clean. An elegant frieze of black and white storks, Japanese in design, is mosaicked into the marble. Mirrors, an abundance of electric lights, and flower-laden tables make a gay scene at dinner. The kitchens and serving-pantries opposite are wide open, passengers convincing themselves that in this department all is as it should be. Up a wide staircase, panelled with marble and mirrors, one enters the Palm Lounge. This is indeed a pleasant spot in which to linger. The skylight has trails of ivy and from it hang pots of ferns and climbers.

Numerous palms, crotons, and tropical plants decorate the marble sides. Deep, comfortable cane chairs with cushions surround small tables. Here coffee is served. Opening out of the Lounge on one side is the ladies' drawing-room. This is furnished with Chippendale chairs, a piano, and writing-tables. At the other end are the cabins de luxe, in which are two bedsteads, marble wash-basins, a table, sofa, chairs, and connecting a bathroom with every modern convenience. In walking along the wide promenade deck one comes to the smoking-room; this also is finished in grey marble. The table is excellent—the most fastidious traveller could find little to grumble at on the *General*.

Nearing Cape Town, Cape Agulhas is passed. This name means "Needles," and makes one think of a very different "Needles" on our own coast. How long the voyage in rounding the Cape must have seemed to that great Portuguese explorer Da Gama! His tiny ships would hardly dare to venture far in these days of bombs and aeroplanes!

WEST AFRICAN NEGROES TILLING A FIELD.

CHAPTER XXVI

Cape Town

TO those who love beautiful scenery I should like to recommend their being on deck as the steamer threads her way along this magnificent high mountainous coast. It was a moonlight evening, with a strong wind blowing ; this latter is a frequent visitor in this part of the world. The dark, turbulent waters, with angry seething foam, gave the impression of a sea of molten iron as some friends and myself clung to the rail, too fascinated by the grandeur of the scene to go below, although it was very cold and past midnight.

The dazzling beacons of lighthouses winked and flashed, showing

CAPE TOWN FROM THE DISTANCE.

the way, and passing us on to sister-lights. Moonlight shining on the clouds made it look as though the mountains were covered with snow. Point after point was left behind, and several bush fires lighted up the mountains, giving a firework effect. Table Mountain and the Lion's Head stand out in bold defiance against a spangled sky. I wondered if it was on a night like this that Da Gama sailed these waters ; and, if so, what were his emotions.

The scene would have made a splendid setting for the adventures of Aladdin or the Count of Monte Cristo. Now, like a strand of

yellow jewels spread over the land, the lights of Cape Town are visible. Then they become brighter and more individual. A large object floats by, blotting out our view for an instant. It is the s.s. *Gertrude Woermann* hastening homeward.

A harsh grating noise disturbs our silence and tells us that the anchor is being lowered. We are very cold from that south-easter playing about us, and seek our cabins to fall asleep, anticipating the pleasure of exploring town to-morrow.

. . . . . .

Sixteen happy days have expired, during which I have been kept extremely busy seeing Cape Town ; and although I worked conscientiously I fear it requires a much longer stay to realize all its beauties, or to give an adequate idea of the capital of our oldest colony in South Africa. However, I will endeavour to give my impressions of what is considered the right thing to do and see from a tourist's point of view.

I stayed at Mount Nelson Hotel, which is situated at the foot of Table Mountain. It possesses nice grounds, in which they could with advantage place a few more seats. Without doubt, this hotel is the finest in Cape Town, also in the entire colony. Its public rooms are fair, the dining-room very nice, the food and service good. It has a laundry, which for a traveller is a blessing ; but although well-managed and up-to-date, prices are heavy. The guide-book quotes pension at 15s. ; but I presume these fine terms refer to servants' rooms, or are above coal cellars or under eaves ! At any rate, they were undiscoverable, and 17s. 6d. and 18s. 6d. seemed to be the minimum price for a small, uncomfortable bedroom.

This is the most fashionable hotel on the coast, and frequented by Members of Parliament and their ladies. Many dinner parties and social gatherings take place. The Company should, however, give more space to wardrobe accommodation. A woman gets cross when she must continually gown herself smartly, and hang six or seven dresses on one hook ! There is no private bathroom in this hostelry even for African millionaires. Still, they desire tourists to leave the Riviera and winter here.

The manager and his wife do all in their power to make guests comfortable, but it is not their province to spend the capital of the Company in redecorating rooms or buying wardrobes. One very nice thing in connection with the restaurant was the lavish

supply of fruit. It being the harvest season—March—this was plentiful, and with every meal an excellent dish was served, comprising delicious grapes, black and white, figs, nectarines, plums, and peaches. Also different kinds of melons, which everyone seemed to appreciate. The dining-room was wainscoted with oak, and had a high arched ceiling; and the beautiful glimpses of Table Mountain made splendid pictures.

It is extremely pleasant on these autumn days, which are as

CAPE TOWN WITH LION MOUNTAIN.

warm as summer, to walk through the hotel grounds, cross the road, and enter Government Avenue. This shady, lovely way was laid out with oak trees some two hundred years ago by Governor van der Stel, and the present generation should bless his name. For three-quarters of a mile stately oaks climb to a great height, embracing the boughs opposite, forming a splendid colonnade of refreshing green.

On one side is Government House, a long rambling structure with hedges of the decorative plumbago, covered with a profusion

of turquoise flowers. I do not know if we have it in England, but out here there are miles of its attractive beauty. Government House at present looks deserted, Their Excellencies being away. Through the trees the Parliament buildings show handsome frontages, claiming to be the finest and most important structures in South Africa. They are built of red brick, generously trimmed with Pearl granite.

As Parliament was sitting, and I had a pass, I entered and listened for a short time to the speeches. The Bill under discussion related to the Union Castle S.S. Co., and their rights of mail, freight, and time. It was exceedingly interesting to hear an Englishman's discourse followed by a speech in Dutch. Finally that able statesman Mr. Merriman, tall, thin, with a refined and deeply-thinking face, arose. Every eye was turned to him, and where but a moment before lethargy was most noticeable all were alert, and keen animation depicted. Mr. Merriman in a humorous mood slated them, cutting up with kindly ridicule the suggestions of those who had spoken, until their utterances appeared mere child's talk. After his efficient and skilful harangue the House adjourned.

Having some time, I strolled into the Municipal Botanical Gardens, which are fourteen acres in extent, and comprise over eight thousand varieties of trees and plants, also orchids and flowers from all over the earth.

Everything at Cape Town suffers from fierce south-easters. Even the gardens do not escape. Bushels of ripe acorns were scattered about, children arriving with baskets to gather them. The eucalyptus is as at home here as in Australia ; and the Prince of Wales' feathers, long grasses with huge silvery tassels, wave gracefully in the breeze towards Table Mountain.

The Euphorbia Abyssinica is a cactus of weird aspect, with its thick, twisted outshoots, ugly ridges hanging from it like trailing snakes. Crotons made a brilliant display, while some of the glass houses were emerald-green with maidenhair. Oleanders large as trees, palms, aloes, papyrus, and water lilies typical of Africa formed an interesting collection. But the *chef d'œuvre* of the gardens is the statue of Cecil Rhodes.

Sea Point and Camps Bay

Cape Town can justly be proud of its electric tram service. The cars leave the Standard Bank every few moments ; it is quite easy to find one's way about, and to get an idea of the environs. One pleasant ride is to Sea Point, three miles away along a pretty road amidst villas and greenery. Each villa, vying with its next-door neighbour, excels in the beauty of its garden. Queen's Hotel is the favourite place, although there are innumerable smaller hostels and boarding-houses.

It is the delight of children to spend the day at Sea Point, and many school excursions are arranged. Sitting on the rocks

SEA POINT.

in the cove opposite Queen's Hotel, watching the *eau-de-nil* breakers racing to greet the granite-bound shore, is enchanting. As you gaze inland the hotel newly painted shines like a moonstone from its green hedges, backed by the frowning, barren Lion's Head. Trams are certainly not expensive. To Sea Point they charge only 3d.

Another enjoyable tram ride is to Camps Bay, quite near the Lion's Head. Along the eleven-mile drive splendid panoramic views disclose marvellous effects of mountain slopes and sea-girt shores; and one returns through Kloof, past homes of wealthy residents and fine gardens, back to Adderley Street.

During my stay in Cape Town the yearly Agricultural Show was held, bringing a great influx of farmers and their wives from the interior. I have never seen such a display of ostrich feathers. Nearly all the farmers' wives were literally laden with plumes, from the long sweeping decorations on hats to massively thick boas encircling their necks. Certainly feathers were much in favour. One of the novelties of the Show as far as I was concerned was the shearing of the sheep by electricity, which appeared a most expeditious method. They tell me that in Australia for some years this procedure has been adopted.

CHAPTER XXVII

Motoring Around Table Mountain

TO be remembered among the most lovely drives in the world is motoring around Table Mountain ! though the Corniche Road, with its scenery, is much the same. The Avenida Beira Mar at Rio de Janeiro, the Ocean Drive at Newport, Rhode Island, and the Bay of Naples leave lasting impressions. I left Mount Nelson Hotel with some friends about 10 a.m. The weather was perfect, not one cloud showing in the clear sky. Our car was open, swift, and silent.

We sped along the road to Sea Point direct to Camps Bay. The Twelve Apostles rose before us in forbidding array. Their steep crags, clearly outlined by the sunshine which lit up the rocks, showed deep fissures, like wrinkles on an old woman's face. Here the disintegrating waters left undeniable signs. Below us, far down, a cove and bay are passed, each owning its individual name, no favouritism being accorded to their size.

We thought each bay had a colour especially its own. There were pale turquoise, deep emerald, crude sapphire, all wearing white fringes of foam with kelp trailing over its surface. On the slopes, creeping and clinging to the base of the mountain, were enormous quantities of the heather bells so dear to Scotland. We rush some dangerous curves on the Victoria Road, a marvellously clever result of engineering work, the manual labour of which was carried out by convicts from Cannon Ball Bay, which shows the origin of its name. The whole beach is strewn with a variety of large and small stones, round, many polished like a cannon ball.

The next turning gives us an entirely different aspect. This is a pure white bay of moonstone sands and marble-like boulders. Always the Lion's Head is visible, and from some points one can distinguish the paw quite easily. Sometimes it does not in the least resemble the most ferocious of beasts, but looks with its barren top like a humble cottage loaf. As one approaches the coast from the sea the Lion's shape shows more definitely.

On we go, enjoying the beautiful landscape, and from the heights Hout Bay opens out, showing a lapis-lazuli lake, quite like Switzerland. Here are fertile valleys in which cattle graze and peaceful farms are dotted in mosaicked greenery. A large farmhouse, called Kronendal, the chauffeur told us was one of the oldest and most typical Boer residences in the colony. During slavery days it played a prominent part in this useful but dubious trade. Over the front door is painted "1800."

Villages are left behind. Now the sun shines hot and bright,

A VIEW FROM THE MOUNT NELSON HOTEL.

the next moment we are in a glen with long dark alleys of forest shade, having dappled effects of light and shadow. A large hawk, angry at being disturbed, wings out searching for a quieter retreat. There is music in the trees from feathered throats.

Out into the open again, and Table Mountain wearing a purple veil reminds one of some of Sir Herbert Tree's scenic effects, especially those in "The Tempest." One recalls the bleak mountains of the Transandine Railway. Eagle's Nest, a picnicking place, is reached. This is surrounded by a forest; we see carts full

of smiling blacks, happy in the sunshine, who grin as we pass on. Now a wide vista unfolds itself—Table Mountain is without a cloud. The familiar white one (or cloth) has vanished, and the rough tableland edges show sharply against the indigo sky. From here it seems Nature has cut it out with some gigantic knife.

For miles thousands of pines stretch on one side, while on the other Cape Town's favourite and world-famous silver-leaf trees spread the mountain side. In the wind all the mountain side seems silver-plated. It is a peculiar thing, but I am told that this tree thrives in no other part of the world. As far as the eye can reach are white sand-dunes, which in the distance one would think were breakers surging ashore.

Constantia Valley is entered, and here is situated the Government Wine Farm. Most of the rich farms in this district, where the land is extremely fertile, are owned by Boers or the Dutch, the best fruits and vegetables coming from here. On each side are vineyards, while houses, churches, and schools testify to the prosperity of the community. Mr. Bertram's splendid residence and farm are much admired; also Victoria Cottage Hospital, with the Infantry Barracks close by; the Paradise estate; and that of J. B. Robinson, Esq. Through oak-treed colonnades is seen the grey barren rock of Table Mountain.

Our car passes through the entrance gates of the immense Rhodes estate, racing along a beautifully-kept avenue, on each side of which pine and oak trees vie with each other. The Zoological Gardens, in which Cecil Rhodes took such a keen interest, are kept up to the same standard of perfection. We saw emus, two lions, a leopard, a llama grazing close to the fence, hartebeest, zebra, springbok, monkeys, and all kinds of birds. Then we drove through the fine park to Groote Schuur, the home designed by Cecil Rhodes, whose hobby it was to produce a typical Dutch colonial structure, comprising the best architectural features found in South Africa.

An ideal home is Groote Schuur, with its wide shady stoeps, decorated with foliage in tubs, and peculiar early colonial window-shutters in brown wood. The bottom parts of these are closed and the top a sort of rough meshrebiya work, with a picturesque roof and artistic spiral chimneys. Over the entrance a bronze tablet is set in the wall. The workmanship is very fine, depicting the landing of Van Riebeck, the great pioneer and founder of the Colony, surrounded by his followers. In this beautiful retreat are

specimens of every type of flora and fauna. I note an especial preference is given to our old-fashioned blossoms. General Louis Botha, the Premier, and his family now occupy the place. The house is filled with a marvellous collection of antique furniture, curios, and *objets d'art*. When the family are not in residence the public are admitted to view these treasures.

Quite near is another handsome residence, "Westbrook," in which Sir L. Starr Jameson lived in order to be beside his great

STOEP OF GROOTE SCHUUR.

friend Cecil Rhodes. This now forms the summer headquarters of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Gladstone.

Now our road lies through Wynberg, Kenilworth, Claremont, and Rosebank, all beautiful residential quarters, also the toll-gate. There are many of these relics of old times in the Colony, and for a motor they charge 2d. or 3d. a wheel. When we finished our drive, arriving at the Mount Nelson Hotel for luncheon, we talked it over, and found that though we were all wide-world rovers, we unanimously decided that this had been one of the most delightful drives we had ever taken. The cost of our car was only £2.

DON'TS BY "IMP"

Don't miss this drive whatever you do.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Robben Island

THE "Imp of Travel" has always whispered to me, "We should visit Robben Island." I say, "But why go to a place whose whole population consists of convicts, lunatics, and lepers?" "Imp" scornfully asks, "Are you so spoilt with the luxury of your two weeks' stay at the Mount Nelson Hotel that you have not a thought for suffering humanity—that you don't want to see the painful side? Come, be brave, life is not made up of rose leaves. Besides, your public will like to read about this isolation, which is seldom visited except under compulsion."

As usual, "Imp" has its way, and I seek for means to go over the island. I am told that I must get a permit, and the authorities do not encourage visitors. Having a letter of introduction to Sir Frederick Smith, I asked his help to cross to the island. I may mention that Sir Frederick was Cape Town's former Mayor, and filled the office with such efficiency that the public would not allow him to retire for years. Through his kind influence I obtained my pass to visit Robben Island, and was informed that the Commissioner would himself conduct me over it. My friends at the hotel say they will have my table removed outside, also I shall be quarantined. Mr. Whitehouse sends me the following receipt:

FAMOUS BATHS OF JORDAN.

COMPLIMENTARY TICKET

ISSUED TO

MRS. CAMERON

GOOD FOR THREE DIPS

A SURE CURE FOR LEPROSY

LAZARUS, *Secretary.* NAAMAN, *Proprietor.*

"Wash and be Clean."

However, I am not intimidated, and although a trifle apprehensive of what I shall see, make preparations. I arise at seven. Lepers haunted my dreams all night. The selection of a gown results in a white cotton blouse and skirt, which can be boiled, a white helmet, a lace veil, in case there are mosquitoes, and a huge white chiffon motor scarf. My idea was to cover myself completely in case of necessity! I ordered a taxi, taking some sandwiches and a bottle of water, imagining I should probably eat my luncheon under a rock or in the corner of a leprosy hospital.

INSIDE LEPER CHAPEL.

At 10 a.m. I took the small steamer *Pieter Faure*, which crosses several times a week. We take on cargo, including cases of beer and a few carcases of beef. It is a cloudy morning, Table Mountain wearing its heavy white drapery. There are about ten other passengers. I wonder who they are, for most of them are speaking Dutch. Already carcases of beef, sewn in canvas, through which bones and legs protrude, are being covered by flies, and exhaling an aroma far from pleasant. I don't know where "Imp" will eventually lead me, but he certainly suggests extraordinary surroundings.

We glide from the jetty. The boat seems quite clean, although all the lunatics, lepers, and convicts voyage in it. Guarded, of

course. The splendid *Walmer Castle*, looking most inviting, is passed. A friend sails home on her to-day—I feel most envious. *When* shall I see *home* again? It is February the fifth, and H.M.S. *New Zealand*, after receiving unlimited hospitality and creating sad havoc with young hearts at Cape Town, leaves for Durban. A slight swell begins, and all the miscellaneous people immediately begin to feel ill. To-day the sea is a calm grey, but when winds blow over the seven miles of open water it must be terrible.

An old woman with bleary eyes holds a handkerchief—resembling a towel—tightly to her mouth. I watch her fascinated, although I hate it. I cannot keep my eyes from her, wondering what would happen if she relaxed her hold. During the forty minutes of sea rioting I take a look at my fellow-voyagers.

The lady beside me has on a coarse blanket coat; her straw hat is trimmed with seedy chiffon, and a faded pink rose nestles at the side. Loose straggling hair is confined by a comb, on which glass "diamonds" and brass filigree spread disillusioned splendour. She has a child with her of obviously mixed breed, which I fancy shows the first outbreak of that dreaded disease leprosy. She is a fond mother, and carefully covers the child with a corner of her coat. Facing me was another little girl with fair hair, which, reposing in tight braids all night, has now the desired crimpy appearance passing for beauty. Triumphantly she wears a straw hat, upon the band of which is marked a blatant "Victory." Further, another girl holds her head and looks into the sea. She wears a big, dirty hat, and long pins sticking out show several inches of dangerous nakedness.

Lines of birds in single file fly over the water. The old woman who gripped the handkerchief has succumbed—it is a real attack, and I must turn and endeavour not to see her! I face the piled-up cases of beer on deck. My thoughts wander to people who have traversed this water—convicts condemned to years of hard labour, lepers stricken by Fate and isolated from their fellow-creatures. The lunatics are perhaps the happiest, for they do not realize the curse which is upon them. They imagine themselves the most wonderful people, reigning as kings and queens quite contentedly.

Before long the island showed itself. I gazed with the greatest curiosity, and mentally pictured a thousand terrible scenes.

The steamer stopped, people gathered their possessions, and I took camera, handbag, sunshade, and umbrella. Also the last "Daily Telegraph," and my lunch, done up in a paper parcel.

It is always darkest just before dawn; I felt particularly lonely. Table Mountain appeared attractive in the distance; I thought of my friends at the hotel who would be thinking of me. "Are you Mrs. Cameron?" asked a voice. "Yes," I answered. "The Commissioner has sent a boat for you." Thereupon I blessed Sir Frederick Smith. I felt it was beyond the dreams of possibility to have someone cognizant of me over here. I went to the deck, where the boat was rocking. Someone held the luncheon parcel, two hands were extended. I jumped. Bravo! I landed inside.

With a few pulls of the oars we arrived at the jetty, where one had only to get on to the step, mount, show one's pass, and walk up a pier, at the end of which the Commissioner, Mr. Brande, extended a welcoming hand and told me that his wife was waiting to receive me at their home.

The first glimpse Robben Island presents is a sandy stretch without much shade, a white lighthouse towering sentinel over all; but as you proceed you find quite a lot of shade. The manatoka hedges do very well, and many trees abound. Mr. Brande showed hundreds of these planted recently, and in time there will be ample protection from the sun. The island is extremely healthy, with a sea breeze continually fanning it. If not dedicated to the afflicted it would probably have become a summer resort for Cape Town.

Robben Island was first heard of in 1591 by a sea captain named Raymond, who set sail from Plymouth on April 10th of the same year. He was commander of three vessels, and upon landing at the island found it uninhabited, with the exception of numerous seals and penguins. The island is about two miles long by one and a half wide; it has also afforded hospitality to several Kaffir chiefs. One of the most renowned was Linchwe, who, in endeavouring to escape, was drowned, not being able to swim the seven miles to the mainland. I asked Mr. Brande how many people he had under his charge, and he answered, "We have 600 lepers, 500 lunatics, 120 convicts, and these with officials, clergy, doctors, and attendants, amount to about 1700 in all."

I next had the pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. Brande,

and was shown over their very nice residence. They were both young, bronzed, and with amiability written on their faces; they looked so healthy and cheerful I began to feel I had made some mistake and got to the wrong island! Surely this could not be the dread abode of suffering humanity. Mrs. Brande said we must hurry, because there was much to see and our carriage was waiting. We passed from the garden and found a fine pair of mules harnessed to a double-seated dogcart. Mrs. Brande and I mounted the front seat, while the Commissioner took the back. They told me that the harness and cart were both manufactured by convicts. A black man held the mules—he was a harmless lunatic.

It was all indeed strange to me! Off we started down Main Street, which was sandy with white dust. On one side a trolley track is laid, and the only means of getting about is in this way, as at Beira, but here one is pushed by convicts. To the left a fine substantial erection of stone, with a verandah, comes into view, and I am informed this is the Club for officials and residents—non-lepers, naturally. Inside are billiard, card, reading, and sitting-rooms, quite up-to-date. The view of the mainland is fine. Table Mountain and Lion's Head stand out magnificently against clear blue sky. Streets are well laid out, and we pass some small corrugated-iron houses with verandahs.

Mrs. Brande said, "Those houses are for the lepers' visitors." "Lepers' visitors?" I exclaim. "Do the authorities allow that?" The Commissioner replied, a smile in his kindly eyes, "Oh, yes; if they have behaved well and there are no bad marks against them they can ask for one of these houses, and members of their family can visit them for two weeks." Certainly it is very charitable of the Government! There are many churches, and three resident clergymen. These churches include a Roman Catholic, a Dutch Reformed, and several English Protestant. One handsome edifice dates from 1841. Many men were working in the fields—all lepers, but seemingly quite happy. They bow, smile, and raise their hats as we drive by. Genial Mr. Brande had a word for each, and called them by their Christian names.

Along the beach several seats were placed, and on these leper women were enjoying the air. They dressed cleanly and well with cotton blouses and dark serge or mohair skirts. They have a dressmaking establishment which is run by leper women. Two

new dresses and a special one for Sundays are allowed for the year. This arrangement is for the women who are not very badly afflicted. The lepers are of all shades of brown, and of mixed race. I wonder if the loathsome disease comes from this mingling of blood! It might be possible. There were only three European women sufferers. Two of these were Dutch, and the other, although white, an alien of some sort.

It seems strange that since the days of Lazarus scientific research has made but little progress over this curse. The theory

ROBBEN ISLAND SETTLEMENT.

that leprosy comes from eating salted fish, which they said gave Norway people the malady, has long since been proved wrong. Leprosy is frequent with the Barotse natives, and they have never eaten salt fish. I went into the Leper Church. It is a small, clean sanctuary, with bright pictures on the walls, a nice altar, and many benches. Near the entrance are two large scriptural verses in Dutch.

Mr. Engleheart is the chaplain. I did not meet him, as he was absent, but heard wonderful accounts of his good work. How pathetic it must be to preach to such an assemblage! I should think patience and an all-inspiring faith would constitute the text

of the sermons. Outside a trellis of morning glories was doing its utmost to make the place cheerful.

"I think," said Mr. Brande, "if your nerves are strong you had better see the worst cases first. Do you insist on seeing these patients?"

"Yes," I replied. "I am quite prepared to see everything."

Our first stop was the negro hospital.

We entered the part assigned to the worst cases. It was a long ward, with, I should say, twenty-four beds. The walls are high and lathed; large windows are open and the air quite fresh, but naturally the odour of antiseptics is noticeable. Mr. Brande and I paused at the first bedside, that of a negro, whom he called by name and asked how his foot was. The wizened mouth worked, then in gasps came the words, "Foot bad, sir." This poor man had lost one leg, and now the doctors must again operate to take out another section of decayed bone. The other foot of this poor diseased wretch has lost all its toes, and both his hands are fingerless.

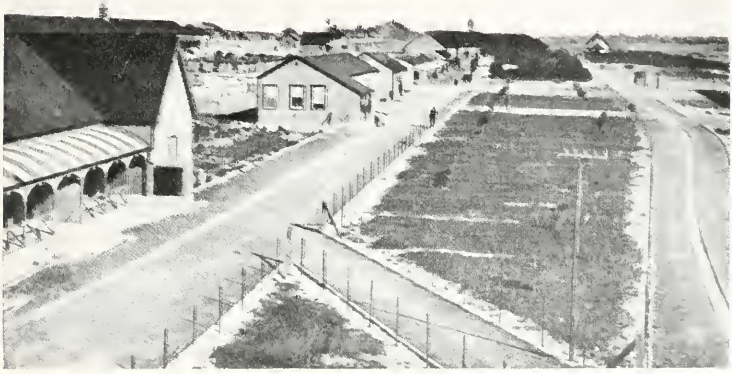
The sight is not so appalling as one might imagine. I had expected to see white sores. After the joints have been healed the skin appears smooth and shiny, resembling a new potato. It is incredible what these stricken folk can do without hands and feet. It struck me that instead of inflicting more pain upon this poor old creature to remove a few inches of rotting bone, it would be more humane to give him a soothing potion and release his agonized soul. A lethal chamber would indeed be a blessing to these accursed bodies! And yet Mr. Brande tells me that they do not want to die, resisting death with all their strength.

They are allowed almost everything to eat, and can ask for a chop or beefsteak for their breakfast. Drinkables must have the doctor's signature before being obtained. The worst cases lie on single, iron bedsteads, with two or three ample pillows; their sheets and white counterpanes clean, floors and wooden chairs being all well scrubbed. Lepers who can do work like washing and nursing earn as much as £3 10s. a month, but in many cases they scrub solely with their maimed stumps. There is a shop where they spend money on anything they fancy.

We continue, pausing by the side of a man who has lost his eyes and other portions of his body. He is quite helpless. One of the terrors of leprosy is that it often brings blindness. I asked

a sufferer how he felt the first symptom of his disease; he told me he had a severe cold, then his face bones began to enlarge—and he was a leper. What a horrible discovery it must have been!

A cold shiver creeps over me. Instinctively I realize a horrible presence is near. Thump, thump! I hear closer and closer. Turning round quickly, I see a poor leper bringing water to one more afflicted than himself. The thump, thump is caused by the stump of the bone as it beats along the wooden floor. Mercifully these lepers have no feeling in afflicted parts. They say a leper



MAIN STREET, ROBBEN ISLAND.

can stick his limb into fire and feel nothing. Many of these are in the last stages of consumption. This often goes with leprosy.

After passing the ward of misery, where these people could not have been cared for better, I next inspected the day-room, for recreation, with puzzles and games, when they are able to use them. A modern operating-room had everything in proper condition. All the patients salute, and, wishing them a cheerful good day, we pass from the carbolic-laden atmosphere.

The bandaging-room proved interesting, here being yards of antiseptic cotton in constant demand. The white attendants are of good class. I asked the Commissioner if it was not difficult to procure them, but he said plenty had been found up to the

present. They are paid good wages and have much time for recreation.

In the operating-room the table is of thick plate glass, and easily kept in hygienic condition.

One Boer leper stops Mr. Brande and talks—he is working with the trees in the open; except for curious pinkish rings on his cheek-bones, one would not take him for a leper. A white man named Nicholson we pass, and my conductor asks him how he is, and is answered that he is quite cheerful now. This man was lunatic besides being a leper. Formerly he occupied a cell, but having mentally improved was allowed to do a little farming.

The Government have experimental vegetable gardens on the island, where the weak-minded lepers work; raising quantities of chickens, and selling many dozens of eggs. I should not fancy these! We look into the recreation hall, where a few months ago an interesting exhibition was held, every article sold being the work of male or female patients. Lord and Lady Gladstone honoured this exhibition with their presence, and were so interested in the efficient way in which the community was conducted they remained the entire day. One leper woman, a half-caste, won the first prize for sewing. Considering she managed her sewing-machine with a bandaged hand and only three fingers, it may be considered quite wonderful. Her prize, she proudly told me, was 10s.

"Now," said the Commissioner, "you must see a really horrible sight, and you are the first woman who has been allowed to do so. You are not afraid?"

"Oh, no, certainly not; I have come to see everything."

I found a long stone structure built in a semicircle and tightly enclosed by barbed wire. There is a small sandy space for sitting about in, a few stunted bushes, and a short verandah. This ward is for men who are both lunatics and lepers—as if they were not enough cursed by one complaint! Here it was indeed terrifying, and one felt that some patient might spring upon one's back like a tiger.

The mild inmates were sitting chattering, some sing-songing, others mumbling like disturbed monkeys. It was awful to see these outcasts sitting with a devil inhabiting every brain. Here again I found the same cleanliness. The dormitory had a few

chromos hung high, close to the ceiling, in case the mad people might eat them, or use them for attacking each other.

One dreadful creature had just had an epileptic fit, and lay on the floor moaning and groaning. The epileptics have their mattresses on the floor. One man has a cell without any furniture, for he destroys everything breakable. All these cells for desperates have a deep slit in the door, through which the attendant can watch the inmate. Low in the door is an aperture in which the night-watchman can place his lamp and illuminate the cubicle.

CHURCH FOR THE SUFFERERS.

I was shown some padded cells, small narrow places, padded to the depth of five inches. Certainly no one could do much damage here. The Commissioner pointed out a passive-looking man, saying he was a splendid barometer, for just before it is going to rain he begins shouting in frenzy, and cannot be stopped until the rain descends, when he again becomes quiescent.

In the dining-room everything was spotless; a red-and-white tablecloth was on the table. Books made of linen, on which bright pictures have been pasted, also a gramophone to take the attention of the peculiar-minded from indulging in their own music, completed the ward.

Quite close, but not staring them in the face, was the Leper Cemetery; but really no one could desire to prolong the lives of a batch of lunatic lepers. Now we cross to the women's quarters, encountering a gang of convicts who have been working in the fields. They halt as they pass through the gate of their compound, and a guard searches them for knives or tobacco. It seemed rather pitiful to see them halt, throwing up their hands while they were being examined. Many had terrible hang-dog faces, looking as if they would enjoy any fiendish crime. Most of them have committed murder.

One queer creature obviously thought he was an aeroplane by the manner in which he gesticulated, swinging his arms as though he were attempting to fly. We next entered the dress-making department; this was in charge of a white woman, a non-leper. She showed us patterns, saying there was nothing she loved like fashion plates. There were sewing-machines, leper women working them, and one girl, Rosie, laughed very much—her hands ended in two stumps, but she turned out cotton blouses as if Nature had not cursed her.

We inspect the dresses, which are of good quality, in mohair and serge, while white flannel petticoats looked cosy. There are large bales of all sorts of material on the shelves. Another terrible thump—thump! This time it is a woman whose legs have been sawn off nearly to the knee. She pounds across the corridor. She is most uncanny. Her nose is sunk into her face, which is distorted from all semblance of humanity. I cannot look at her, she is too sickening. I silently send up an appeal to God, asking, "Why can't she die?" If the lepers work well and have no marks against them they can live by themselves, or have a larger room with perhaps only two occupants.

I forgot to mention that as we drove past one man appeared to be kneeling, but this was not so. His legs had been taken off almost to his trunk. He certainly was a terrible sight!

The general shop caught one's fancy; one wondered what would be their taste, and how these people who gained money in such trying circumstances would spend it. Sweets, the nurse in charge told me, were liked, and perfume was in great demand. Also ribbons of gay colouring; biscuits and tinned meat, although they are allowed 13 ounces of meat for dinner and 4 ounces at breakfast.

NATIVE WOMAN CARRYING TWINS.

One leper told the Commissioner that he would like some grapes. Mr. Brande promised them that day. Another request by a woman who had only two fingers left was that they would get her a piano. However, this desire was not granted! But there are several pianos, in different buildings. Nurse Stafford, with a sweet face, and wearing an immaculate tan-and-white uniform, took us in charge.

We visited the steam laundry, and the store-rooms. The bread, I was glad to know, is made by bakers who are entirely healthy. In one of the wash-rooms the leper women were rubbing their clothes on stones and rinsing them, although they had no fingers. Ward 5, which is a long corridor with about thirty-five beds, with plenty of space between them, looked most comfortable. Each was covered with a white, red-bordered spread.

Here there were some terrible specimens of women lepers. One old crone wept in a corner. Mrs. Brande tried to talk to her, but could not understand what she said. A black girl had an enormous growth protruding from her mouth. Her eyes receded into a horrible countenance. Noses, eyes, and mouths suffer most in affected cases. Another had bones protruding through her cheeks. This ward was for coloured women of every shade of yellow, brown, and ebony. Three old ones sat on the floor laughing, while one mumbled, "Old womans can't do nothing."

There are tables scattered about, large wicker chairs, and everything as clean and comfortable as possible. Each patient has a private bureau, a shelf wardrobe, and a miscellaneous collection of things—little bits of something, a china cat, photographs of their family, some of which hang over their beds, and all the treasured idols of their former life. Nurse Stafford talked cheerfully to them all and they appeared happy.

We visited the tin house of Maggie. She is rather a celebrity here, having a little money. She is a brown girl of about twenty. A peculiarity about Maggie is that she is engaged. Her intended, who was paying her a visit at the time, was also celebrated—being a Jew leper, and brought from the London Hospital, where he had been for seven years. He was very proud of the fact that H.M. Queen Alexandra had paused by his bed on one of her charitable visits. The man's name is Turog.

He did not show leprosy so terribly as others, only the rings and swelling about the cheeks. He is under arrest at present as

he ran away, and tried to board a steamer and escape. The lepers have every attention that can be shown to them, but still they grumble, their one desire seeming to be to get back to the world, so circulating their foul disease. Of course, Maggie and Turog will not be allowed to marry, but as long as they care to remain in the engaged state, the authorities permit it.

The one great and difficult problem among the lepers is that of sex. One would suppose these unclean people would have no desire to perpetuate their race, thus bringing more suffering into the world, but this is not the case. There are very strict laws dealing with people misbehaving themselves, their passes to wander about the island being cancelled for a year, while other punishments are also meted out. The authorities are ever on the alert to investigate and stop these wretched people from cohabitation, but with all their vigilance sometimes a child is born ! When this happens the child is sent away, and carefully watched for the development of the dread illness.

There are several streets of "hokkies." These are small tin shanties, each one being numbered. Many of the lepers prefer to live here in these hot cubicles rather than in the long, cool wards. They fancy they have more liberty in these "hokkies," and draw their own rations from the stores and cook their meals.

Next I met Sister Cicely. She had a sweet face, and belongs to the Sisters of the English Church. The Order has its headquarters near St. Albans—the All Saints' Community. These Sisters do splendid work with child lepers. At present they have twenty children under their care, teaching them to be useful as far as their infirmities permit. Sister Cicely told me that it had never been known for a child to be born a leper.

They had a case of four years, also one of six. One little sufferer about ten was very anxious I should see her doll, which had been a Christmas present. They have many donations sent them. Last Christmas Lady Smith, who has been Mayoress for some years, wife of Sir Frederick, generously sent two hundred and fifty presents. These Mrs. Brande distributed to the lepers from a large Christmas tree.

One little girl, Susie, had only slight marks of the leprosy. How cruel it seems that as this child grows to womanhood the horror will keep pace with her age. Why should this child be

cursed? We are told the Creator is merciful, and so I pray He will soon release Susie.

I happened to have in my bag a card from H.M. Queen Alexandra, written by the Honourable Charlotte Knollys, stating that my novel, "A Durbar Bride," had been graciously accepted by Her Majesty. I asked the children if they would like to see it. Their eyes opened to an alarming extent as they unanimously declared "Yes." I fished in my bag and produced the precious document. All wanted to touch it. "Oh, did Queen Alexandra really write this?" I had to explain that Queen Alexandra had not actually penned the lines, but commanded I should receive her gracious acknowledgment. Susie asked if she might hold the card, and she kissed the Royal signature, with its small black crown, dated Sandringham. This passed through each child leper's hand —many embracing it; some, however, too awed, gazed in wonder and reverence on the bit of Royal pasteboard.

One child was busy making paper screens, some of which were quite pretty. This girl had quite a collection of toys, one of her treasures being a photograph of our Princess Mary, cut from an illustrated paper, and framed over her bed. When I told her I had seen Princess Mary, and how pretty she was, she sighed and looked enviously at me.

The Sister said she knew one leper woman of eighty. We inspected all the wards, dining-rooms, and linen stores for boys and girls. Everywhere I found the surroundings clean and comfortable. Cheering words were spoken to the afflicted by the Commissioner, his wife, sisters, nurses, and attendants; in the majority of cases the patients appeared happy. If one must have leprosy I am sure this retreat is the best place to seek the seclusion which is imperative.

Mr. Brande said we were already late for luncheon, so we climbed into the dogcart and drove to his charming home. After lunch my hosts toured me all round the island. On one side the beach is very pretty, with white breakers murmuring over brown rocks. Here were several tents and shelters, also some lepers enjoying the simple life by the sea. A beautiful view of Table Mountain and Cape Town is obtained. I am told that in certain seasons the island is a mass of arum lilies. Postcards illustrate this fact.

I halted, and we all climbed to the top of Robben Island Light-

house; a very useful light this is, for many wrecks have occurred here. One can see its beacon for quite eighteen miles at sea. This stands about sixty feet high. A wondrous view spreads out, but the only exit consists of a hole which a very fat person would not be able to squeeze through.

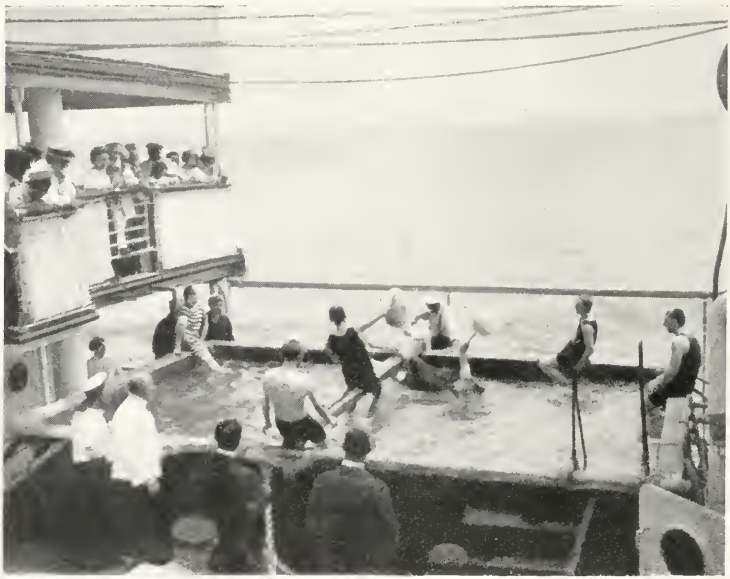
At four o'clock I caught my steamer, having spent a most profitable day. I came in dread to Leper Island, but departed feeling that under the organization of the present authorities nothing further could be done for these unfortunate people. Even "Imp" was satisfied with its experience.

My grateful compliments to Commissioner and Mrs. Everard Brande for their kind hospitality in allowing me to see everything connected with their admirable administration.

CHAPTER XXIX

Lunch on the "Tabora"

THROUGH the kindness of my friend H.E. Frau Schnee, I was invited as Captain Doherr's guest to a luncheon party on the *Tabora*, which at present is the largest and finest ship of the D. O.-A. Linie, although I was told another with more improve-



SWIMMING BATH, S.S. "TABORA."

ments was being built. I can scarcely credit this; but the fact remains. The *Tabora* is sister ship to the *General*, and similar in nearly every way. Her palm hall is a little larger, and she has a gymnasium. You may ride an electric horse, or if that does not sufficiently jolt you, there is the long, slow, hobbledehoy tread of the

camel to tone one's sluggish nerves. Failing that even, you may lie down and have spinal massage. One is reminded of the old song "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls" when one is a passenger on these ships, but the dream is completely realized, for all the walls are marble lined.

I cannot imagine a more charming trip for anyone obliged to winter in a warm climate than to take either of these floating luxurious Savoys and have a trip around Africa. These ships call only at large places like Durban, Beira, Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar, Mombasa, and Tanga. I took some of the smaller ones, as I desired to see strange, unfrequented parts. For an invalid to take the route I have described I am sure would be most enjoyable; also, it is not at all expensive—far cheaper than staying at home. Besides, think of the variety of scenery combined with the same life as in an expensive hotel, and the education of broadening one's mind by the interchange of thoughts and experiences with people whom we do not continually meet in our own narrow circle at home.

H.E. FRAU SCHNEE, CAPTAIN DOHERR, AND MRS. WEINLIG.

These ships, after leaving Cape Town, go home immediately, only calling at Las Palmas. I wished to write a book of the entire coast of Africa, as I had already done on South America; and knowing that few women journey up the West Coast, I decided to brave discomfort if I had to, and investigate. I can honestly say my voyage round the East Coast has been one of great enjoyment everywhere—especially on the German steamers, where I have been shown every kindness and courtesy.

Our luncheon party included Her Excellency Frau Schnee, Mr. and Mrs. Weinlig, Dr. and Mrs. Peterson; and a merry time we had. The cuisine excelled itself. One thing I must admit.

Travelling on the German ships spoils one, for they are the acme of luxurious comfort.

After lunch we adjourned to the gymnasium to ride its camels and horses. Captain Doherr, who is very popular, showed us his sitting-room. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have honoured him with large signed photographs. A very lovely one of the Duchesse d'Aosta is on his writing-desk. He also handed me a photograph which has been reproduced all over the world—that of himself and Theodore Roosevelt, with the American flag for a background. Both Her Excellency and myself expressed the wish that we were homeward bound on the *Tabora*. I especially. If only my West Coast voyage were over, and I returning! One hears such dreadful things about hotels, climate, fevers, and other dismal prospects.

On reaching Mount Nelson Hotel, fascinating Table Mountain was concealed in a floating vapouresque mist, white and soft as an angel's wing. This was ever dropping over the precipice of bleak stone, giving the effect of Victoria Falls, only in this case it was a cloud which was dashed to death.

CHAPTER XXX

Rhodes Memorial

MY friend and I took the train for Rondebosch. One can go by tram as well, and I have also motored out, which is more pleasant. I never saw a place where one really needed a motor more than Cape Town, because the environs are so scattered, rendering distances enormous. After passing through business quarters and uninteresting suburbs one reaches Mobray and Rose-

CECIL RHODES' RESIDENCE.

bank, with their well-kept streets and pretty homes. We took a victoria, as H.E. Frau Schnee wished to leave cards at Westbrooke, the present official residence of Lord and Lady Gladstone. We traversed the lovely pine and oak avenues, casting a lingering look at Groote Schuur, which has not only modern history attached to it, but ancient as well, being mentioned in Van Riebeck's

Journal. Afternoon sun blazed into the lovely garden as though to wake the blooms from their siesta.

We had made arrangements with our coachman to drive us to the memorial of Cecil Rhodes, which was unveiled about a year ago. On we went, through beautiful forests. At one side are the grounds set apart for the animals. Queer birds stalk under the trees, and hundreds of squirrels bound across our path or sit on their haunches, nibbling acorns, which fall in golden showers. Across our road dart a family of zebras—father, mother, and baby. On our return, however, the keeper obviously had missed them, and their wanderings were curtailed by a barbed-wire fence.

The memorial is situated at the foot of the mountain, on the spot Cecil Rhodes loved. Here he would sit, never tired of watching that wonderful panorama of mountain, plain, lake, sea, and towns spread in a gigantic semicircle. The design of the memorial is most noble and dignified. It is Grecian, with Corinthian columns of white granite, recalling Egyptian temples of the Phœnician period. Framed in a rocky background, wreathed in oaks and pines, it will ever remain a fitting tribute to the memory of a great man.

Wonderfully imposing! Still, his simple grave on the Matoppo Hills, fashioned by Nature, is to me far grander than this expensive testimonial erected in his honour. One climbs about fifty steps, which at intervals are surmounted by huge guarding lions of bronze—four on either side. On approaching the centre of the open temple, a gigantic bust of Cecil Rhodes gazes across the landscape. His head rests upon his hand, his pose is one of deep reflection; but there is a stern, grim, determined expression on his face which the one in the Botanical Gardens does not possess, nor yet the statue in the main street of Bulawayo. As one descends the steps one is struck with the magnificent view. At the foot of the memorial stands the splendid world-renowned figure of "Physical Energy," the work of G. P. Watts, representing the colossal figure of a man, nude, with immense muscles and perfect strength, on horseback. This noble piece of work Cecil Rhodes much admired.

As my stay in Cape Town was limited to a little over two weeks, I had no time to visit many of the places I should like to have done. The walks over the mountains are superb. Mr. Haygood, the kindly and genial American Vice-Consul, informed me that while

I was here he had just completed his hundredth climb over Table Mountain. There is no lack of hotels, pensions, and boarding-houses. One might describe them as being as thick as blackberries! Mount Nelson Hotel has no rival. The Grand Hotel, near Adderley Street, is much frequented, and looked quite a comfortable abode. I was there several times. The International I did not care for; it had a dusty, woebegone air. The Cadarga is a small private hotel; and Kingsfold was very well kept, with nice grounds, and spotlessly clean. I considered it most attractive.

At the foot of Government Avenue begins Cape Town's great shopping street, with handsome shops where every commodity can be bought. Magnificent buildings—the Standard Bank, Post Office, and many others—make Adderley Street a model. This street has not a monopoly, however, for St. George's Street, Darling Street, Queen Victoria Street, and Long Street are noted business quarters. There are many curio shops, where ostrich feathers can be bought; also silver leaves from the celebrated trees around Cape Town, on which one can write names. They are woven into tablecloths, and make pleasing souvenirs. Kaffir work abounds, mostly spears, weapons, and beadwork. I bargained for and obtained an elephant's ear, dried and polished. I anticipate having it mounted as a table for serving coffee. As my house already contains many barbaric specimens, this enormous ear will not be out of place.

I can conscientiously recommend L. Moss, of Plein Street, as an honest, reliable dealer. His stock of oddities includes many from New Zealand and Australia. Cape Town is well supplied with churches, from the Anglican Cathedral to the Dutch Reformed Church—which is spoken of as the Westminster Abbey of South Africa, inasmuch as beneath its flooring are buried the remains of many of the old Dutch Governors. This church dates from the seventeenth century. The Wesleyan Methodist is a handsome edifice, costing £15,000, with seating capacity for a thousand people. The Catholic Church, the Jewish Synagogue, the German Lutheran, the Mohammedan Mosque—every creed is duly and respectfully ministered to; even the Malays, of whom there is a large community, have a mosque, whose minarets and cupola draw especial attention.

I find it difficult to describe Cape Town—it is so like any large,

up-to-date city. Everything obtainable in a big metropolis can be obtained in this picturesquely situated capital.

All should visit the Museum—a long, stone building on the left side of the Avenue, going down. Upon entering I was intensely touched to see the old "Post Office" stones in the hall. These recall the date 1600, when letters were indeed a rarity. One can imagine the excitement when news arrived from beloved relatives in far-off lands. It was the custom for the captains to place their letters under these stones when outward bound. The homeward-bound ship would find them and carry them to their destination. Some of the stones are inscribed in English, Dutch, Danish,

RHODES MEMORIAL. WATTS' STATUE "PHYSICAL ENERGY."

and French; the letters are nearly obliterated, but on one you can read "1614." Another ran as follows: "This will arrive September 1st, from Surat, depart the ditto, 1628. Chris. Browne, Commander."

In the Museum are specimens of men and women aborigines of the Hottentot and Bushmen races; also some rock paintings. The figures were very well done in a reddish plaster; the women had in most cases tremendous hip development, with very small eyes and woolly heads. I next passed on to a group of Dutch furniture, and a chair in which a Governor died in 1729. There was some good Delft china, and ancient Bohemian glass, inscribed with the crest of the St. Helena Regiment. There

are innumerable heads of big game of every variety. In another room is a mineral and geological assortment; in fact, one finds almost everything that is of interest to the country.

Simonstown, Muizenburg, possess splendid bathing beaches—at the latter Cecil Rhodes breathed his last. Kalk Bay and St. James should also be visited by every traveller. An old friend whom one sees too little of on the East Coast, Thomas Cook and Son, is again encountered at Cape Town. One has a feeling of confidence in whatever part of the world this useful company has an office. We can not only command them to give money if we travel with their notes, which is a safe way to do; but also find out things, and send extra baggage and curios home. They are always ready and willing to help everyone in every way.

"Long live Thomas Cook and Son!" says "Imp."

With sorrow I bid good-bye to the many good friends I leave in Cape Town, and I wish to thank them heartily for their courtesy and kindness on all occasions, especially Her Excellency Frau Schnee, Sir Frederick Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Weinlig, Dr. and Mrs. Peterson, Mr. Haygood. American Vice-Consul, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse.

"Imp" suggests that the band should play "Auld Lang Syne."

CHAPTER XXXI

West Coast and Port Nolloth

IN the evening, about nine o'clock, I make the acquaintance of *Frieda Woermann*, one of the babies of the mighty Woermann family. Her tonnage is only about 3000, and she certainly looks small. She is to conduct me to Port Nolloth, Lüederitzbucht, and Swakopmund. *Frieda* is very old-fashioned, but I have a roomy cabin, and find Captain Wolf most genial. At daybreak we sailed, and in the morning my belongings were flying about in a precipitate manner. I sprang from my berth to rescue toilet bottles, for *Frieda* pranced up and down most recklessly; then, being fatigued, she would try to roll over, and sometimes I really thought she would accomplish it. For fifteen years I have never been sea-sick, but this morning I was not at all sure how I should be. "I ha'e me doots," as the Scotch say; nevertheless, I appeared at breakfast, feeling rather lonely, as I knew no one. *Frieda*, however, had not the satisfaction of making me ill, and now she can jump about as she likes—it won't affect me!

Port Nolloth

The rollicking *Frieda* arrived here at 7 a.m. She makes a terrible noise, and a sort of long shiver racks her as she drops anchor. I go on deck and look two miles across the sea to a sandy stretch of land backed by a line of mountains. The shore is wrapped in mist, and there is evidently very little vegetation. I discern small black patches of scrub bush or salt grass, but no trees. A tall flagpole with the Union Jack is visible. The captain tells me we are fortunate, as twenty-one days out of a month they have a dense sea-fog here. To-day the sun shines brightly, the air is delicious, and as far as climate goes it is like May. My thoughts turn to England, and imagination hears wind howling and sees rain falling, as is usual with us in March, our most disagreeable month.

Port Nolloth's reason for existence is that it is the port for the

Cape Copper Company's outpouring. These copper mines at O'okiep are, or have been, among the richest in the world.

Frieda Woermann is really the worst roller it has ever been my lot to meet, having quite as much motion anchored as when steaming. She loves a tumble, although arrived at the mature age of twenty-eight.

We lay out here for some time in the trough of great blue rollers. To the west the sea is boundless; the same Atlantic, or Wild Sea, as the Indians called it, laps the shores of South America. Beside us, a Danish sailing ship has brought out coal and will return laden with copper. On the shore we can hear gigantic breakers thundering, and the toll of a bell rings a cautioning refrain as the waves beat its hammers. It makes me think of Filey Brig and the bell-buoy there, which Kipling has made immortal.

The agent's tug comes in sight, followed by a lighter for cargo. Now there is a discussion about the difficulties of going ashore. They say that climbing over the boats will be dangerous in this heaving sea, but as this will be my only time for seeing Port Nolloth I intend to venture, although told there is nothing to see. Another lady volunteers to go, and five of us decide to explore the white sandy land. We must wait until cargo has been dumped upon the lighter.

If any of my readers attempt to travel on the West Coast, let me give them a warning. Go in the small boats at the last moment possible, because sitting a long time in the sun, and being incessantly tossed up and down by the heaving swell, is enough to make anyone ill. I was told by a captain who spent most of his life in these waters that he himself had to use the strictest care in this respect. Watching the cargo we brought, which included many vegetables and boxes of fruit, it was amusing to see a couple of them smashed! Out rolled Cape plums and peaches, much scrambling amongst the men who unloaded the cargo following to secure these appetizing luxuries. Lucky for them the boxes proved too fragile.

We have brought many water-melons, which prove a God-send to this parched land, where rain falls only about twice a year. Most of the drinking-water is brought in ships from Cape Town—that is, for the people who are particular. Others have water brought down in tanks by train from five miles away, but it is brackish to the taste. Some say if people sank wells here they

would find the much-desired fluid, though others state it has been often and unsuccessfully tried.

This port is one of the oldest in these parts, having remained much the same for forty years; it has over a thousand inhabitants. Our last piece of cargo to be landed was a huge case which contained an electric motor for the mines. The pitching lighter and bobbing sea made this a delicate piece of work. Several times the cranes groaned as they lifted their heavy burden. Up would pitch the lighter, while the sea went running by, and bang went the case against our ship! Many efforts were made to persuade the motor to go down into the lighter's hold. However, patience won the day. The skipper turned around and smiled. "At last!" he said triumphantly. "Now all to your basket," and he pointed to the well deck.

We five, bending our heads, entered by the small aperture into our basket, the door was bolted, and we held on to the ropes. Whir! whir! grunted the crane, and we, a human cargo, hung high in the air, swung riskily out over the sea, suspended by cable, and were lowered none too softly on to the lighter. When one gets used to these baskets one does not mind them in the least. Only the first trip is rather terrifying. It is very rough going over, but after a time we arrive at a small jetty, and here climb up a sailors' ladder, which is somewhat awkward.

A band of black minstrels landed at the same time from the third-class, and half the coloured brethren and sisters of the town had gathered to meet them. There was a great variety of tans, browns, and blacks. Women wore clean cotton gowns with handkerchiefs tied over their heads; but the men had donned any old thing. We went along to Main Street, finding sand but little else. This sand makes hard walking, and oozes into one's shoes. The town consists of perhaps three hundred tin houses one storey high, and most of them have cheap, narrow verandahs. No trees lend their shade, but a fine invigorating sea-breeze makes the climate pleasant and equable all the year round. I saw no trams, carts, or conveyances except the railway bringing down masses of copper and the necessary water.

Proceeding along the principal street, which fronts the sea, we passed some large general stores filled with the practical requirements of the country; Royal Hotel, a small tin affair with red blinds, and further on the Commercial Hotel, looking in the same

HERERos, GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

forlorn condition as its rival. A bandstand looms up, and Mr. Dow, the agent for our line, who has kindly consented to show us round, tells me that every Wednesday an amateur orchestra tries to cheer up the place. Three churches were seen—Catholic, Church of Scotland, and Methodist—these taking charge of souls obliged to exist here. The Officials' Club we were shown over, and it has the best quarters, with a billiard-room and library of which it is justly proud. This is provided by the Cape Copper Co. Inhabitants have tried many kinds of trees, but nothing except the manatoka bush will grow, as they have to use condensed or distilled sea-water.

Whenever you see geraniums and flowers in tubs or a garden here, you have an instant respect and liking for the people who produce flowers under such trying circumstances. It has required ceaseless care and patience. I remember Mr. Clare's house especially, and three others, with geraniums, petunias, and convolvulus, which have really given the best of results. This part of the West Coast is strikingly similar to the West Coast of South America; the nitrate ports suffering the same conditions of arid sand and no vegetation. Heaped up on the jetty were hundreds of sacks of copper, and loads of the raw ore stacked near the railway tracks. By common consent we concluded we had gleaned all the information possible of Port Nolloth, and returned to our jaunty *Frieda*.

CHAPTER XXXII

Lüederitzbucht

FRIEDA, as though remorseful for her past behaviour, has made up her mind to show what a good child she can be if she wishes. She dropped her anchor very quietly this morning, and tried not to disturb the lightest sleeper. It's a lovely day, with the sapphire sea utterly calm—even *Frieda* is steady. I had always heard that Lüederitzbucht, which is the German South-West port for the extensive diamond shores, was a terribly ugly place, all sand and no vegetation. I go on deck and am agreeably surprised. Certainly it is barren, for not a tree or

MISSIONARY STATION, LÜEDERITZBUCHT.

greenery of any kind raises its head ; but the formation of brown-grey rocks is picturesque, and hills and valleys surrounded by a border of sea not at all unsightly. Many of the houses are well-built, comfortable homes. As the ship swings round the nearest buildings one sees are a good-sized church and the clergyman's house. Missionaries certainly deserve every praise for the good work they are achieving.

Dominating on a hill stands the large cathedral, and close by the splendid offices of the Deutsche Diamanten Gesellschaft. A cool breeze blows from the north, but I should think that during

summer months—December, January, and February—the heat would be terribly trying, as there is no shade of any kind. In the spring of 1884 Herr Lüederitz, coming from Bremen, discovered this shadeless shore and the port which now bears his name.

Another German ship, the *Nautilus*, was sent out the following autumn, and the flag was hoisted on a promontory which they christened Nautilus Hill. At that time no one thought of diamonds in connection with Gross Nama Land, however; some years afterwards they were to figure as the staple industry, export, and real wealth of the place.

I have an invitation from a lady and her husband to visit them this afternoon, and they will show me Lüederitzbucht. Tomorrow at 7 a.m. Herr Kreplin, the Mayor, has most kindly offered to take me over the diamond fields. The ship stays here two days, so I have decided to remain on board this morning and rest. It is very pleasant to have the quiet, and decks to oneself to roam about at will, and watch strange cargoes unloaded. A tug comes alongside, her tanks to be filled with water which we have brought from Cape Town. There is no water at this port, all has to be condensed or brought from the Cape.

About forty horses and mules have been sent up from Cape Town for officers and police. They endured plenty of movement along the coast, and must be relieved to vacate their narrow stalls. I watched them being landed, and this process was managed in a most sensible manner. Horses were led into open boxes as high as their bodies, their heads tied, and swung over and down on to a sort of heavy raft. They were intelligent enough to realize that care was being taken of them, so there was no plunging. At last they are all successfully disposed of, a tug takes possession, and off they go to terra firma.

Not so with a number of pigs! They protested wrathfully they would *not* enter the pens. Shrill shrieks rang out in the clear atmosphere, and when the loaders assisted them by their hind legs, their indignant anger knew no bounds. However, they had to go and it was amusing to watch them. No cruelty was offered, even to the swine, but I have witnessed the discharging of live stock in South America where there was needless brutality.

We had brought many geese, ducks, and poultry for breeding purposes for farms up-country and the ordinary market. A large consignment of Ovamboland natives came with us in the fo'castle.

They have a tug for themselves, and are proceeding to the diamond fields.

Another boat passes filled with black people who have been working there and made money. Now they are homeward bound on a holiday. They earn good wages, and no doubt feel rich. Their garments could even outrival Joseph's coat of many colours. Some are wearing the thrown-away caps of officers, and their tin boxes are painted in bright red and green. They have banjos and harmoniums on which they make music, grin, wave hands, and pass on.

We have many visitors for breakfast this morning—the agent, friends of the Captain, and passengers. Even on this small ship the food is ample and most excellent, Captain Wolf being a

LÜEDERITZBUCHT.

connoisseur. I have often heard people declare, "I can't endure the food on German boats, it's too rich." That remark I cannot understand, because on all the ships in which I have travelled during this long voyage, including the *Adolph Woermann*, the *General* (one of their finest and newest liners), the *Markgraff*, of the Bombay service, and our *Frieda Woermann*, which only claims to be a cargo cruiser, the food has been all that could be desired. For those who like perfectly plain food there is always a large variety.

In the morning—for I have not time to go through every meal—you have fruit, porridge, English kippers, eggs cooked in any way, plain ham and eggs or bacon, a chop or a beefsteak. This choice could certainly not be classified as rich food. On the other hand, if one does not relish the sausages favoured by the Germans,

one is not pressed to eat them. On every menu you can always choose plain fare if you wish. As regards drinkables, beer, which is brought out from Germany, is noted for its purity and the perfectly iced temperature in which it is kept. The waters and wines are sensibly selected, but the ordinary red and white wines of France, Germany, Portugal, and Cape Colony are inexpensive. Finer vintages can be had if desired.

This afternoon I went ashore in the launch, and upon landing found the most conspicuous building the Woermann Linie offices, one of the first erected at Lüederitzbucht. The German law does not allow buildings of corrugated iron except as sheds or working premises; therefore these colonial towns present a more spick-and-span appearance than the monstrosities in tin which elsewhere are familiar eyesores. I pick my way across what I presume is the main thoroughfare of the town. Sand is the feature, and walking unpleasant; through the principal streets—and there are few of them—trolley lines are laid, though these are only for the conveyance of merchandise—not, as at Beira, for personal use. I think they could copy with advantage the private trolley-cars of Beira. This is the business quarter, and it is 2 p.m. The street is practically deserted, for most people are enjoying their dinner, which is usually partaken of in the middle of the day, followed by a siesta. On the doorsteps of general trading shops darky girls sit guarding the treasures.

LÜEDERITZBUCHT SHOPS.

Hotel Europ Hof looks clean and habitable. I also pass the Hotel Rosemann; but am told Kapp's Hotel is considered the best. It has a peculiar entrance, giving one the idea that the original house has had many additions, including a long line of rooms at the back which form anything but an artistic prospect. The streets, as in most of the towns here, are named after German celebrities. Houses are distinctly of a better style of archi-

tecture than is seen in most places so far away from the motherland.

The few people who are in the streets are well dressed, and have a prosperous air, children playing in the sand being red-cheeked and healthy. Rumour has it that Lüederitzbucht is free from fever, and that there is very little illness of any kind. But the great drawbacks are lack of water and the absence of trees and gardens. The people take infinite pains to produce something green, bringing up the soil from Cape Town, but either the atmosphere or the condensed sea-water fails to nourish them, and they soon die.

Considering that this diamond town only woke from lethargic sleep in 1908, when gems were discovered, it certainly has no

LÜEDERITZBUCHT.

reason to be ashamed. The handsome stone church perched on the hill possesses fine stained-glass windows. One was given by the Empress, and represents H.I.M. the Emperor ; besides this there are two other churches and a couple of schools. One notices a solidly built post office, from which a dark blue flag waves, informing the inhabitants that a mail boat is about to depart.

When the post is in-coming a red flag floats, telling people to come and open their letter boxes. As yet there are no letter carriers. The Bank of Africa adds beauty to the scene, as do also the offices of the Colmanskop Diamond Mining Co., Ltd., and the Town Hall—all pleasing from an architectural point of view.

The Mayor, Herr Kreplin, whose position is an honorary one, has contributed a great deal of benevolent work to this head-quarters of diamond land. The tall spires of that marvellous

achievement the wireless telegraph keep the people in close touch with the news of the world. German South-west Africa has a splendidly organized system of telephones, which make it possible to talk with people in all parts of the country.

As far as residences may be catalogued, Mr. Henning's, Mr. Müller's, the British Consul's, and Mayor Kreplin's are the best. Mr. Henning's abode was certainly a revelation to me; I had no idea, from what I had previously heard of Lüederitzbucht ("it

THE CATHEDRAL, AND MR. HENNING'S HOUSE.

was only a sandbank"), that such a home existed. When I called I was shown into a spacious hall, with cosy corner, and everything thought out for comfort, substantiality, and taste. The rooms were equally good. Mrs. Henning appeared, and genially showed me over her domain.

A telephone certainly did not look as if one lived in the wilds, nor a spacious and luxurious bathroom with blue and white tiles, including a porcelain tub and shower. But, alas! my hostess told me that the water for cooking purposes and bathing was

condensed from the sea. It is held in reservoir tanks on the top of Diamond Hill and laid on to the houses; for one tank of a cubic metre capacity 16s. is charged. One may well talk of the luxury of a bath!

I am not going into the interior of German South-west Africa from this port, but shall proceed to Windhuk, the capital, from Swakopmund. I was much interested in looking at some photographs of farming in the hinterland. Certain farms at Gibeon had

PRINCIPAL STREET, LÜEDERITZBUCHT.

wonderful tobacco plantations and vineyards. These farms range from 10,000 to 15,000 hectares. The splendid place of Baron von Wolf had multitudes of sheep grazing upon it, and some fine views of the Great Fish River were seen. Herr Carl Woermann's farm is considered one of the best in the country.

The train goes about 300 miles from here to Keetmanshoop, and continues its way to Windhuk. After tea Mrs. Henning and I climbed up to Diamond Hill and obtained a fine view of the land. Below a blue bay spreads, surrounded by a wreath of arid grey

rocks, and marvellous swirls of sand-dunes created by the wind, which is renowned here. The sand and rock resemble a sea, and geologists think that centuries ago this land must have been the bottom of a great ocean or river bed. Back of the town are the Recreation Grounds and the race track of Boerenkamp.

Lüederitzbucht is not to be outdone by other towns, and has its race meetings on holidays, but as yet there is no theatre. From the hill the entire panorama showed distinctly, including Shark Island, on which is erected a large hospital. Returning to *Frieda* I found her smaller sister had arrived, the *Linda*, another coaster. The ship seems mine, as the Captain is dining out on the *Linda* and I am at present the only passenger. The first officer and I have dinner, after which, alone on deck with "Imp," I enjoy an enchanting sunset, which throws pink and lilac cloaks over the rocks and sands; then, as if not satisfied with its effects, covers them with golden mantles and contentedly seeks an amber rest.

On the fo'castle negroes play the Merry Widow Waltz, and as the music floats to me how many pictures it brings of enjoyable dances! I arrive at the conclusion that it is not at all bad to have the first-class deck to oneself—one can at least think one's own thoughts instead of listening wearily to uninteresting theories, or enduring the terrible ennui which some people impose on good-nature by insisting on reciting uninteresting adventures of their entire family, whom you don't know and never want to.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Colmanskop Diamond Fields

AT seven o'clock precisely I was ready on the entrance jetty to make my long-anticipated visit to the diamond fields. I never mind how inconvenient the hour is if the result is worth it. This experience certainly was. In a few moments six horses with a light two-seated carriage dashed round the corner, accompanied by three dogs. Seated inside were Mayor Kreplin and H.M. Consul Mr. Müller. It was an imposing sight. The six horses, with their driver cracking his whip, carried one's thoughts back to coaching and pioneering days. I climbed up and took my place on the back seat beside Consul Müller. It was a heavenly day—not a cloud in a pellucid sky; the cool morning breeze off the sea, miles of rock and sand-dunes producing an exhilarating effect. The driver sounded his lash again, the horses plunged, and off we dashed.

OUR CARRIAGE FOR COLMANSKOP.

Town is soon left behind, and we sweep over the sand and invade a world of mountain, hill, and dale composed of disintegrated pulverized rock. As far as the eye can reach this arid desert sweeps away to the horizon, now looming high in distant frowning mountains, and again subsiding into soft valleys filled with finest sand. The idea came to me how terrible it would be to lose oneself on this apparently limitless stretch, and I was told that years ago, during the war, an officer and a private carrying valuable papers and a bag of gold for the payment of the soldiers *were* lost, nothing

ever being heard of them. Naturally at the time everyone talked of the disappearance—it was a nine days' wonder and then dropped. Last year men digging in a sand-dune found the remains of these two men, the money and letters lying in the bag by the officer's bones. Previous to his death he had, like Captain Scott, written of the manner in which death had claimed him—starvation, thirst, and weariness!

Not a green thing lives on the granulated surface, but there are many queer rock plants dry as cinders in various shades, similar in colour to the soil. More than twenty varieties of these plants abound, and how they live without a drop of water should prove an interesting study for botanists. The one I noticed principally was called Bushman's Candle. It constituted a yellowish brown substance, and tiny pink flowers bloomed on thick stem-like branches. If you light it the odour resembles that of incense; burning well for some time.

AT THE DIAMOND MINES.

I ask about a high ridge which we are approaching as our carriage jolts over rocks and then descends suddenly into deep holes; for the road, if it can so be called, is most dangerous. Seldom a woman comes here, and the men ride. The ridge was named Colmanskop, and the rich Diamond Company have retained it. Colman was a transporter in the old days; his wagon broke down, obliging him to remain, so he lived on the ridge for some time. Another local celebrity is a trader named Ratford, who claims to be the oldest inhabitant of the coast. He took up his abode in 1860.

"Do you know that now you are driving over diamonds?" smilingly asked Herr Kreplin; and he went on to explain that we had entered the confines of the Colmanskop Diamond property, which comprises over 4000 hectares of soil. Looking across this vast desert, which one would at once put down as waste land, no

one could believe that under the surface there are conjecturally some 800,000 carats of diamonds! A black boy who had worked at Kimberley told a Pole he believed those pebbles to be diamonds. This man brought the stones to Mr. Staunch, who was the first man who actually discovered the gems, and at once pronounced them the real thing. Immediately he and Herr Kreplin began planning out and organizing what to-day is a great industry, employing 520 natives and 46 white people on this property alone. There are several other companies equally prosperous.

I write of the Colmanskop as it is the only one I have seen. Naturally, in 1908, when the outside world obtained an inkling that diamonds were literally to be picked up off the gravel, there followed a great rush to Lüederitzbucht, and a boom set in. In those days they used to pay for their drinks with small diamonds. We are told that in heaven the streets are paved with gold, but certainly this part of the world is going one better—acres strewn with diamonds are beyond the dreams of avarice!

I am indebted to Consul Müller for the following information regarding the supposed genesis of the stones:

The origin of the German South-West African diamond is still shrouded in mystery. There seems to be little doubt that they originated in a "pipe" or "pipes," and that their present distribution is due to the action of wind and water. It has been found that, spreading along the coastline as the fields are, from the 28th degree to the 24th degree south, there are gaps in the chain, which would point to diverse centres of distribution. Some geologists hold that the diamonds were washed down the beds of rivers which, though they no longer run, undoubtedly at one time carried large volumes of water to the sea. Diamonds, according to this theory, were deposited in the river silt and rubble which formed secondary deposits, from which in course of time the diamond-bearing gravel was concentrated and distributed by the mechanical action of wind and weather.

Another theory is that the "pipes" from which the diamonds come were on the site of the present distributing centres or in the sea. The distribution was carried on by the agency of the current which flows up the coast. Secondary deposits were formed below the sea-level which subsequently came to the surface, whereupon the formations weathered and the gravel, concentrated by the winds, was distributed still further. There is no doubt

whatever that both wind and water have played a part in the distribution of diamonds. A trace of the Kimberley formation in the Pomona territory, where the larger diamonds are found, would point to the presence of a " pipe " there. It remains to be seen whether such a " pipe " will be discovered, or whether it has been emptied of its contents. Further inland there are a number of blind " pipes," in which no diamonds have been found up to date.

The diamonds were discovered in 1908. In that year 39,375 carats, valued at 51,180 marks, were exported. In 1909 the exports were 483,268 carats, valued at 15,435,522 marks. In 1911 the output was approximately 753,300 carats, valued at 23,200,000 marks.

These sandbanks and rocks continue for eighty miles or more inland, until agricultural life begins ; but we have no interest in that just at present. A sudden extra lurch, the wheels right themselves, the dogs bark, and we have arrived. Descending from the carriage we wade through gravel and fine sand to a long, deep ditch. Here about 150 boys are shovelling the soil and strata into round sieve receivers three metres in length. At the other end of the sieve two of them turn an iron handle, revolving the receiver. The fine loose sand filters through, leaving pebbles and other substances. This gravel is retained and placed in wooden trays, which are carried up to the machines. There is also a hard stratum running through the soil resembling dry cement ; this too is full of diamonds, tiny rubies, and large garnets. These latter are not used, as they are rather soft and too small to be profitable in working, but they shine and look pretty amidst the other pebbles.

The hard stratum has to be first broken up by a ball mill, and then goes through a classifying process. We walked up to the new machines, which are situated on mounds of tailings, and are enclosed by corrugated iron sheds. The gravel is now at the power station, where 22 h.p. oil motors, three of them in this shed, pump up the water. Water is rather expensive, as it is brought from Elizabeth Bay to this property, and stored in tanks, whence it is conducted through iron tubes to the washing sheds, 200 gallons costing 4s. 6d. ; but it is used over and over again, as after running through the gravel the sand filters and cleanses it.

Now, by the process of compressed air and water, the gravel passes down funnels into pulsators, worked by air pressure in running water, to large vats with sieve bottoms. Several times the gravel is

washed through and treated in this manner, then finally stacked to await inspection. The different bins of washed gravel are classified into first quality and second. There are two rows of the vats being continually washed and strained. Herr Schiechel was the discoverer of this process for working gravel, and Herr Kreplin has perfected a patent which has been working a few months with great success.

America profits from the oil which is used by the motors, for 250 cases are required each month, these costing at this distance 8s. 6d. each. I noticed lamps hanging in the different departments, and was told that the work proceeds day and night. The sorting-rooms were to me the most interesting. I stood on one side of a long line of tables, while the natives brought in basins full of the gravel and water. As the solution slopped about it reminded one of diamond soup or gem pudding! Now, strained through a fine brass sieve, it is brought to the sorting-tables, and turned bottom side up, leaving a sort of round cake.

THE MAYOR, HERR KREPLIN; AND H.M. CONSUL, MR. MÜLLER.

An expert comes in; he has a small pair of pincers, and from the centre of the wet gravel he proceeds to pick out the diamonds, which are small and used mostly as settings for larger stones. These are deposited in round brass boxes, which are padlocked. There is an opening on the top of the box, through which the diamond is placed; a patent closer, and by no amount of shaking will a stone escape from the box.

In the distance these vats of wet pebbles look very much like Astrakhan caviare, but as you look closely into them they are beautiful with iridescent colours. It seemed quite a pity that all

the tiny garnets and rubies are thrown away in the tailings, being too inconsiderable to work. The diamonds vary in size, but the average is two or three carats, the largest diamond found here weighing five carats. At Pomona, to the south of these mines, and far richer, one stone has been found that tipped the scales at seventeen carats. The stones are of a fine brilliant colour, and glitter even in the rough, while those of Kimberley are much more opaque. These vary in tint—black, pink, green, yellow, and brown having been found. They are sent to Germany for cutting, and although found in practical shapes fifteen per cent. is lost in the cutting.

I next investigated the counting-house, where from the safe they brought out a tin box. This receptacle was divided into four compartments in which were thousands of diamonds glittering like imprisoned rainbows. I put my hand in and let the stones fall through my fingers. They were indeed beautiful; and the thought came to me, Who are destined to adorn themselves with these bits of carbon that have lain for centuries in a river or river bed? Perhaps the fair white hand of a princess will carry them; they may encircle the throat of a beautiful actress; or find their way into a home where there had been constant saving to purchase some long-coveted ring for its mistress. In the United States it is the ambition of nearly every shop-girl to possess a diamond of some sort, and they will deprive themselves of many necessities in order to satisfy this cherished desire. It would be interesting if these little stones could write their experiences as they pass on through the different vicissitudes of their life!

This box contained the pickings of a week except to-day's, Saturday's, findings, and the contents were valued at £3500. Every Saturday the diamonds are taken to the Company's offices at Lüederitzbucht and guarded in their safes until exported to Europe. The scales for weighing the diamonds were interesting, the smallest weights being so minute that they were placed under glass to keep the tiny gold-leaf bits from blowing away.

The Colmanskop Diamond Mining Company, Ltd., was organized four years ago with a capital of £125,000 in £1 shares. These shares are now quoted at £2. Last year the shareholders received thirty per cent. on their investment. During the short period in which the Company has been established 152 per cent. in dividends has been paid.

We drove to different points of the property where other gangs of workmen were engaged, and the process of extracting diamonds was continued on the same lines. The terrible winds which prevail in this part of the country shift the sands continually. Mr. Müller suggested that Boreas was the best worker the Company possessed, as he was constantly changing the lie of the land, and exposing rich alluvial soil which had been hidden for centuries.

Herr Kreplin wished me to see the men's quarters, and also the natives'. These natives of Ovambo, a large territory which lies

DIAMOND-WASHING MACHINES.

to the north, are well paid and carefully looked after. They earn from 20s. to 25s. a month, and are housed in clean tin buildings. Everything is provided, and they have their own cooks and dining-rooms. Half a pound of meat is allowed to each per day, and as much other food-cereals and mealies as they wish ; Kaffir beer, of which they are very fond, is also brewed for them. They enjoy better rations here than in their own land. When they arrive they are very thin, but are in much better condition on their return.

A hospital is provided for the sick. I entered and found the floors were of clean boards, along the sides being a row of small

iron beds and benches. There were perhaps ten or fifteen invalids stretched out and rolled up in a profusion of blankets. Most of them were suffering with cold or stomach trouble, and two or three had pneumonia. A man-nurse or doctor is resident on the premises, and twice a week the "Great Doctor" comes out from town. The natives work from nine to ten hours a day, and their contract with the mines is for six months; afterwards they return for a holiday in their own country, their fare back and forth being paid by the Company.

Herr Kreplin told me that at Pomona, when diamonds were first discovered, in one day forty men picked up over a thousand diamonds. There the stones are somewhat larger and more plentiful. They had lain for ages on the surface of the soil, and had been constantly trodden over, no one suspecting their value.

The white men on this mine receive £15 to £20 a month. I also had a look at their quarters; they have their kitchens and all is provided for them.

Herr Kreplin is the soul of hospitality, and has some rooms set apart for the Directors' use. Here we adjourned, and enjoyed a well-cooked and nicely served meal; after which the visitors' book was shown us. It contained the signatures of Royalty and many other distinguished names. The drive back was unique and delightful. The six horses, having had a long rest, jostled us over the rough way in quick time. The dogs had kept with us, and must have been tired; however, they raced back dauntlessly.

I called to say adieu to Frau Kreplin, and admired her charming home; also some fine water-colours of the desert where the diamonds lie. There was a most interesting picture of Lüederitzbucht in its infant days. These were all the work of Herr Ericsson, whose art I have a distinct liking for, as he gets the sweep of the country admirably. I next paid a visit to our Consul, Mr. Müller, and enjoyed a chat. It was a feeling of comfort to be once more on English ground. He very kindly saw me off to the launch; and now *Frieda* is rolling again, this time towards Swakopmund.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Arrival at Swakopmund

UPON calling at the Woermann office at Swakopmund I was disagreeably surprised to learn that the s.s. *Edward Woermann*, which I was supposed to board, had sailed north, in consequence of the copper cargo not being ready. To my mind *Edward* has behaved very unkindly in leaving me behind on the sands of Swakopmund. The members of the Woermann family whom I know appear at least impulsive. For instance, *Adolph* arrived two days late, though he was certainly perfect afterwards; *Frieda* proved to be a frolicsome baby; and now *Edward* had run away. The clerk politely informs me that there is no steamer sailing along the West Coast for at least three weeks or a month, though there should be a ship every fortnight. To me the circumstance is trying.

KAISERHOF HOTEL.

In the first place, it is spring in my own country, and I shall not see the beautiful early flowers in my Hampstead garden, where multitudes of bulbs were planted. After travelling many months I wish to get home, and as there are yet many places on the West Coast I must visit I regret to waste a moment of valuable time. Oh, "Imp of Travel," why have you not arranged better for your devoted follower? Patience I must cultivate; there is nothing to do but wait, and Swakopmund boasts few attractions. I can, however, travel to Windhuk and pass some time seeing the interior.

My next ship will be the *Steiermark*, 8000 tons, a brand-new cargo-boat of the Hamburg-Amerika Linie, this being her first trip. She has arrived in the roadstead, and is already discharging cargo, after which she calls at Lüederitzbucht, and returns, expecting to sail somewhere about the first of April.

In the office I asked all sorts of questions regarding my next floating home, because this ship has no accommodation for passengers, and they told me I should be the only voyager. This did not appeal to me. How dull and unpleasant it will be, I picture introspectively. A long voyage in the tropics with only the captain to speak to; and he cannot devote much time personally, as the management of the ship requires his attention.

It came to my mind to ask what kind of man this captain was, for if he possessed a bearish temperament, and I had to sit at his table for weeks, I should indeed be miserable. The man whom I had been questioning was short and broadly built. He was perhaps fifty years of age, with bronzed, pleasant face, and wearing a brown beard. At the moment he was sorting some papers with his back towards me; he turned round, an odd whimsical twinkle in his eyes. "The captain of the *Steiermark?* Oh, yes; he is a very nice fellow indeed—I am he." For an instant I was spell-bound with amazement; then everyone in the office, myself included, burst into laughter. The ice was, however, broken, and I made the acquaintance of my next sailor-host.

CHAPTER XXXV

Walfish Bay

WHEN I said adieu to *Frieda Woermann* I concluded that our acquaintance was at an end. If *Frieda* had stopped at Walfish Bay—which she might just as well have done, as it is only eighteen miles from Swakopmund, and we passed it coming up

FOOTPRINTS ON THE "SANDS OF TIME," WALFISH BAY.

the coast—I should have saved £2 10s.; but *Frieda* has never been considerate. I have always cherished a great desire to see Walfish Bay—our territory, which is situated on the front doorstep, so to speak, of Swakopmund. Politically speaking, this is a most important spot ; for a more trifling cause than this out-of-the-way

place, Walfish Bay, a bone of contention in past history, wars have been declared. It is natural that Germany looks upon this possession of ours with envious eyes, although, to speak truthfully, it is the most depressing and uninviting site I have ever seen.

It has a great treasure though, a good harbour, consisting of a huge open bay, with one long encircling arm of land leading to Pelican Point, five miles distant. Consequently, the waters are protected, and cargoes can be landed conveniently; while Swakopmund is an open roadstead with dangerous surf, which rises suddenly, and causes embarking and disembarking to be viewed with some apprehension. Sometimes the sea runs so high that ships must absolutely wait until the waves subside before they can land either passengers or cargo.

The afternoon of a clear, brilliant day saw me once again on the *Frieda*, where I was warmly welcomed by Captain Wolf and the hound "Loup." Some German friends were with me; I was not nearly so lonely as when I first boarded the then to me unknown steamer. It is best to visit Walfish Bay by sea. Otherwise you must take a cart and drive for about four hours through the heat and sand. It is a rainless coast, with frequent dense sea fogs as wet as Scotch mists. The charge is £4 to conduct you there and back.

By the way, Walfish Bay distinguishes itself in the frequent tying of nuptial knots. To be married in Swakopmund by the Church or State without every paper of yourself and bride, verified since birth, is complicated. Many Germans who have settled in the Colony cannot produce these necessary documents, therefore they proceed to Walfish Bay, and are married without difficulty for £5. But this law should be modified, or the marriages made absolute. In several instances the man has tired of his spouse and informed her that their union was illegal. Consequently, he became a free man. I hear there is no redress recognized on behalf of the wife.

It was extremely pleasant chatting on deck and watching the long embankment of yellow sand which was being set on fire by a vividly crimson sunset. Several dark red buildings loom up from the shore—these are the whale fisheries. This industry started only last year, with machinery for extracting oil from the blubber. The bones are crushed and exported for fertilizing purposes. Although working only part of the year,

£40,000 worth of oil, local value, was obtained from some 700 whales. The company employ over 220 people, many of whom are Swedes and Norwegians. Rumour says that on account of their intemperate habits and rough manners they are decidedly undesirable inhabitants.

The whole bay swarms with fish, and as we lowered the anchor last night a small boat came alongside with hundreds of sole, eels, grey mullet, and white fish. A lot was purchased, some of which we had for dinner; the soles were quite as good as ours in home waters. Looking through one's glass towards Pelican Point, the long length of shore was white, as if the surf were beating its sands. The Captain told us, "No, that's rows and rows of pelicans and flamingoes—you find them here in thousands." It certainly was a wonderful sight.

THE RESIDENT'S HOUSE WITH BRITISH FLAG.

After dinner we sat together admiring the lovely night. The sky possessed many attractions—a full moon, silvery-tinted clouds, Venus, which in this latitude is resplendent, and that much-overrated constellation the Southern Cross. Everyone has read since childhood's days of the luminous Southern Cross; especially are its glories depicted in sensational romance, but I fancy that the writers have never themselves beheld that renowned galaxy of stars, and in their imagination they paint it in too flattering terms.

"Of course, by rights we should own this bay," asserted a German, removing his cap and settling his head comfortably back on a steamer chair.

"It would be very easy to take it," announced another man. "Send a cruiser down, and we should have no difficulty," he continued blandly.

"Yes," said I, "but we should soon have one or two cruisers up from Cape Town. What would happen then?"

"Oh! we should take your cruisers also," bumptiously exclaimed the first speaker.

"I am not at all sure of that; and you had better make absolutely certain of the fact before you try," I ventured cautiously.

"Splendid place this bay would prove for a big naval battle—Trafalgar would be nothing to it."

Then the first man assured me that the whole conversation was a joke, to see what I would respond. I had taken the subject too seriously.

He went on to say that the German Emperor above all things desired peace. He pointed to the Hinterland.

"Over there," he declared, "we have more territory than we know what to do with, and it's the same in German East Africa. What we want is peace, and time to develop the possessions we already have. Our commerce is enlarging to a tremendous extent; from being poor we are becoming through our lengthy period of peace wealthy—not as yet to the same extent as you English, but, you see, you started first in Colonial expansion, and being a strategist in the field have secured the plums."

"Don't be jealous of us," I warned him. "You were too busy with your Franco-German war, and had no time to pick up colonies."

Whereupon we laughed and agreed to banish politics for the present. As we looked across the bay to those eight "tin" and wooden houses clustered upon the arid sand, minus a tree or shrub, and with only one or two tiny lights, I thought it could not be regarded as a *bonne bouche* for any nation.

Memory brought to me this incident. About five years ago, at an English seaside resort, I met a lady whose chief bogey in life was the dread of invasion by the Germans. She dreamed of it, lived on it, breathed it. It had become the one subject upon which her brain focussed. I recall how she confided to me that she would not buy a new carpet for her dining-room, being positive the Germans might arrive any day. I have often laughed thinking of that lady and her haunting dread. Mentally I pictured the state that ragged carpet must have arrived at if she still retains the same views!

The next morning the sun shone in splendour, lighting up Walfish Bay, bringing out the delicious pink of the flamingoes, who had apparently not retired, but had kept their positions all night

—guardians of Point Pelican. Breakfast was not announced, and I went forward, for the workings of a ship and the cargo always form an interesting diversion. Here I found a good-sized trawler full of fish, the crew mostly Portuguese, a ruffianly-looking lot. I saw a bottle of gin drained by two men who were busily taking enormous fish out of wooden bins and landing them into baskets. These were being sorted and deposited in the hold of our ship.

RESIDENT'S HOUSE AND HOTTENTOT CHURCH.

I asked the captain, who was also overlooking the transference of the fish, what would be their destination, and he replied:

"These fish, some of which are forty inches or so in length, are salted, and find favour in Cape Town. Some are sent up-country, but the greater part are shipped to Mauritius."

To me the idea of sending salted fish, which are called "snoek," to an island where there must be quantities of fresh fish seemed absurd. They resemble large mackerel, with tough, shining skins. There must be a great demand for them, because all day different

boats arrived, and a heavy cargo was shifted to our steamer, which in a couple of days sails for Cape Town.

We went ashore and walked along a wooden jetty. In front of us was a stretch of sand yellowish in colour, sweeping on for miles, forming a low flat margin. Behind arose the dunes, a tangled background. The only bit of brightness on the dull, uninteresting stretch was the dear old Union Jack, which, although it has dominated many queer places, I doubt if it has ever done duty over more dismal surroundings! A row of ugly corrugated-iron and wooden houses look as if the tides had washed them up as derelicts. They were not sure of their power of standing. A drab church of most primitive construction has a central position amongst the shanties. It is presided over by the Rev. Mr. Schaible, a German of the Lutheran faith, whose work amidst the terrible Hottentots forms the saving grace among the native population.

The white inhabitants of this village, including the children, number forty-five, the Hottentots about 650; and our possessions here, the Walfish Bay Territory, comprise approximately 450 square miles. There is a Resident Magistrate, who does his best for the settlement, and it must require great patience and tact to keep these aborigines even to a semblance of order, for they are about the most degraded of all our peoples. These Hottentots have hideous faces, to my mind more repulsive than many of the lepers at Robben Island. In stature they are short, their colour is brown, their features distorted, and with their high cheek bones and narrow, small, slanting eyes are very similar in looks to the worst type of Chinaman.

Some writers declare that the Hottentots have always been a weak race, driven hither and thither by the conqueror; but I have heard that these natives made a stronghold which caused the Germans much difficulty to vanquish during the war of 1903. This war was started by the Herero tribes, and cost the Government some twenty millions sterling before it was ended. Their villages are about two miles inland among the sand hills. The villagers live in tiny round huts, covered with rags, sacks, or anything they can find. These are called "Pontocks." They are an extremely dirty race, given to all vices. Many of them suffer from consumption; they drink tremendously—gin, rum, or anything that comes their way. I was told by an authority

AN AGED HOTTENTOT.

that on a Sunday morning the church was full of drunken Hottentots.

Can one picture the depraved assemblage with their hideous faces in a building of worship dedicated to the Omnipotent Being? The restraining influence of the Rev. Mr. Schaible and the Resident has reformed them to the extent that they are now mostly sober when they attend church! What with the drunken Hottentots and the ruffianism of those engaged in the whaling industry the gaols are frequently filled to overflowing. This is a well-known fact to all who live in the vicinity, even the governing people in authority acknowledging this condition of affairs.

THE CHURCH OF THE DRUNKEN HOTTENTOTS.

Walfish Bay does not make an Englishman proud of this atom of British territory. It could be easily made respectable and decent if the Government would not allow the sale nor landing of spirits. It is a duty-free port, and with the abolition of this, and severe punishment when drunkenness was encountered, this blot on a sunshiny country might without much difficulty be relegated to ancient history. As it exists now, these Hottentots ask and have a permit granted them once every two weeks. If they have money they get uproariously intoxicated. I asked, "Do they do any damage?" The thought occurred to me that in moments like that they might set the encampment on fire. I was answered, "Oh, no, they only fight amongst themselves." How magnanimous of them!

On the other hand, although I am grieved to see the contrast, at Swakopmund and Lüederitzbucht there is no drunken-

ness among the natives. The Hereros, Ovambos, Bushmen, Bastards, Hottentots, and Bechuanas do not—because, even if they wished, they cannot obtain strong drink. If anyone is caught selling intoxicants to a native he is severely punished. If there is a second occurrence he is exiled for life from the country. Consequently, on account of these laws, the undesirable native goes to Walfish Bay, where the English allow him to imbibe as long as his money lasts. This certainly should be stopped.

In German South-West Africa every native who has worked must produce a brass ticket, upon which is his number. When he is re-employed his master has only to refer to an official book and his record is known—which certainly is a sensible plan.

I forgot to state that the women follow their lords' example, faithfully tippling with them! The Hottentot is a lazy creature, only about half of them deigning to work. The harvest of fish from a prolific bay supplies them with practically half of the food they require, and the remainder is made up of the narra plant.

The Narra Plant

Little has been written on this interesting plant, which could be utilized by Europeans in many ways. Its botanical name is Acanthoscyus horrida Welw, and it belongs to the family of Cuourbitacca. Externally, however, there is a great difference between this plant and others of the gourd species. The narra has no leaves, and covers in thick hedges the sides and summits of the sand-dunes in the arid territory of Walfish Bay. Its green tendrils are thickly interlaced with sharp thorns at short intervals. Arranged in pairs, they serve as an excellent protection against browsing animals. The root of this plant is as thick as a man's arm, often measuring fifteen metres long, going right down below the dunes into the damp ground. It has a wonderfully quick growth, and so withstands the wind, which can never for long cover up a narra plant with sand. Ever once again the plant rises victoriously on top of the dune.

The blossoms have five petals, and are remarkable for their regularity, by which they stand apart from the other Cuourbitacca. The narra blooms chiefly in October, and some of the fruit ripens about Christmas time, lasting until May. The fruit is bigger than a croquet ball, and

weighs very often over three pounds. When it is ripe, the narra, like the orange, can easily be divided into ten d'visions, which contain a great many seeds. Lord Kitchener has sent here for the seeds to experiment with in the desert of Egypt. The unripe fruit is very bitter, but the cream-coloured ripe fruit, with its sweet-sour taste, is so good that even carnivorous animals such as the jackal like to devour it. The sweetness of the narra is of great value on account of its high percentage of sugar. It is

WALFISH BAY LANDING PIER.

highly nutritious, and is therefore the chief article of food in the diet of the natives.

The Hottentot only works when hunger compels him. As the narra lasts the whole year his existence to his own mind is fairly happy. The narra fields stretch east as far as Hudand, 150,000 metres inland, most of which is in German territory. The real narra time lasts about five months, and begins about Christmas. Then the natives, young and old, with all their goods and chattels, migrate to the fields; they carry long sticks,

with which they knock on each narra, and in this manner tell how ripe the melon-like fruit has become. When more narras are ripe than they can possibly eat, the remainder are boiled without the outer peel. When the mash is brownish it is poured through a small basket or a perforated paraffin tin on to the white sand; here it is left to dry in the hot sun. It forms a flat, leathery substance, which, rolled up, is stored away for the winter's use. The taste, they tell me, is not bad, only one must get accustomed to it.

The seeds of the narra can be separately dried; they are about the size of a single monkey-nut, and you crack the shell and eat them. They have a peculiar flavour which I did not care for. The Hottentot women sit on the sand munching these nuts all day long. These seeds, called "Butterpits," are also sold to the merchants at the Cape. Often they are pounded into meal from which cakes and sweets are made. The native boy grinds the seed between two stones, shell and all, then boils up the meal, thus getting with water a nutritious soup. It also has another use. For two days the fruit is laid out in the sun. When very ripe the juice is pressed out; then boiled into a syrup, and largely used in the making of sugar beer. One more facility it has. The root figures in all medicinal remedies for Hottentots. Therefore this wonderful plant fulfils numerous missions. If it were better known to the world at large it might become a priceless article.

GAMBLING HOTTENTOTS.

Another plant grows on this strange shore. It is found in no other part of the world; many botanists journey here expressly to become familiar with it. The name is Welwitschia—a plant

belonging to the order Gnetaceæ. It has linear leaves, often over six feet in length, with cymes of small scarlet cones, within the scales of which solitary flowers are contained.

We next walked to a bend in the beach where natives were fishing. The contents of one net as it was pulled in included a ground shark two and a half yards long, also sea-hare. This fish has a mouth like its namesake, with large, protruding, hanging-down lips. There were some thorn-fish, small specimens, with a tiny saw-edged thorn sticking out from each side fin. Steenbrass were numerous. Hundreds of pounds of fish are caught in a few hours. About this bend the dead fish lying along the soft sands formed a kind of silvery wreath to the lapping waves. At certain periods of the year the catch of soles is so tremendously heavy that they cannot pull the nets in. Natives cure many of them for future use.

We returned to the ship for luncheon. In the launch the distance seems to be about three miles. Most appropriately the captain had ordered several kinds of fish to be prepared, which we thoroughly enjoyed.

Coming back late in the afternoon, we arrived off Swakopmund. The sea went absolutely mad. In the distance the breakers were churning heights of tangled spray dashing pearls upon the sands. A lighter is alongside, rising with the tossing waves to great heights, then subsiding into a valley of angry water. I got into the wooden two-seated car or chair—either name would describe the contrivance. Flop! flop! flop! sounds the lighter as it beats against the side of *Fricda*, while the sea water surges over me. I am jerked up, poised for an instant, and flung into the pitching lighter with an absolute crash. But one does not think of the bump as long as one has landed inside. I hear that rarely an accident happens, although at times one's hair could justify tradition and stand absolutely on end!

CHAPTER XXXVI

En Route to Windhuk

ON Good Friday morning I was awakened at five to start my journey to Windhuk, the capital of German South-West Africa, which lies some 390 kilometres direct inland from Swakopmund. The train leaves at 6.50, the fare being 48s. All baggage must be paid for extra. They do not issue return tickets, for what reason I know not. This is the express train, which runs twice a week and lands you at Windhuk in thirteen hours. By ordinary trains the journey extends to about thirty-six hours.

These trains are not at all pretentious, consisting only of the locomotive, a couple of baggage cars, and two carriages, the front car partitioned off for first and second class passengers, the other for third class. It is a narrow-gauge track, and the line belongs to the Copper Company. The seats are upholstered in leather, there being small racks for hand baggage; as the excess charge is rather high, one and all try to cram as many things as possible into their carriages. They do not use sufficient of these for comfort; accommodation is just the limited seat for a passenger, and one does not look forward with pleasure to a long day packed like sardines. Besides, it is a very hot and dusty journey. Certainly the "train de luxe" must be unknown in this country. One advantage, it is a beautiful day; the sun looks down from an azure sky, and soft cumulus clouds float about, assuming the shapes of fantastic fairy islands and lagoons.

We proceed across flat, grey, barren desert, without even rocks to add a picturesque touch to the monotonous sands. Once or twice a tin shanty breaks the clear line of the horizon; in these the Government dynamite is kept—an appropriate place for it. Along this entire track, for miles on each side of the line, there is a steady trail of broken bottles. Anyone can realize this is a thirsty country! Occasionally a small collection of sun-bleached bones is passed, where cattle have died of thirst. These on the long march from up-country mark the spot.

In the carriage with me some men were talking of an affair which happened during the previous week. A farmer sent forty cattle down to Swakopmund in charge of a couple of Kaffirs; they mistook the "pat" or way, and the unfortunate animals were kept on the march several days longer than necessary. When they were finally driven into Swakopmund they saw the sea and stampeded for it. Being mad with thirst, they drank quantities of salt water, and every one died.

If German South-West Africa had more rain it might become a veritable Eldorado with its rich untilled soil, its mines and perfect climate. Unfortunately, like nearly the whole of Africa, there is not sufficient rain.

STREET SCENE, WINDHUK.

News comes from the interior that this year will be a bad one for farmers. It is most disheartening for them, who after all are the main support of the country. Most curious plants raise themselves and struggle to live in this arid waste. They look like ghosts of others, as if their former existence had been wicked and their reincarnation took this form, and they were condemned to live without moisture to parch their everlasting thirst! Some resemble old dead bushes; others wear a faded grey colour, in keeping with the sands; yet Nature has not forgotten even the meanest of her subjects, for these ugly ducklings of the plant family each have a tiny bloom which glows on the parent stem.

Native villages reel past, and Ebony is reached, the station consisting of one tiny house. Whoever lives here has tried to produce a little greenery. Wild tobacco plants have been reared in paraffin tins, and a few stunted aloe trees strive to repay by fitful shade the precious water which is daily given to them. Empty bottles inserted in the sand lay out in designs a tiny garden. Close by about fifty "Pontocks" are grouped together. This is a Herero settlement, and the huts, or "Pontocks," are

built of bent wood sticks. In construction they are rather like a wicker bird-cage ; clay is plastered on to retain the shape, after which bits of tin, rags, and other odd pieces are tied and nailed to the construction, forming the circular home.

I should fancy they would be very hot and stuffy in summer, also cold in winter ; so it is not to be wondered at that many of the people die of typhoid and consumption. Their cooking-pots usually lean against the outside of the hut, while a common kitchen is often shared by several families. You see some tin sheets placed round an open fire, and the iron pots boiling.

Many of the Herero women gather to look at the train. They are mostly tall, with good figures, and wear long cotton skirts fully gathered around the waist, a short bodice, sleeveless, which reaches just below the breast, leaving the body exposed. Their hair is gathered on the top of the head, round which are wound cotton handkerchiefs, forming a high-standing turban. They love bright colours. On many I have noticed a canary cotton gown bordered with orange or red. Their skin is of dull black—in texture resembling velvet. The babies—all the women appeared with several toddling beside them—were quite nude. One gentleman in the train threw away a collar, and a mother put it around a baby's neck ; he looked odd with nothing on his little black body except this white battlement !

The Herero tribe, which cost the Germans the war of 1903, until 1906 had a "De Wet" amongst them, who led with clever shrewdness. He was afterwards confined in Cape Colony, and trying to escape was shot. The Hereros were the aristocrats of the country ; they owned the land and were rich in cattle, the Kaffirs being henchmen to them. These tribes, especially the Hottentots, have always given trouble from the earliest days, when the Portuguese explorers first arrived on their shores. In 1486 Bartholomew Dias, with his two small ships, landed on the coast near Cape Agulhas—the first white man to see Hottentot and Bushman tribes. He endeavoured to open an intercourse with them, but they were frightened at the ships and white visitors, and immediately disappeared into the Hinterland, driving their herds of cattle before them.

It was Dias who christened the Cape of Good Hope the Cape of Storms, since he had experienced such bad weather off the coast. Thus it remained until King John II changed the name

to the Cape of Good Hope. Ten years after Da Gama with his tiny fleet made an entry. They tried to buy cattle from the Hottentots, but were attacked; Da Gama himself and three of his men were severely wounded with the poisoned assegais. De Saldanha, another Portuguese commander, following in 1503, was the first man to climb the top of Table Mountain, to which he gave the name, but was assaulted by the Hottentots, and several of his small party beaten. So it continued through the entire history of early Cape Colonists.

The Dutch and the English had many native wars. In 1903 there was trouble with the Hottentots in the South. The acting Governor

USAKOS.

went amongst them to decide and readjust their grievances. The Hereros of the North had long been awaiting an opportunity to rebel, but feared the Governor. Later, rumour came from the Hottentots that the Governor had been killed. This was the chance for which the Hereros had been waiting. At nightfall they commenced their slaughter, and with their "kirris" (a heavy-headed stick) beat 124 farmers to death on January 13th, 1904. They even spared no women.

Now the Kaffirs are allowed to own land as a reward for their neutrality during the fierce war, but not the Hereros. The Bastards, a mixture of Boer and Hottentots, helped the Germans. The Hottentots have a reservation for themselves, and are policed by their own race.

We now pass thousands of milk bushes scattered over the desert. The plant grows more vigorously the farther we go, and some of the bushes are quite six feet in height, spreading their thick spiky shoots over a large space. On tapping these shoots a thick milky substance flows. At one time it was thought it could be utilized in the production of artificial rubber, but up to now this has not been a success. The natives cut down the prolific plant, burning it for fuel.

The Roessing Mountains show lovely colourings, and on our right the Khan, a double range, rises as blue as the far-famed Alsatians; the river which should flow at their base, sadly enough, is waterless. The train pulls up at Usakos, and we have

KARIBIB.

a wait of forty-five minutes in which to take our luncheon. This is quite a pretty town, with gardens, and the verandahs are veiled by green creepers. The station is neatly built of brick; several mountains look down upon the place, and a fine church stands out boldly. Here are situated the repairing shops for the railway, which employ many Europeans. The Director lives close by, and altogether the town has an up-to-date and flourishing air.

We go across to the Hotel Rosemann, which possesses a nice garden where oleanders and sunflowers are growing. It is a pleasure again to encounter trees and flowers after the miles of desert. Luncheon was fair, costing two and a half marks, and they served ice-cold beer on draught. On we go through a part of the country which is given over to thorn trees and scrub.

The trees must be dangerous for cattle, as huge thorns project in every direction, nevertheless I remarked a goat chewing some with evident relish, as if they were not at all bad.

Occasionally an ostrich farm is seen, and although there are a good many feather farmers in this region they have met with very little success compared with their neighbours in Cape Colony. There is such an amount of waste land that I fail to see, unless some rich mines are discovered—they are perpetually prospecting—how the country can be successful from an agriculturist's point of view. I have talked with farmers and business men who have been here some twenty years, and they say that a farmer should have at least £5000 to buy and stock a really good farm. Then if there is no rain, crops fail, what is he to feed his cattle on? Farming machinery wears out, it is expensive, and must be replaced.

For two years now the harvest has failed, the farmers naturally going through hard times. There is little real cash in the country, and traders are reluctantly compelled to give long credit, which is not profitable, many of the agriculturists mortgaging their farms to keep them going. A Boer told me that in Africa, after suffering two years of insufficient rainfall, the third year would usually bring too much; then in nine cases out of ten a locust storm arrives to eat up everything!

I remember once, about ten years ago, I was in the train, leaving Bloemfontein for Johannesburg, when a sudden cloud appeared to cover the face of the sun. Instantly flocks of long sticky locusts invaded our compartment. Naturally we had the windows closed as soon as possible, but they lay in hundreds on the floor. Looking out, the entire landscape was dark with them; they hung in clusters three or four deep on each blade of grass, eating the entire green of the locality. This army of locusts was so thick, and the engine had crushed them in such quantities, the oil of their bodies made the wheels go round and round, so we were obliged to wait quite a long time until the plague had passed. I shall never forget it—a horrible sight.

At Karibib one changes for the wide gauge of the Government Railway, the carriages being decidedly more comfortable. Okasise is situated amidst rich farm lands. It is well wooded, and gives one an interesting view of Colonial life. Perhaps we arrived on market day, for many people were about. I saw two nice-looking

young girls, real Amazons, of a splendid type. They were mounted astride, and wore grey skirts, scarlet blouses, and wide grey felt hats buttoned up on one side (*à la militaire*). By the way they handled their horses it was obvious they spent much time in the saddle. Many wagons piled with farm produce were drawn by oxen, ten pairs the usual number for one cart. Sometimes they use as many as twenty-four oxen to one wagon.

At ten minutes past eight the train drew up at Windhuk, on one of the loveliest moonlight nights imaginable.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Windhuk (The Mount of Wind), so called by the Natives

NEVER shall I forget arriving at the Hotel Rheinischer Hof, Windhuk, the capital of German South-West Africa. It was made sublime by the moon, which I had been watching from the train for an hour or so as it rose resplendent, peeped over the frowning mountain, poised its globe of silvery light on the darkest

RAILWAY STATION, WINDHUK.

peaks, and afforded a magnificent spectacle of dignified mystery. From Swakopmund I had wired to this hotel for rooms; I heard I should be rather at a loss here, because only some half a dozen people spoke English. I felt keenly anxious that the hotel would send someone to help me with my baggage.

The station was very dark, for there is no electric light as yet, and a crowd of people had gathered. In all places where there is

nothing to do one of the entertainments is to be at the station and watch the mail train come in. An aged man who sat next to me in the compartment tried to speak a few words of French. He had shared my very nice box of chocolates, which had been a parting gift from Cape Town. I also had a bottle of good white wine, which in this country one has to pay 8s. for. When I took a glass, as the way was very hot and dusty, I offered my fellow-voyager one, thinking, poor man! he had nothing with him and must be thirsty. Just before pulling into the station this

WINDHUK.

travelling companion arose to pack his bag, and carefully deposited his *two* bottles of wine inside! It amused me very much, for he had drunk most of mine, thereby saving his own for future use when he had not a generous-hearted person next to him.

With a smile I thought of these words: "There are none to refuse your nectared wine, but alone you must drink life's gall." My stingy friend did not wait to see if I was met by anyone—having got all he could his selfish thought was to be off, so he extended a dirty hand and disappeared.

After a long wait a man announced that he was from the Rheinischer Hof. I tried to speak to and understand him, but he

did not know as much English as I knew German. A few minutes passed, then he said: "I been to Cape. You not think I speak English?" I fear I answered crossly, "No, you can't speak it at all." He took it in good part, realizing his deficiency. A light dogcart was waiting, with a pair of greys; he motioned me to climb in, and we drove a short distance down a wide road. It was not at all necessary to have a carriage, except on account of the dust, which is inches deep, for the hotel was diagonally opposite the station. There are no cabs or public conveyances at Windhuk.

Arriving at the hotel I was shown through a narrow hall, which was nearly dark, and taken into an open space which might be called a dismal court or a downtrodden garden. The room my guide showed was terrible. I protested. My man of the station remonstrated, saying: "Das ist ze bessest hotel here." Quick as lightning I wondered what the "worstest" would be! I steadfastly refused to accept the horrible room, and the man, who I afterwards found out was the proprietor, disappeared into the darkness, leaving me standing in the dim house, lit only by a single candle. Various black boys eyed me with mild curiosity, thinking, no doubt, I was a peculiar specimen.

Then Max, the waiter, came upon the scene. Thank the gods, he spoke English, and, like many waiters, had been all over the world. I confided to him my opinion of the hotel and accommodation offered; he assured me it would be all right to-morrow, they'd make me most comfortable. I doubt it, but am obliged to retire into a miserable room. There is no lock to the door—pardon, there is a lock, but the key is missing—also in building this queer hostel they have forgotten to arrange for bells. Max informs me there is a telephone on the next landing which connects with the bar. I am glad there is some communicating link with something, as I feel a lonely outcast.

Preposterously I ask for a bath—naturally this is not possible. "Morgen," they say. I must become an optimist until the magic "Morgen" dawns, when, it would appear, all my wishes are to be gratified. I splash about in a hand basin, and feel my way to a hard, creaking bed. My baggage, five pieces in all, is left where the blacks dumped it down, and forms a sort of dusty island in my little room.

The "Imp of Travel" and I have a long mental discussion, and I inflict upon the sprite my opinion of tempters—retribution,

to die ; the opening up of the country by farmers and prospectors, a great nation assuming control and establishing law in a wild country.

Afterwards the natives rebelled, and were unsuccessful and merciless in their endeavours to drive the white men from their land, using the most deplorable methods of revenge. They were a well-armed foe, and extremely cunning in all the tactics of bush warfare. They knew their country, and where the precious water lay. During the war, as they were conquered and beaten back

WINDHUK.

step by step, their deadly project was to poison every spot at which the German soldiers might drink. By this vile, pitiless vengeance hundreds of soldiers laid down their arms and lives.

Here it was that "Wit Boy" took up the general leadership, and was brutal. Now the relatives and remainder of Wit Boy's tribe, Hottentots, are kept Government prisoners at Okanjanda, where they are occupied in making and mending shoes for the soldiers.

Missionary Vedder has performed much charitable work on their behalf. He has made a special study of the Hottentot, and

in his research work traces the tribe from China, down through Egypt, to Africa. Previously they must have had intercourse with the Semitic race, as many words of their language correspond with the same ones in the Hebrew tongue. The hair on the Hottentot's head grows in a most peculiar manner—short wiry tufts like peppercorns, leaving spots and patches on the scalp quite bare. They certainly are freaks of Nature.

Windhuk is beautifully situated on a high plateau, surrounded by a circular chain of mountains, whose different peaks and valleys gather the sunshine into cradles of light and shadow, producing most charming effects. It is the seat of the Government and the military headquarters therefore the home of the leading officials. There is much more society in Windhuk than in Swakopmund, which is the port, and mostly given over to commercial interests. The army consists of 1900 regular soldiers, besides 2000 reserves, as naturally every German has passed his Army qualifications and is capable of taking up arms at a moment's notice.

MEMORIAL TO THE HERERO WAR.

In my opinion conscription is an excellent thing, and I wish we had it in England. Every man should be taught discipline, and know how to fight if need be for his country. There is not much in this capital of interest to the globe-trotter, comparatively speaking, as it is entirely new; but in the short time it has developed into a presentable and, on account of its natural advantages, a beautiful town. It is the centre of large farming districts, hundreds

of cattle and sheep are constantly moving along the wide unpaved streets. In the many shops of the main thoroughfare, called Kaiserstrabe, the dealers display every sort of goods adapted to the country. Pretty things are absent from their premises, but large open yards contain every kind of mowing, planting, and other agricultural machines.

The horses are splendid. I have seen some fine specimens. A milk-white Arab stallion was a beauty. Nearly everyone drives a pair in a light yellow two-seated carriage. The roads are very dusty. There are no private motor-cars, but the Government

WINDHUK.

have two—one a huge car of 60 h.p., which is often used by the kind permission of the authorities to rush a doctor out to the farms in case of sudden serious illness. Only a very heavy and expensive car could last on these newly made and rocky roads.

The houses are modern, built in brick and stucco. No one has a very large establishment, even Government House being comparatively small ; but it is placed in a pretty garden and commands a magnificent view. The roofs of most of the houses are painted a vivid scarlet, which shows up well against the hill landscape. The new railway station is a most imposing edifice, and vies in splendour with the church and post office. A new building, which

will be by far the largest yet erected, is now in course of erection on the hillside. It is to be the official headquarters, and an officer laughingly told me it had already been named "The Ink Palace."

Windhuk is very well provided with churches, hospitals, and schools which many European towns would be proud of. The Elizabeth Haus is an excellent hospital for ladies; it was given by a Bavarian Princess bearing that name, and has a salubrious position on the top of the Ridge looking down into the town, while from the distant mountain-tops a splendid panoramic view is obtained; there are also hospitals for the officers, men, and natives. The Catholic Mission does a great deal of good work amongst the natives.

The climate is scorching at midday, but the mornings and evenings are cool and delightful. It is very dry, and being high above sea-level most exhilarating. In the winter, principally June and July, the nights are so cold that water is often frozen in the jugs, and one must melt it before washing. At 10 a.m. it will moderate and become quite warm, but there is a terrible drop in the temperature at night. Fortunately very little malarial fever exists in these parts, but one must be careful of the water, for typhoid claims many victims during the year.

Around Windhuk trees are mostly the ugly thorn, which affords little shade, and stunted pines. Very many pepper trees attain a good height and have long bunches of round scarlet berries hanging in clusters, giving a pretty decorative air. Aloes are plentiful, and have a high stiff red bloom standing on the tree-top. The proprietor of the hotel told me that when he walked here from Swakopmund, which he accomplished in fifteen days in 1905—eighteen years ago—the entire town possessed only five houses. Now the population consists of 2000 white people in Windhuk, and 70,000 natives for the entire country.

I am beginning to get used to this hotel. I accept the Hottentots as a blessing, for on the balcony outside my room they have placed a table in order that I may sit there and write. This is the scene I look upon: The open yard or compound is filled with pepper trees, a huge round, unsightly water-tank of corrugated iron stands in the centre, and from this, all day long, tall dark women and Hottentot boys are filling buckets for washing and gardening purposes. The railway station looms above the pepper trees, its cream-coloured

sides and red trimmings producing an effective impression. Then rises the Ridge on a high promontory which encircles Windhuk on one side. Breaking the line of the horizon on the Ridge there are, I should say, more than a thousand Pontocks or native huts—there appears to be a whole colony of them.

One of the pleasantest things to do is to drive along the Ridge as the sun is setting—from here the view is beautiful. It was most interesting to me to drive through this settlement of Pontocks and watch the native life. These people are well clothed in cotton, the children are naked, all appearing perfectly content and happy in their free open-air existence. Their huts were a mixture of rags and sheets of tin tacked on irregularly, in any odd fashion. At sunset the open-air fires are roaring, the evening meal is being prepared, a tinkle of some musical instrument rings out, and dancing children stop for a moment to wave their hands smilingly as I drive by.

The words of Miss Mary Kingsley, that first courageous pioneer of women travellers, come to my mind. "Ah me! if the aim of life were only happiness and pleasure, Africa should send us missionaries instead of our sending them to her."

Windhuk is justly renowned for its superb sunsets: never in any part of the world have I seen more brilliant colourings and finer fantastic effects in clouds. Anyone travelling in this part should allow nothing to interfere with his watching the sun go down.

In the Kaiserstrabe, the principal street, where most of the business houses are, a trolley runs for the transport of merchandise. Here one finds the banks, substantially built of brick, and one or two shops for women's clothing. I tried to find a curio shop, but was unsuccessful. I had heard that Windhuk was a good place in which to buy skins, and had seen beautiful specimens in the homes I had the privilege of visiting—the springbok, in red, brown and white, which they use for rugs on the floor; white angora, with wild cat; also handsome cushions designed in patchwork of various skins. There is one very good shop at Swakopmund, so I must wait until I return.

Several hotels occupy the main street, but some of them masquerade as bars. After the Rheinischerhof, the next best residential hotel would be the Stud Windhuk. My hotel charges 10 and 12 marks a day *en pension*, baths extra. They have a

large brewery at Windhuk, also one at Little Windhuk ; the beer is kept very cold, and most of the people drink it. One mark a glass is charged, which is also the price of a bottle of mineral water, the Sprudel Sauerbrunn being the favourite. In considering the price one must remember that this water is sent all the way from Germany.

Wines are expensive. Ordinary claret and white wine, which we pay 3s. for at home, out here costs 10s. ; even Cape wine, which at the Mount Nelson Hotel was 3s., here has doubled its price. A whiskey-and soda is quoted at 1s. 6d. King George is not forgotten, for they have a whiskey bearing his name, which is supposed to be bottled in Edinburgh. I had never heard of the brand before, but that is nothing—I am not a connoisseur in spirits ! They charge 12s. a bottle for whiskey.

The hotel has a front verandah, and really nice, comfortable cane chairs. Some of the affluent and fashionable of Windhuk congregate here to sip beer. The officers are frequent visitors. Last night several of them arrived from the hinterland, and a large dinner-party was arranged. I liked to see them appreciate their food after the long sojourn of camp life. They were very much bronzed, and what a contrast where the tanned skin met the natural white that had been protected by a forage cap !

Yesterday we had another arrival which interested me. This was a family who looked like Boers—man, wife, and two daughters of, say, 20 and 22. They own a huge farm many miles out in the country. They arrived at the side entrance of the compound ; a dusty covered Cape cart drew up with ten span of oxen ; you could tell that they had been long on the way, as several of the oxen immediately lay down, notwithstanding they were yet yoked. The man was a typical Boer, dressed in khaki, his face burnt a dark red-brown, and he had a beard which certainly had not of late had much attention ; his broad-brimmed felt hat was buttoned up at one side.

His wife was plain, with hair drawn tightly back from an ugly face. Her clothes looked as if they had been thrown on. The young daughters were as hard and brown as parchment ; their hands and arms being exposed, were almost the colour of bricks. But this family deserve pity, for they are suffering, and are in the midst of a terrible tragedy. They have left the farm, coming all these weary miles to support their father, who

TRAVEL IN GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

in two days has to stand before the Court and be tried for murder.

Some few months ago the farmer had many of his cattle poisoned by Kaffirs who had a grudge against him, and catching one of the Kaffirs, shot him immediately. Then commenced great trouble. Not a Kaffir would work or remain on his extensive farm; consequently, having no help except his own family, his girls had to take care of the cattle and do men's work. They were in the saddle from morn till night, and it is said that one of them was obliged to ride all night in order to restrain the cattle from breaking into the mealie fields.

Their advent has caused quite an excitement at quiet Windhuk. Naturally there is a great deal of difference in public opinion regarding this family; some saying they have been cruel and flogged the Kaffirs unmercifully. An officer, one of the highest officials of the Government, explained to me: "There is no doubt that the family have taken the law into their own hands and treated the natives badly. Now, we cannot allow that, but must make an example of them. We want to rule the country with justice, and cannot have the blacks say that the white man has no care nor consideration for the rights of the native." Although sorry for these people, one must admit the justice in this officer's view of the case. The result of the trial was that the farmer was found guilty and sentenced to four months' imprisonment, also being fined.

TRAVEL IN OVAMBOLAND.

I drove to Little Windhuk, a mile or two distant, where many small farms and gardens are planted. The view was extremely beautiful, bounded by mountains; also there are several vineyards, from which a very good light wine is produced. It is here that most of the vegetables are grown for Windhuk. I noticed many large thorn trees, which bear a long, light green pod; in the

distance it looks as if the tree were abloom with a peculiar flower.

Windhuk has a most interesting Museum, which is at present still in the making. It contains a magnificent collection of twisted horns, with some small stuffed leopards. These cats are frequent unwelcome visitors to the camps outside. A specimen of the rare Bastard Buck is there; also some fine Bushmen's paintings found on the Erongo Mountain sides, and a case of gorgeously

BUSHMEN'S PAINTINGS ON MOUNTAIN NEAR WINDHUK.

plumaged birds. For some reason the birds rarely sing in this country.

An interesting reminder of the great diamond rush to Lüederitzbucht was the stake planted in the sand, signifying the claims of "Aug. Staunch 663." He was the first man who testified that the pebbles the native found were actual diamonds. The dark oak chair and table of "Wit Boy," King of the Hottentots, are shown. They are said to have been presented to him by the Boers, their manufacture being undoubtedly Dutch. There were any number of snakes coiled in bottles—the puff adder, with its tiny sack of deadly poison, and the black mamba, whose slightest touch means death. I noticed the skull of a lion with perfect teeth which Nemesis had overtaken, for this beast had

stolen a soldier from camp and consumed him. A whale's eye certainly looked weird as it continually stared at you from a glass jug! Many native curios were next examined, including the dancing chains of the Bastards, which make a kind of music when in motion. The *tout ensemble* consists of a miscellaneous mass which forms the basis of an important Museum for future generations.

In driving to the official quarters of Windhuk one passes a small botanical garden, in which experiments are being made as to the growth of foreign trees and plants in this country. A fine equestrian memorial near the big church shows the loyal appreciation of the citizens for their comrades who fell in the war. Everyone rides, and the principal diversions are picnics in some pretty selected spot, visiting friends on the large farms, and hunting. There are no theatres, but even this hidden-away town is not without its cinematograph show!

MEMORIAL FOR THOSE WHO FELL IN THE HERERO WAR.

Windhuk is distinctly different from other capitals. I thoroughly enjoyed my stay, and from a traveller's point of view I should certainly advise a visit. The 390 kilometres *en route* through this picturesque country well repay one.

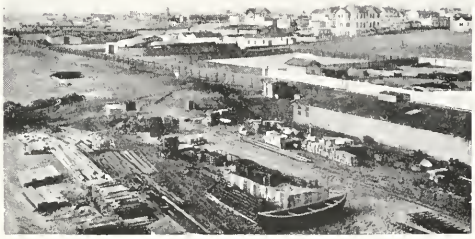
I take this opportunity of again thanking those kind friends who contributed so much to my delightful sojourn in their very pleasant capital.

"Imp" declares Windhuk a nice place.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Swakopmund

ON my return from Windhuk the first object I looked for in the morning from my bedroom window was to see if the *Steiermark* had yet departed for Lüederitzbucht. I knew she must discharge cargo here, then sail to the diamond port, perform the same office, return, and load again before proceeding along the West Coast. To my utter disappointment, there she lay as before, out in the roadstead still discharging miscellaneous wares. Surely she must have brought half Europe ; or, as this is her maiden tour, possibly she desires to take full advantage, coquetting with every port as long as possible. Maybe she dreads the North and does not wish to return. I appeal to "Imp," but the sprite seems to have vanished through the window ; this is a habit it has when I get an attack of nerves or wish to complain.



SWAKOPMUND.

Soon after breakfast I again appear at the Woermann Linie office, but there is no satisfaction to be obtained. Cargo is king—everything subservient to it. They do not even know themselves when the ship leaves. I ask if no steamer of any kind steams North. "Not one," is the answer ; "nothing but the *Steiermark* until the first of May." Even if I had millions they would avail me nothing in the circumstances. I must wait.

What can I do at Swakopmund ? "Imp" whispers, "Nothing," and it's true. Swakopmund was born on a low bank, and she has never been able to cast off her relation—superfluous sand. The

horizon is blocked by it, and the moment you step off the broad wood pavement it encases your feet to the ankles. If you look down the wide streets, everything ends in sand. Two things I must admit to its credit—it has a good climate. The residents say no, but I write of my personal experience; and there have been clear, sunshiny days during my long stay. "Wait until you see a fog," warningly say some people.

KAISERHOF HOTEL.

Sometimes there is a heavy, damp sea mist in the morning, but by nine o'clock it has been dried up by the mighty Phœbus, who allows no rival along these shores. It seldom rains, practically not at all, and one is sure of glorious sunshine—which Londoners will agree with me is indeed a blessing.

Another object of interest and beauty is the surf. It rolls on the gilded beach in heavy jade rollers, white-headed, which dash themselves to death on the hard sands. Swakopmund is the port for Windhuk and the northern part of the country. Copper is its principal export; some marble comes down from the quarries at Karibib, while a comparatively small quantity of ostrich feathers is exported; also skins and horns.

LIGHTHOUSE, SWAKOPMUND.

Imports, however, are enormous, as nearly everything has to be

brought to this country. Great expectations have been aroused by finding the mines, but up to date disappointment has been the lot of most prospectors, although they find traces of minerals, especially tin and coal, but not in payable quantities.

The residents, except the officials, are mostly traders from Germany, who have branches all over the country and deal in general merchandise and Kaffir goods. The shipping lines, banks, and commercial houses have built artistic-looking buildings in brick and stucco. About seven or eight squares in the centre of the town have broad sidewalks. There are twelve kilometres of trolley lines in the town ; but trucks are drawn by horses, and by this means all transport is carried on. For conducting you to the railway station a long, flat, wooden car appears before your hotel; numerous Kaffirs deposit your baggage on the back of it ; a chair is then placed, and thus enthroned among your possessions you pass through the dusty streets.

STREET SCENE, SWAKOPMUND.

Yesterday I saw a funeral conducted in a manner I had never before witnessed, but it was arranged as well as possible considering the accommodation of the place. The bottom of a trolley was strewn with evergreen boughs—flowers here being worth nearly their weight in gold—and on the top was placed the coffin. Two black tassels decorously decorated the horses' heads, while the family and mourners, perhaps twenty-four or so, dressed in deepest mourning, were sitting in chairs on the trolley, accompanying the dead.

Swakopmund is healthy, the fresh, invigorating sea-breeze cleansing the atmosphere continually. Many people from up-country, where it is very hot, use the place as a seaside resort. I have never seen bathing indulged in, although the beach looks

smooth enough. They say the water is terribly cold on account of a current which flows along the coast.

In all the German colonial towns much attention has been given to public buildings. There is a fine Lutheran church, built only two years ago ; the Catholic community also having their abode of reverence. The Antonius Hospital is a fine modern structure, built by public subscription, for Europeans, and has paying wards. Then there are the post office, courts of justice, Deutsch Afrika Bank, and the splendid offices of Woermann, Brock, and Co., with tall red and-white tower which can be seen for miles at sea. All these would prove a credit to many provincial cities in England. There are two schools, one being maintained by the Government and the other privately. Population in Swakopmund consists of 616 men, 349 women, and 344 children, making a total of 1309 white inhabitants and 1400 natives.

PRINCIPAL STREET, SWAKOPMUND.

A curious custom of the better-class natives, the Hereros, is that the men wear large felt hats turned up abruptly at the side, in which are stuck several ostrich feathers of inferior quality, giving quite a rakish air of distinction. The well-figured black Herero women have the appearance of complete happiness ; they continually laugh, showing milk-white teeth, and wear turbans on their heads, beads, and full-gathered skirts.

A lighthouse some sixty feet high breaks the monotony of the level sands ; painted in the German colours and flashing constantly. Like a sentinel it stands, and all night its beams play peekaboo through my window. Water is obtained from the Swakop, a mile or two distant. This is an underground river ; rarely does it flow on the surface, only when there has been very heavy rain in the mountains. It is pumped by electricity, stored in tanks, and through iron pipes laid on to the houses. The

quality of the water is not good, but very brackish; you taste it especially in tea and coffee. For washing purposes it is most unpleasant, and one has to soften it with borax or toilet vinegar.

Shipping in this open roadstead has many disadvantages on account of the ever-restless surf. The old jetty, which extends 300 metres, is shortly to be replaced by a new one extending 650 metres into the sea, and when completed will have cost the Government £200,000. Many trees—evergreen firs, pine—have been planted in the streets, which will in time greatly beautify the place. Vegetation appears to have a better chance of existence here than at Lüederitzbucht.

SHOPS, SWAKOPMUND.

A tiny strip of sandy soil inhabited by a few dusty trees the Municipality calls a park. Those trees certainly are the only things which in the least justify the name. It also contains a rough granite monument erected as a memorial to the brave sailors who lost their lives in the late Herero war. The two bronze figures are very well designed. One soldier still holds his rifle defending, while his hapless comrade lies dead at his feet.

Of hotels, Swakopmund has several, of different classes: the Kaiserhof and the Fürst Bismarck being the best. I have stayed at both, but prefer the latter, as it is quieter and the attendance better. Some of the rooms are quite nice, and the food is as good as one can get in this part of the country. The charges at the Kaiserhof have been raised to twelve and fourteen marks a day. At the Fürst Bismarck one has pension for ten marks.

CHAPTER XXXIX

"Steiermark": Life on a Cargo-boat

"STEIERMARK."

AFTER getting myself settled and a few belongings unpacked, in the second officer's cabin, which has been given up for my occupation, I inspect the ship. Captain Schütt does all in his power to make me feel at home, and I begin to do so.

My cabin is of good size, with electric light and a reading-lamp, which for me is an absolute blessing. The berth is rather high, but underneath are six drawers, and all lady travellers will appreciate what that means. A leather couch is on one side, and a large wardrobe fills the corner on the other. The second officer has quite an art gallery hanging on the walls—photographs of relatives—and a bracket with a cover on which fond fingers have embroidered white silk daisies. Some comrades on the *Cincinnati* are enjoying a glass together in another photograph.

At meals in the small but comfortable *salon* there are the captain, first officer, chief engineer, and myself. I must not forget my fellow-passenger who enjoys bones on the floor. Her dog name we don't know, but as she is going to join her master, an officer at Lome, Togoland, we have christened her "Lome," and already she answers to it.

"Lome" is a well-bred wolf boarhound. She wears a fine brown brindle coat, possesses a long wavy tail, and has beautiful eyes and pointed ears. Already she has attached herself to the captain, sleeping outside his cabin. She is very amiable to me. We are a small party, but everyone is pleasant and kind, and the food excellent and plentiful. The officers work hard, there being much cargo to look after. When the meal is over I go up to the captain's deck, where I have a chair, and it is most interesting to see them

stow cargo—the winches rattling, the ropes swinging, the great yawning hold, and the shouts of men guiding the steel cables which deposit the cargo in its place.

There is plenty to see. Then the big chart is always spread out, and you can pick up the ship's position studying the line of sea and shore. At noon I watch the black boys gather round the cook-house in the fo'castle. Their rags flap picturesquely about them as they take up their positions with a good-sized white enamelled basin and spoon. Most of them eat with the said spoon: some, however, prefer to use their fingers. A large portion of rice (the same amount for each) is served; then, clutching their basins, each picks out a favourite site upon which to eat, standing or squatting.

DANISH CARGO-BOAT.

What laughter and chatter follows, as contentedly they sit in the hot sunshine with no fear of burning their skins! Rows of gleaming teeth are displayed as a good story is told. I lean over the rail looking at these natives, and wish heartily I could understand what they are saying.

I asked the captain if he knew. "Oh, it's money or woman palaver," he replies—"that's all they talk about." Although the deck is not large, two big surf-boats are lashed on top, but there is plenty of room to sit about. The sea is like a globe of glass. It is beginning to get warm, and sleep becomes difficult in my cabin. Humid heat is so very trying. Last night I endeavoured to sleep on two chairs placed in a corner of the deck. It was a glorious darkness, on one side a new moon shining in silvery splendour, on the other continual unconventional fireworks provided free by Nature in the form of heat-lightning; but by midnight I got so cramped I was obliged to seek the seclusion of my cabin. Next day good Captain Schütt discovered an electric fan and had it arranged for me, and it proved a great comfort.

The quiet on board this ship is most restful. It is a happy, indolent

life—happy because there is no news from the outside world. It is no use to worry about anything at home, for you cannot aid or avoid circumstances, no matter what they are. There is plenty of time for reading, philosophizing, and writing. What a wonderful cure a voyage on a cargo-boat like this would prove to a worn and jaded business-man—the air plentifully laden with pure ozone, no telephones to rush to and answer, no letters to think out—just peace and rest.

Proceeding towards the Equator it gradually becomes hotter. This morning the temperature of the sea-water in the bath was delightful—pleasantly warm but refreshingly cool.

Having passed along the shores of French Equatorial Africa, a long stretch of verdure appears. We enter the large bay of Cape Lopez (or Mandy). This lies between Cape Lopez and Fetish Point, at the extremity of which is Fetish Village, but most of the houses are falling to pieces, as the hamlet has been abandoned. Very likely a ju-ju has been working ill luck here! The shores are low and covered with mangroves. The Kondo and Tombé waters form the mouth of the great Ogowe River, Cape Lopez being the southern limit of the huge Bight of Biafra, the shores of which extend some 600 miles. The promontory was first sighted by the Portuguese in 1469, and named after Lopez Gonzalves.

We are now forty miles south of the Equator, and the atmosphere is sizzling even at early morning. All Nature sleeps under its heavy mantle of almost insupportable heat. "Lome," our pet passenger, lies sprawled and panting, her big brown eyes seeming to speak and declare how much she is suffering. They talk of a tornado being almost due, and the air, charged with electricity, forebodes some catastrophe as far as one can judge.

Beside us lie two cargo-boats, from which the Union Jack droops dejectedly—not a breath of air lifts its folds. As the eyes scan the shores of Cape Lopez, multitudes of trees break the sky line—beautiful green palms heavy with cocoanuts fringing the beach and giving shade to many buildings. They are low-lying, squat affairs, with deep roofs to shield them from the sun; corrugated iron and palm thatch reign Queens of Architecture. A dilapidated old stern-wheeler which plies for transport up the Ogowe River, and several small craft, lie motionless on the placid, oily breast of the Bay.

This is my first vision of the French Congo. The *Steiermark*

shrieks in her steam throat. We lie some distance out, not daring to anchor near shore, for the clouds assume a threatening aspect, and what with shoals and shifting sand danger surrounds us. We have come here for mahogany logs. Toot! toot! again screams the siren. "Hurry up those logs," it means, literally translated.

Along the lower part of the shore we see the timber lying in huge quantities—waterlogged.

The decks are cleared for action—that is, the gigantic hatch is uncovered, disclosing the side ribs of the ship and its gargantuan mouth hungry for cargo. One must bear in mind that the *Steiermark* has 8000 tons' capacity, but up to now we are fairly light, and the desire of every captain is to take his ship home as full as possible.

MAHOGANY LOGS, GABOON RIVER.

I look over the rail into the depths, which are paved with blocks of granite from Karibib, each stone representing a ton or more of weight. From the bend where the mahogany rears itself a small launch puffs and ploughs through the water, trailing a raft of logs after her. "There are only fifty," says Captain Schütt, spy-glass in hand. "There should be at least seventy-five," he adds discontentedly. These logs—or sticks, as the local people call them—are some five metres in length, and sixty, eighty, and a hundred inches in diameter; they are mostly straight, and each one weighs from one ton to four. They are hooked together by a wire cable, and a tug or launch hauls them alongside, the rafts, spreading out, resembling the tail of a comet.

Black boys walk over these floating, bobbing logs as if they were on a steady bridge. The mighty iron winch unwinds its thread of cable, at the end of which is fixed a big hook, and one of the boys secures the hook and cable round one of the massive logs. Tug, tug! goes the winch, the log is lifted, swung into the air, and poises for a moment leaning on the well-deck; another boy has a

big pail of red paint, and with a brush slings a red splash on the end of each piece of timber. This is to identify it, although previously it has been marked by a number and the initials of its owner.

Another groan of the winches, and the huge sticks sink into the hold. As one looks down, many brown hands stretch out steadying the log to its final lodgment. Sometimes a log gets loose and drifts, then a boy jumps on board the piece, sits astride righting his impromptu ship, and occasionally goes over into the water; but he struggles, kicking his feet, and finally climbs back on his elusive raft, perfectly indifferent to his ducking. Bang, bang! sound the logs, and the roar of the crew boys reverberates through the hollow expanse of the hold.

The costumes of these natives consist of any old thing they can get—perhaps a shirt with more holes than material, but quite appropriate for the climate. It forms wonderful unconventional designs in lacework, disclosing glistening shoulders of ebony. Trousers or drawers of flowered cotton, cast-off bits of white men's garments, caps, broken helmets, thrown-away sou'-westers, all come as "grist to the mill" as far as native clothing is concerned There is no set fashion—individual taste is considered *comme il faut!* How happy they are, laughing, singing, making a row.

Life is one long holiday for these hard workers, and they do not labour to excess—far from it. Naturally when there is cargo to be handled they must work, but some days at sea they have little to do, and are well fed and paid. These natives come on board at Monrovia and make the voyage down the coast and back, which usually occupies some seventy days. They return home with many pounds, better in health, and vastly richer in experience. The scale of wages is as follows: Headmen 2s. 6d. a day—these headmen also receive 4s. as commission from each boy—winchmen, gangway men, and boatmen have 1s. 6d. per day, and the ordinary boys get 1s.

The private life of these people is interesting, but it is difficult to get them to talk. We questioned one of the headmen about his family. He told the captain that he had three wives—all the world knows these natives are polygamists. We asked how many children he had, and he said "two"; then he went on to inform us that for one of his wives, a young girl of twelve, he had paid the head of her family £12 in gold, for the second he had

given presents of cloth and £7 in money, but the third he would not speak much of. He confided that she had run away, and he was trying to get her purchase-money back from her relatives.

A peculiar custom among these West Coast natives is that the intending bridegroom makes a great palaver with the mother and uncle of the bride, not with the father, and to them he pays the money for his wife. The male head of the family is the elder brother or uncle, for, they say, they are sure of the mother's parentage, but there may be some speculation regarding the father. Contrary to some countries—China, for instance—girl babies are preferred to boys, because they fetch a good price in the marriage-market. After preliminary arrangements have been completed a great wedding-feast follows. The relatives forgather, and much drinking of gin and beer is indulged in, "Dash" being generously distributed to the bride and her family. Fifteen pounds is asked for a dusky beauty whose attractions are more than the ordinary, but widows and divorcées may be obtained at much lower rates.

In some parts this "Dash"—a friend of "Backsheesh"—is paid in cattle or cloth; but if the wife runs away or prefers another, the family of the woman must give back the purchase price. This usually is objected to, and serious palavers occur before parting with the wedding remuneration. We endeavoured to obtain information from the headman about the ju-jus, but superstition sealed his lips. He shook his head, saying, "I don't know." They greatly fear the evil eye of the fetish which dominates their lives.

One boy on the ship was always ill, he could not work, and gradually got worse—the ju-ju had been bound upon his luckless life. A comrade boy told the officer, "You do nothing, Ba'as, he has sasswood; he go die." The officer, although he tried various means, could never find out who had administered the deadly poison, which is a frequent means to the end along this coast.

The expected tornado fortunately passed over, but a thick rain-storm blotted the shore from sight. Sheets of white water surrounded us, and the hot, steamy atmosphere made life too oppressive for words.

"Imp" has become most disagreeable.

CHAPTER XL

The Captain and I Pay Visits

WE start at four, the heat being a trifle abated. There is no twilight in the tropics, and night falls suddenly, as if one had pulled a black curtain across the world.

"Lome," my fellow-passenger, whines at the gangway, longing for a run on shore, but the Captain commands her to remain on board, as embarking a big dog on a small rolling surf-boat is not facile, and, furthermore, the meeting of unfriendly canines on shore may lead to battle. Poor Lome's eyes sadly follow us as the crew boys shove off. One entire side of the *Steiermark* has a floating chain of huge mahogany logs. It is a unique sight to watch this procession of forest giants, captures of the interior, disabled, ready to lay down their arms, so to speak, and degenerate into furniture to be used in Germany, supplying the wants of man.

GABOON RIVER.

The view upon nearing the beach is not so attractive as from the steamer. True, the cocoanut palms with their brilliant, glistening leaves, which rustle in the soft, tropical breeze, and are torn up and cast aside like weeds by the tornadoes which are frequent visitors, remain a beautiful picture. Logs are the staple product. They wreathe the shore. Our boat lands beside them, and they form a sort of wharf, which we clamber over to reach the land. There is a path of white sand, but no road. Some chips

from mahogany trees have been strewn in places to make walking a little less unpleasant.

The length of the village rambles for perhaps two miles. A few of the houses and "factories"—that is what they are termed; in fact, any sort of business place is a factory out here—are of corrugated iron, but most of them are built on piles, a palm-thatched verandah forming the largest part of the house. Dry matchwood and a palm canopy roof complete the *tout ensemble*. After a tornado many are roofless, and everything in the home wet and ruined.

I cannot imagine any soul living in the French Congo from choice, or for a protracted period. The heat, the trillions of mosquitoes and other insects, to say nothing of fever, make Cape Lopez, or "Mandy," as some call it, a spot to be avoided. Sixty white men and two ladies try to make homes here, with occasional visits to France. There is a whaling station which last year exported one million francs' worth of whalebone and oil; this and timber form the only industries, in conjunction with traders who supply the natives, and have many branches up the Ogowe River. Cape Lopez boasts neither church, school, nor hotel. There is an open shed which answers the purpose of a gaol, and here native prisoners are shackled together with chains and iron rings on their ankles. Most of the crimes are theft, for light fingers are prolific.

The place is ruled by an Administrator and a Governor, who live at Libreville. There is a tiny hospital, boasting one doctor, but a friend whom I asked about the medical arrangements said, "Oh, the hospital is all right, but they never have any medicines. If one gets ill they send around to the different houses to ask for this or to borrow that." Surely such conditions could easily be remedied.

Everyone religiously takes his dose of quinine daily. The inhabitants look sorely tried with the heat, poor food, and the continual fight against fever. Their faces are pale and anæmic. They have no recreations, no roads, nothing—only work, and saving up for a fortune; and the dominant thought of each one is to get away as quickly as possible. It would seem a work of charity if the French Government could at least have a road built along the shore, where the colonists might enjoy the fresh air in the evening after the fatiguing day.

There is much big game—elephant, hippopotami, and buffalo; and some time ago the country was quite a Mecca for hunters. Parrots and monkeys are plentiful, and nearly all the residents have several. The natives are exceptionally black. Tall, well-formed, and wearing large handkerchiefs or shawls draped about them, they appear not to suffer from the climate, and are fat and healthy-looking.

With the exception of what the ships bring there is very little food for the inhabitants, but lemons, oranges, and alligator pears are sent down from the interior. Chickens and ducks may be had, but they are of inferior quality. A chicken costs one shilling, so you can imagine how much flesh it possesses. All beef and mutton must be imported if they obtain any, and one of the most unpleasant things about Cape Lopez is the lack of ice.

The captain, who has been on this coast for twenty-six years, and knows everyone, took me to call upon Monsieur and Madame Boit. Their home was the best in the place, but that is not saying much for what we would call an ideal home. Our visit was passed on the palm-enclosed verandah, which supported wicker chairs and tables as its only but appropriate furniture. Naturally, in a country so close to the Equator, the best fashion is to have the place empty and simple, both for hygienic reasons and also to give less work to servants, who are drawn from the native quarter and are anything but desirable.

Madame Boit had made her home quite comfortable. Shrugging her shoulders with a deprecatory air she said, "What can one do here? With white ants, mould, and heat, everything is ruined. We try to stand it all as well as possible; and afterwards, when we return to France, we will make a real home." I asked her about the cost of living, and she exclaimed, "Oh, everything is very dear. There are no shops, and if we require a reel of cotton or any other trifle we cannot buy it, all must come from Europe. We get our wines—and champagne—free of duty, and we take a glass to eke out our food when it has become especially bad."

The servant boy brought in some tea, and Madame informed me, "You see that boy and how awkward he is? He is my cook, and do you believe me, I have to pay him over £5 a month; and even so I must oversee all the ingredients for cooking, as I cannot trust him or leave the food for a moment—it would be burnt. That's the way we live here," she ended, with a sigh.

OVAMBO WOMAN AND CHILDREN.

After finishing our call on Monsieur and Madame Boit we next visited the home of the agent of the Line. His wife was very slight and pale, and the effects of the climate were already showing on her countenance, although she had been here only a few months. She confessed with weary resignation, "We must remain here twenty-one months longer." She had a couple of monkeys which were amusing, and she showed me the way she did her housekeeping. A meat safe covered with wire-netting stood in a cool angle of the verandah, its four legs resting in pans of water with a small quantity of oil floating on the top.

Water for washing and drinking purposes is poured into porous jars after it has been boiled. Madame stated in a tired voice, "We cannot eat much, the heat is so trying. At midday we have our principal meal, and for supper we take something very light—rice, fruit, and a glass of wine are quite enough."

"You have plenty of time for reading, Madame," I suggest, pointing to a quantity of "L'Illustration" lying on the table.

"Not so much as you would think," she answers. "You see we are obliged to go to bed by 8 p.m., as the mosquitoes are so troublesome. We sleep with all windows open, thick muslin curtains surrounding the bed; but on account of the heat sleep evades us, and many times we are exhausted before morning."

I felt sincerely grieved for her, imprisoned as she was in such a distressing environment. Captain Schütt with his habitual kindness has asked these two ladies, who form the nucleus of society at Cape Lopez, one a blonde and the other a brunette, to dine on board the *Steiermark* to-morrow night. They accept the invitation gratefully, also a present of a block of ice, and they in turn give us limes and alligator pears.

After leaving this house we pass again down the sand path to continue our social rounds. The sun is setting, and produces beautiful effects. A long hedge of perfect hibiscus grows to a height of about 14 feet. The blossoms are of flaming pink, scarlet, and a lovely yellow, the colour of gold. I thought how much we should love to see a hedge growing in the open like this in England, but not for millions could we produce the same effect. The flower of the hibiscus unfortunately dies a sudden death soon after it is culled, reminding one of Burns's description of poppies—"You seize the flower, the bloom is shed." Instinctively I feel that mosquitoes are about in the dank sea grass growing beside

the path, for a decided itching sensation makes me most uncomfortable.

Our next visit is to a Swiss gentleman who has courageously borne this climate four years. His combined business is in mahogany and general store-keeping. These people are very pleased to see us, and all at their disposal is voluntarily brought forth for hospitality's sake. They beg pardon for their crude houses and their limited wardrobe, which in this man's case consisted of trousers of khaki, shirt sleeves turned up, and a pith helmet. They converse easily, telling you news of their part of the world and being most anxious to hear what has happened in capitals far away. Once a month would be the average for the French liner calling here.

Although this man appeared to be in perfect health he dreaded the fever, and administered quinine to himself every day without fail. I was glad to hear that in two months he would be amongst his native mountains, re-establishing his vitality with a fresh lease of life in the invigorating air of Switzerland. The Captain wanted to know how long he intended remaining abroad.

"Just," he jocundly responded, "as long as the money lasts." Such is life, and for a man who is obliged to find fortune in these unhealthy climates, living by himself, without the kindly refining influence of women—no wife, no home, no society—could one censure him for taking deep draughts of what has a couleur-de-rose appearance—forgetful of the dregs concealed?

Oh, you suffragettes! I wonder if your time would not be better employed, if your hearts would not beat happier and truer, were you fulfilling your woman's duty and perfecting the lonely lives of these men! Our grandmothers did not disdain going to the Colonies. Cheerfully they established a home, happily content to be enthroned in the hearts of their husband and children. To these illustrious women is due, in no small measure, the greatness of our Empire.

It is the same cry all the colonies over—French, German, Portuguese, and English—"We need women—without them we are not content. We want wives and children. Whom have we to work for? No one cares for us; consequently we work, and for recreation, which we all must have, we spend our hard-gained money in bars." From all Africa have I heard this lament; and when one thinks of the many women in England, where their

number is greater than that of the male sex, one cannot but wish that they by some means might be reminded of the conditions.

A girl coming to Rhodesia, for example—and it is the same in German South-West and in East Africa *partout*—not only has at once a proposal, but in most cases a choice of several claimants for her hand. Everyone must agree that marriage is a more natural state than tramping through the streets with a batch of unsexed women, smashing windows, burning houses, and putting obnoxious mixtures into letter-boxes! The seriousness of the present situation requires delicate handling, and one must try to become optimistic about the future.

We stayed three days at Cape Lopez, varying the monotony of ship life by going ashore. The ladies came to dine, and passed a pleasant evening. The *Arnold Amsinck*, another cargo-boat of the same line, arrives. The two captains exchange visits, and we are asked to dine on board. We have taken over 800 logs in the hold, thereby sinking several inches in the cargo line.

I feel I must warn intending travellers against the deadly mosquitoes. Never in any part of the world have I encountered such virulent, poisonous insects. They mercilessly attack feet and ankles, leaving plague spots that inflame to sores as large as half-crown pieces; and when you are, as I am, inoculated with as many as ten bites on each foot the agony of the irritation may be imagined! Lime juice rubbed well into the inflamed parts is a good cure.

No one should venture ashore without high boots specially designed for the tropics. Unfortunately, I am without them, but hope to be able to buy some at Libreville, my next port in Gaboon. "Imp" says it's much better not to have any flesh and be a sprite like itself—and I agree! What with drenching showers and mosquito bites, life is not all honey in the tropics.

"Imp" adds: "Don't come to Cape Lopez. Swakopmund is a Paradise in comparison."

A TYPICAL WEST AFRICAN MARKET.

CHAPTER XLI

Libreville, French Congo

ON April 21st, 1913, in blazing sunshine, we crossed the Equator, steaming from Cape Lopez to Libreville. We keep about six miles out on account of shoals, and the shore basking in the heat is well wooded with tropical foliage. Upon nearing Gombé Point a lighthouse rises from the wood. We perceive an English ship, her cargo line visibly exposed even at this distance. It is only natural that each ship plying for trade should take a deep interest in its rivals. This boat is leaving, and as she sails out, dips the Union Jack in salute. We pass the Fetish Wood, crowned by spindly trees, and enter the river. The mouth of the Gaboon—(which the natives call N'Pongo)—requires some skill in navigation, on account of its various sandbars. One is obliged to take a ship straight past, and then circumvent by a sharp turn; even then careful attention must be given.

We eventually drop our anchor opposite Libreville, the capital of the Gaboon territory. Beautiful verdure half conceals a row of white houses and palm-thatched huts. It is so very hot here that shade is an imperative necessity. A tiny mole pushes a few feet into the sea, and there are two childlike lighthouses, one with no lamp, its companion putting forth but a feeble flame to light the port. Our ship stayed here for the night, but the *Steiermark*, not being content with all the mahogany logs she had consumed at Cape Lopez—some 850—the Captain is obliged to take her farther up the river, where she may again try to satisfy her insatiable appetite for cargo. Lat. 0° 23′ N., long. 9° 26′ E.

We are now twelve miles north of the Equator, and the heat is much worse than in the same latitude on the East Coast. There appears to be no life in the oppressive atmosphere. Everyone is gasping, and one wears the thinnest white garments; but these are wet in a few moments, and there is the feeling of sitting in a tepid bath with one's clothes on. Sunsets are painted across the sky in *nouveau* art style—great splashes of splendid colour,

purple and scarlet intercepted by cadmium yellows and rose madder, are by Nature extensively used.

"Lome," our dog, has given up taking an interest in any of the workings of the ship; she resignedly lies down, and her big brown eyes look as though she were trying to express, "Oh, dear! I wish I could take my coat off." It is the season for rain and tornadoes. When one arrives instantly a thick, white mist covers the scene, and a solid wall of water descends. Everything is drenched, after which the steaming heat is more insufferable than ever. Evenings on the Equator are glorious, so much so that the contrast between night and day makes the darkness seem akin to heaven.

There is a full moon, whose refulgence is helped by heat-lightning illuminating the entire sky. What electric battles are being fought above me! With the roar of the thunder even "Imp" is awed. But through all the inclemency or inconvenience of the weather the winches are rarely silent; launches puff across to the shore, and long rafts of perhaps a hundred huge mahogany "sticks" are captured. These long rafts are trailed across to the sides of the *Steiermark*, then she takes another gorge. The crew boys love noise, and "Heave up!" "Let go!" is a never-ceasing chorus.

We are thankful to have plenty of ice on board, and the food is good, but unfortunately no one has an appetite. Libreville represents one of the oldest settlements on the West Coast. For many years Gaboon was the centre of the slave trade. This human cargo was brought down from the interior by various rivers and exported to America. They say now that between alcoholic excess and disease, most of the original tribes are fast dying out.

The M'Fans, or Pahuins, a well-known cannibal tribe who inhabit the borders of the Ogowe River, have had for a long time the reputation of being the most dangerous natives. A small quantity of ivory, ebony, rubber, and dyewoods is collected in the giant forests of the interior by them and disposed of through middlemen and agents. Some of the carved ivory is quite unique, but in these days is very difficult to find.

The principal exports of the country are mahogany, with a very little coffee, vanilla, and rubber, which is of good quality but scarce. The climate is hot, moist, and unhealthy; fever abounds, and that

much-dreaded disease the sleeping-sickness is prevalent. Several natives succumbed to this dire plague, as yet incurable, last year, also two Europeans. It is pitiful the utter lassitude of the first few months, the gradual strengthening of the microbes, and eventually their complete mastery over the system. The dry season, continuing from June to September, is far pleasanter than the steamy, drenching weather which I experienced along this coast.

The French Government have very strict laws regarding ships approaching their colony. No man-of-war, unless French, can approach within three miles without being especially invited, and moorings must not be shifted without permission. There are some open sheds stacked with coal blocks on the *plage*, but these are used to accommodate French vessels only.

Libreville is connected by cable with Europe, and with Brazzaville, the capital of French Equatorial Africa; they have a telephone system, but there is no railway, and in consequence the opening up of the country is greatly retarded. Traders follow the course of the rivers, but penetration into the interior is left principally to natives.

Our ship being anchored some four miles up the river, it was difficult to visit Libreville. There is no road along the shore, and one has to ford a river in order to visit the town or village—the latter name being more appropriate. A gentleman I know, in swimming across the river, lost his hat, and in his endeavour to rescue that, a bag of money which he had secured around his neck also got adrift; but he eventually succeeded in regaining all his property.

These rivers are dangerous. It would seem you could walk through them with water up to the waist, but suddenly, without warning, you plunge into deep water, which, flowing with a rush, is apt to carry you along or dash you against the rocks.

Whenever I visited Libreville I was rowed down by ten crew boys. The heat was exhausting, rain threatened to descend, and the boys struggled with the current for two hours before they drew into the small pier. I gladly climbed out, and the odour d'Afrique became very pungent as the reeking perspiration of the crew boys dripped from them. It is not pleasant, and with the moist atmosphere made me feel a little ill. Even after giving the boys some change to spend in the market, the odour d'Afrique

MARKET AND PRINCIPAL STREET, LIBREVILLE.

seemed to permeate the town. Every native I passed seemed steeped in it !

One long street, the Route de Glace, follows the shore-line. This shore-line is very beautiful, planted with splendid cocoanut palms, mango and cotton trees, their trunks being trimmed with lovely parasites in the form of ferns and flowering lianes. The whole place teems with vegetation. Earth is hot and moist, the air steams, and the miasmatic exhalations rising from the ground are extremely unhealthy. Mangrove swamps rich in fever, and myriads of mosquitoes, lie on each side.

I chose the way to Government House, a wide, ill-kept drive, leading to a quadrangle in which stands the official residence, a large two-storeyed building in stucco with green shutters. It would be imposing in its position, facing the sea, but it badly needs coats of paint ; and a really nice green lawn would have been much improved if someone had given a native an order to cut the grass. Behind Government House are situated the barracks and magazines. Two magnificently tall palms stand like sentinels guarding the square, and brilliant-leaved mango trees give much-needed shade.

The whole of the town, whose houses were built by soldiers and sailors, was founded in 1843. It wears an ancient dilapidated look. Nothing is evidently ever repaired. The French Government started out with good intentions to build a rather creditable place, but of late disappointment or an evil ju-ju seems to have taken up its abode, for there is no ambition nor vitality left in this densely wooded lowland, based on its yellow line of sand.

But can one wonder at the weariness of the people who year after year suffer this appalling heat ? On the north side of the quadrangle is the Catholic Church, a large crude structure with nothing distinctive or interesting about it. I entered and found eight or ten nuns kneeling in prayer. Close by is the Catholic Mission and Convent. The hospital, law courts, telegraph station, La Mairie, and prison are also situated here, and all have the same air of decay. They speak of past glory that has long since faded away.

All these buildings are conspicuous from the offing, but disappointing at closer range. I next entered the Botanical Garden, where the trees and shrubs were splendid. An expensive iron fence surrounded it, with impressive gates; but the paths were

overgrown, and no care had been expended for years. They had taken the trouble to hew down some large trees ; but never the consideration to remove the decaying trunks and roots.

Formerly Gaboon was rich territory, with quantities of good rubber ; but for years they have drained the resources of the country without replenishing, so that now exports are small, the mahogany and ebony ranking as principal. If twenty years ago, when they were tapping the virgin rubber trees, they had thought to plant others, there would have been different results, for the soil is fertile, possessing plenty of moisture. One wishes one could transport some of these superfluous clouds to the parched lands of Rhodesia and German South-West Africa !

Below on the beach I passed the treasured coal sheds, which were open and protected only by a roof ; after which I proceeded to the market, this being under a tin canopy and kept by natives. It was a little late, and I regretted the amount of time taken by my black boatmen. The market is the core of life in any town you may happen to touch. There you see the produce of the country. A very fat " mammie " waddles past. She has a large bunch of thick green plantains on her head ; two of these she pulls aside, grins, and cheerfully says, " Bonjour, Madame." I return the salute, while she stares at me curiously.

The police are black and wear khaki uniforms. Frenchmen look very pale and sallow from the trying climate. They dress in white cotton, with helmets ; and the trousers are in Eastern fashion, very baggy, and confined tightly round the ankles. Many prisoners are sent here. A whole file of them pass me. They are chained together, and in this heat I shudder to think of their suffering ! Small children without a rag on them dance by. Joy is theirs. Some are chewing bananas. This fruit is indeed excellent.

A single file of natives stride past me. There are, maybe, a dozen, and on the head of each is a thick grass mat, and, poised above, a heavy stone. These stones are for building purposes, but certainly this method is slower and more primitive than in the days of the early Egyptians. Huge, pale golden butterflies float lazily from flower to flower, but I, who received such greedy hospitality from the insects of Cape Lopez, dread the approach of anything that flies ! One black boy labours with an iron stew-pot, in which boiling soup sends forth mists of odoriferous garlic.

He plants the pot at one corner of the market, and immediately it is surrounded by eight hungry people, who ply the spoon deep into the pot, smiling content written upon their beaming countenances. The principal eatables I see in the market are plantains and long round sticks of manioc resembling a sausage. In some parts this composition is called fou-fou. It is greatly in demand by the natives, being made by their women.

The vegetable, something between a potato and a yam, is dried, pulverized, soaked, beaten up with bananas, and pressed into a sort of cheese, that keeps well. The natives slice it inch by inch with great relish, and it is most convenient, rolled up as it is in its tight casing of palm leaves, to carry on long expeditions. Food supplies are difficult to obtain ; but fresh meat of great toughness may be had twice a week. There are fish and shrimps, but the native is too indolent to search for these, preferring the easily-got plantain.

Vegetables always seem very scarce. Recently, Chinese prisoners from Saigon and Cochin China have been sent here, to try to raise this greatly desired produce, but up to now without much success. There are many monkeys about, some tiny and droll, being purchased for just a few francs.

Fortunately, I can speak French, and am directed to the Hotel Michel, which also boasts of a café. It has the monopoly—no other exists ! The host and hostess were very polite, and apologized that *déjeuner* was over, but protested that they would do their best to give me a meal. On one side of the café were some officers drinking beer, and the tables looked as if they yearned to be scrubbed. I was glad when the black-and-white barmaid covered mine over with a cheap red-and-white cloth.

Forks were of pewter, and conscientiously I cleaned mine—I hope it was grateful, for it sadly needed attention. But there is always some sweet with the bitter of experience, and at this hotel there was ice. It was a blessing, and the proprietress warningly told me—" C'est très chère." It costs fifty centimes a kilo, and in this Turkish-bath climate it evaporates with easy swiftness.

I made my luncheon off an omelette and a small tin of *pâté de foie gras*—" C'est ne pas mal, c'est ne pas bonne." Afterwards they served some really excellent coffee, grown at Gaboon. Sitting by the window I watched several boats landing from Pongara Point,

which were loaded to the edge with plantains. When they shoved on to the sand, overboard jumped the natives into the warm sea, pushing the boat ashore. These plantains will figure in to-morrow morning's market.

A lady whirled by, being carried in a sort of hammock, with one boy in front and one behind. I hear that there are between thirty and forty ladies, European, and about one hundred and thirty men. Gaboon boasts some eight thousand natives.

The black-and-white barmaid who helped serve my table was most amusing. She wore a gold chain, queer gold earrings, and some silver rings and bracelets. The gold earrings and chain, she assured me, were beaten out of real gold at Accra, which was quite true—I had seen the work before.

Loquaciously she went on: "My father was a German"; to which remark, being astonished, I reiterated, "Your father was a German? But how was that?" I noticed the complexion of this unfortunate creature was neither European nor native; being of coffee colour, and she had a thin, bony figure. Her hair, strange to say, had taken after her father's, as it was brown, silky, and straight. To me it seems cruel and disgusting—this mixing of black and white; injustice to the offspring and the whole affair abominable.

"Yes," continued the woman, "my father was Mr. H——; he on the coast and Kamerun twenty-five years. Then afterward he marry white woman; they make big white wedding, and I ran away with a policeman." Here was a novel in a nutshell!

"He been dead now long time," she sighed.

Afterwards, on my return to the ship, I repeated these facts, and the captain answered: "It's quite true—I knew the man. He was a stout, red-headed German." I felt sorry for this woman, who resignedly informed me that she was a very good woman now.

Paying my bill, about twelve francs, and departing, moral philosophy filled my mind. I continued my way along the Route de Glace to Glace Village, a mile and a half beyond. This is the principal place where trade is conducted, and here are situated the factories of John Holt and Co. and the great house of Woermann. In ancient times this was an important slave depot. Between Libreville and Owendo Point the houses of the European merchants are built, most of them being on piles, with deep

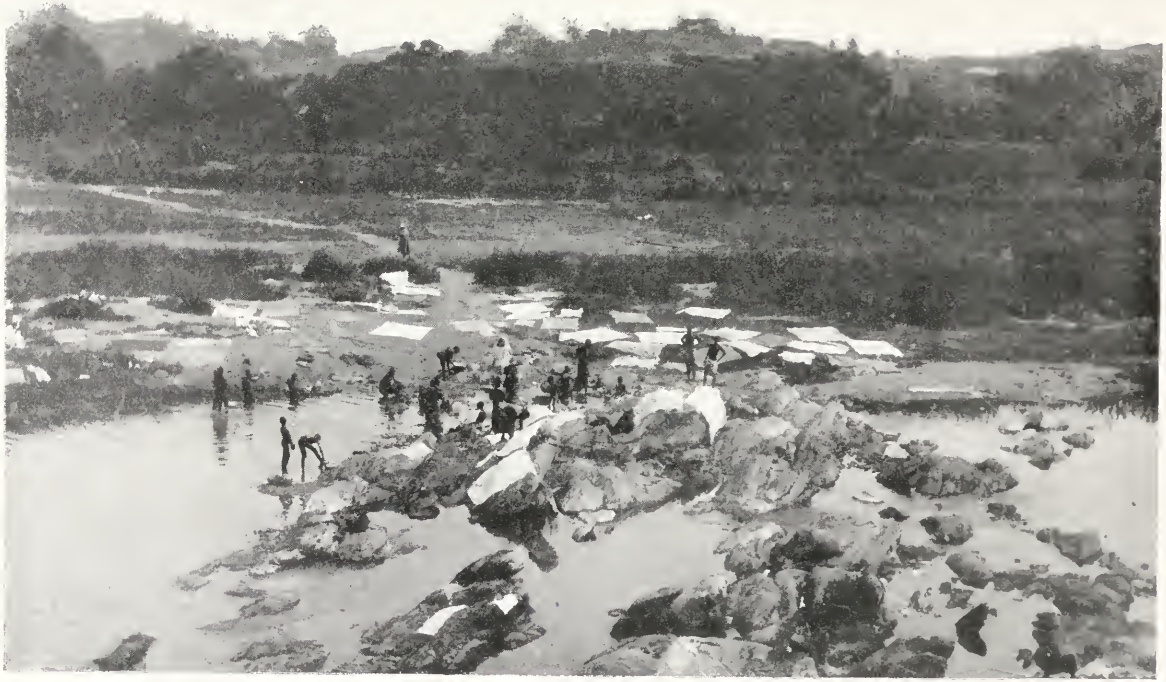
verandahs, screened by bamboo and palm thatch. Hibiscus and brilliant tropical flowers form hedges of decoration. If women live in these houses they rarely go out ; certainly they are not seen in the one long street.

I called at hospitable Woermann House and was presented with some flowers. All along this coast Woermann is the great power. No matter what you want, you go to Woermann, and you get it ! It was nearly sundown when I met my boys, and the row back to the ship was delightful. A breeze sprang up, the clouds parted, disclosing a delicately tinted sunset, a symphony in pale blues and pinks which that celebrated French beauty, Madame La Pompadour, who favoured these colours, would have adored.

I preferred to live on board the comfortable clean ship instead of resting three days in the hotel at Libreville, where fever and insects walk hand-in-hand. The *Steiermark* was still digesting logs ; and " Lome," waiting by the gangway, greeted me with a most reproachful look, which said: " You've been ashore all day and didn't take me. Don't you think I'd have loved a run ? " I try to console " Lome " with a pat, but indignantly she runs up the steps to the Captain's deck, proudly defiant.

After three days' steady feast of logs, incessant rain, and a temperature of 32 degrees Centigrade, good Captain Schütt proceeds down the Gaboon River, stopping to pay a last visit at Woermann House for clearing the ship's papers. While he was absent, " Lome " and I watched a cask of rubber and a few bags of palm kernels, which served the *Steiermark*, I suppose, as a species of sauce ; at any rate, they were put on top of the logs. When Captain Schütt returned he brought two passengers with him, both of whom I knew ; they had been transferred from the *Arnold Amsinck*. It was quite amusing.

I was sitting writing in the small steaming saloon, " Lome " panting beside me, when—three gentlemen enter in single file, each bearing large bouquets of palm leaves and hibiscus. With solemn ceremony they bowed low and laid the flowers by my side. I felt that all of a sudden I had become a prima donna or queen of something. " Lome " barked, but the manner of presentation had such a comic effect that we all burst out laughing. Now we had no vases on the *Steiermark*, and were also short of



WASHING CLOTHES AT LAGOS, NIGERIA.

drinking glasses; but we did as well as we could with the flowers, and gave them a drink of tepid water in a tumbler.

"I am glad to get out of this Gaboon River," remarked the Captain, to which I felt like adding, "Amen."

But even at sea there is no freshness in the air. We sail over a grey expanse meeting grey clouds on the horizon. We look at each other sitting on deck mopping our faces continually with eau-de-Cologne, but nothing seems to have any effect. It is a marvel to me how one can perspire perpetually, and where all the moisture comes from!

The nights too are breathless. I cannot sleep in my cabin, so I have a corner of the deck portioned off for me, where I try to rest in the captain's long deck chair, made sailor fashion of canvas, having my own chair to put my feet on. All the officers are as kind as possible, and the chief engineer has deprived himself of his electric fan to place in my cabin.

We cross the hot sea and take up our moorings in the open roadstead off Lagos, ten miles from the town. I have to tranship here on to the *Eleonore Woermann*. She has not yet made her appearance, but is always expected. It is a Sunday, too, and I particularly wanted to go ashore at Lagos to get some money on my letter of credit. But in the first place I have no time, and secondly, being the Sabbath, all banks are closed, so I must go on to the Cameroons.

For travellers who go to these rather unfrequented places I would advise Thomas Cook and Sons' circular notes, because anyone—at hotel, steamer, indeed anywhere—will cash them. I had these, but used them at Windhuk and Swakopmund. Our English banks do not appear to have agents in German or French colonies.

My only impression of Lagos is fog, a strip of low-lying land, and surf sobbing along the shore. On my return from the Cameroons I shall have more time there. The *Professor Woermann* is close by at her anchorage, bound for home—sailing at six. I beg Captain Schütt to take us over and pay a visit, as the hospitality of the German captains and the Line is a very fine thing. There is a freemasonry among them, and splendid comradeship. Wherever the port you are always heartily welcomed by the captain of a ship.

The other two gentlemen accompany us, a lighter and tug are

ordered, so we sit in the double wooden seat, and are slung overboard. A horrid sea is rolling, and the crew boys not holding the ropes properly we bang against the side of our ship, then swing out twice in an appalling manner! It might break an arm or finger. Captain Schütt's arm was actually hurt. They tell you not to hold on, but if you don't you may fall out into the sea, which would be worse.

It is most difficult when rough to lower the mammy-chair

SPRINGBOK JUMPING.

into its exact position. We crashed into the seat, which almost chucked us overboard, and eventually came down with a bang. I am generally afraid of nothing, but I must confess I dread being swung over in this manner, and think I would rather go down the ship's ladder sailor fashion if it were not for my skirts getting in the way—one could, at least, cling on to the ropes.

Arrived on board the *Professor,* we found cheerful kindness, and went to Captain Ihrcke's sitting-room. He showed us all over this fine ship of 6000 tons. The *Professor* and the *Henny*

Woermann are the newest and largest of passenger steamers on the West Coast. It would be impossible to imagine any quarters more comfortable. Everything is spotlessly clean, and gleaming with fresh paint, polish, and attention. There are large cabins, the ports downstairs full of plants, the smoking-room high-ceilinged, and lined with marble, some of which is transparent, giving a beautiful effect.

There is a gymnastic room for exercise, where you touch an electric button, mount either horses or camels, and ride to your heart's content. The dining-room is also in marble, with many small tables—far preferable to sitting for a long voyage at the old-fashioned ones which extend the length of the *salon*. Little tables look so much more homelike.

The most splendid part, however, is the huge palm court, occupying the entire front of the ship; this room is of white marble with yellow panels. Can you see the picture? Large glass windows with decorative topwork, all open, and electric fans whirling like silver bees. There is on one side a beautiful painting of spring, with apple-blossoms and a flower-covered cottage reflected in water. On the other side autumn trees in rich russets and browns are depicted. Dotted about this *salon* white lilacs and crotons are actually growing from high-standing, wooden pedestals, the delicate, pale green leaves reminding one of spring at home—the spring that I shall not see this year.

A feeling of intense homesickness comes over me—the worst I have had. How lovely it would be to remain on this beautiful ship and sail to Southampton Water!—so simple to transfer. "Imp" and I, however, experience a silent mental tornado. It is not to be thought of. I haven't finished the task I set myself to do, and I must accomplish the book on my visits to various West Coast ports. "Imp" and I retire to the next room and begin to write letters to those at home we long to see.

Afterwards we had a charming luncheon party with three captains at our table, for Captain Martens of the *Max Brock* joined us. I like to see captains gather together. Each has his own experiences—his worries as to ship and cargo, and various news of friends recently encountered. We spent a delightful day and went back to our cargo-boat.

On arriving, an interesting event was taking place. All the crew boys were drawn up on the well-deck, standing in rows of

five —about a hundred of them. There was an epitome of costume and cap. White shirts, more like jackets, with large blue turtles roaming over the surface, were fashionable among the sportsmen who had donned their best, and a multitude of variegated designs showed everywhere. Mr. Muller counts them most carefully; then, taking a roll of English sovereigns in his hand, deals out one to each boy. The reason they give them a part of the wage here is that at Lagos these crew boys, living at Monrovia, love to buy things for their women. Cloth and beads have a special value if they come from Lagos; and batches of boys are daily allowed to go ashore shopping.

We pass another night on board the *Steiermark*, and about five in the morning the *Eleonore Woermann*, my next home, is sighted. Two hours later I am again hoisted on board, after bidding bon voyage to Captain Schütt. Mr. Muller, first officer, and Mr. Ramsay, the chief engineer, have done all it was possible for them to do to make my voyage in a cargo boat agreeable. Dear "Lome!" I take her soft head in my hands and sadly look into those steady, brown eyes. "I hope, Lome, Togoland and your master will be kind to you." I fear I shall never see or hear from my fellow-voyager again, "Lome" indeed being one of the "ships that pass in the night."

PONTOCKS OF THE HOTTENTOTS.

CHAPTER XLII

The Cameroons

MY first impression of the Cameroons is of a pitchy black night, a red and green light, and perhaps half a dozen stars twinkling along the shore. Those stars had no rival in those few lesser lights below. Dark forbidding forms apparently forbid further approach. They tell me those sombre shadows dimly outlined against a murky sky are the Cameroon Mountains. All day we had steamed through the Bight of Biafra amid trade winds and an equatorial current, experiencing the weather which sailors call "Doldrums."

During the anchoring at Victoria, the seaport of Buea, the headquarters of the Government and the residence of His Excellency the Governor—which is a few miles up the mountain—some fellow-voyagers and myself were much amused watching the dancing of the natives who had gathered on the deck below, waiting for their work to begin.

They were surrounded by heights of merchandise—various baggage, and certainly the space of their ballroom was restricted; but with what vigour they danced! They must work all night and now watch for the lighters to come alongside. A bottle of spirit has been given to them, which is the usual offering before lengthy exertion begins.

Their dance consists of wriggles, advancing and retreating, and contortions. One puts his leg high on the other's thigh and swings round and round. Weird side shuffling steps are enthusiastically applauded, and a touch of the dance de vent is attempted. The natives were certainly gay, and it was difficult to think of a gyration they had neglected. They had been dancing for their own amusement, as they do on moonlight nights in their villages, unmindful of their audience on the upper deck. Afterwards, when sixpences and shillings were thrown, they became too eager for the wherewithal and forgot their terpsichorean art.

We are taking a lot of the Togoland natives to work in the

Cameroons. They are most reliable, and hold responsible offices with the traders and plantation people. They and their families have collected all their belongings. We look down upon their entire kitchen furniture, consisting of pots, basins, calabashes, and tin trunks; also their bedroom belongings, which are neatly rolled up.

The women dress in clean calico, and some garments are even trimmed with lace; but I noticed in one case that the lace was sewn on upside down. Still, what matter? The fashion in London is not perhaps the mode of Togoland, and, after all, why should it matter? Many of the women are wearing Accra earrings of solid gold, and their babies are tied to their backs. These people are intelligent, and have pleasant faces. In 1884 Prince Bismarck sent out Gustav Nachtigall in the man-o'-war *Moewe*, that landed and raised the German flag over Togoland. Having successfully accomplished its mission there it sailed for the Cameroons and hoisted the red, white, and black colours of Germany over this rich territory which adds more than 192,000 square miles to the Fatherland.

SCENE AT DUALA, CAMEROONS.

It is bounded on the north by Lake Chad, on which they have over sixty miles of shore. The natives, however, objected to the European occupation, and within a year declared war. This was settled almost immediately by a naval brigade from H.I.M. ships *Olga* and *Bismarck*. But it was a long time before there was much intercourse between the great hinterland lying behind the Cameroon and Blue (Rombi) Mountains.

At Victoria, as soon as a mail steamer lands, the male inhabitants immediately board her, and a visit to the barber is the first essential. Then the men sit together chatting and drinking copious quantities of beer. This beverage, which is brought from Germany, is kept at an even temperature, and in a thirsty country where

there is very little ice one can imagine how much it is appreciated.

The men yarn and drink till sometimes the next day has ushered itself in. Last night there was a great reunion between two brothers, both officials, who had not met for eight years. I was told that among the six friends sixty-two glasses of beer were consumed! One captain informed me that for the round voyage he brought out 400 casks of beer. Not having recovered a long-lost brother, I retired early, prepared to explore Victoria the first thing next morning.

At five I was on deck, and the enchanting panorama spreading out before me was indeed a surprise. No one had told me that Victoria was even considered pretty, and few tourists have visited this port of the Cameroons. The sun was just showing his golden radiance behind a lesser mountain, but the great bold peak of Mongo-ma-Loba, or Mount Götteborg, with its proud head rising 13,300 feet, forbidding, defiant, arrayed in the most brilliant green of tropical verdure, stood like a giant ready to protect the land.

This mountain is volcanic, and showed its wrath by an eruption in 1910. Although it conceals malevolence with its green cloak, it is only at the peak itself that the crater can be seen. Close by, but not so arrogant, stands "Little Cameroon," or "Mongo-ma-Etindeh," mountain. In her humbleness she only attains the height of 5720 feet. She also wears feathery green absolutely to the summit. These peaks are not alone, for they have other great companions inland, which can be seen sixty miles away. Their rival, Mount Hewitt, shows itself for eighty miles, and there are many of the smaller fry whose rugged masses reach an elevation of 4000 or 6000 feet.

With these wonderful mountains rising abruptly out of the sea, the splendid spectacle is unsurpassed. As far as natural beauty is concerned, it is one of the most delightful harbours I have seen, and can be classified as a rival of Cape Town, whose praises have been chanted by generations. The harbour is deep and protected, the landing being easy and well arranged. Here we go decorously down the gangway and step into a proper launch. I feel so thankful not to be slung overboard! A short distance, and we land at a jetty comfortably provided with steps.

Herr Rütz, who lives in the country, kindly volunteered to take me ashore, and make a tour of the town with me. Five tiny rock

islands, on which live fantastic-shaped trees, lie to the left of the harbour, and surf beating against their base gives a pretty touch to a pleasing picture.

Victoria is in latitude 4° 0′ N., long. 9° 14′ E. The white population numbers about sixty. Water supply is good, and comes from an artesian well on the old Buea road, a mile and a quarter from Victoria. Water is carried by an aqueduct some 3000 yards to the town. Supplies of good beef and mutton can be obtained, but vegetables are as yet scarce, though yams are successfully grown. Horses can exist, and the rainfall is very heavy. Buea, the capital, is situated high up upon a mountain-side, and has a railway to it from Victoria. The enormous cocoa plantations are very rich. One sees whole hills completely covered with cocoa trees. The valuable exports consist of palm oil, cocoa, palm kernels, kola nuts, ivory, ebony, tobacco, and cotton—all from this beautiful Garden of Eden.

NATIVES EMBARKING AT DUALA.

The serpent exists in the form of fever, and nearly everyone relies upon an amount of quinine to become immune from the dread illness. Blackwater fever, dysentery, sleeping-sickness, and a great deal of leprosy are found amongst the natives. An island in the bay is set aside for the sufferers from leprosy. It is called Monkey Island, and there are chimpanzees living in its forest. The Government have erected a large house or hospital for lepers. The Elder Dempster steamers call at Victoria once a month, and the Woermann Linie every fortnight.

The experimental Botanical Garden of the Government is the great sight, and we saw it on our way. This walk in the early morning through a tropical garden was indeed beautiful. The earth is a little red, as in Rhodesia and Ceylon. We pass grape fruit trees with the big golden globes ripening in the sun, and hundreds lying under the branches on the ground. A mental

flash made me remember that I had paid as much as 1s. 6d. each for these grape fruit at Solomon's in Piccadilly.

Crotons in all colours looked splendidly blatant. Hedges of bougainvillæa, with passion flowers still wet with dew, seemed not as yet to have awakened. Pink and scarlet acacia trees were laden with blooms. All the palm family were flourishing, and obviously liked the place. There I saw the Queen Palm and the Traveller basking in the sun. There were countless throngs of mango, orange, banana, cocoanut, rubber, calabash, and cotton trees, and many other the names of which I do not know. We climbed a hill sighting a lovely view. All along the little cove the breakers were gently sobbing, and a pretty white church with a few houses smothered in greenery appeared like a miniature toy village.

Victoria boasts two principal streets, one by the sea and one at the back of the town. These are well laid out, with plentiful shade, and kept very clean. We pass a small Catholic church, the Post Office, and the Government buildings, a few houses and trading places. There is much movement of natives in the streets. The English and mixed words would make the proverbial cat laugh!

A young black girl, good-looking, laughing, filling her pail with water, sings out to my companion, "You savez me?" to which he replies, "You live." Obviously she did so very much! "Me no dead," she affirms. We walked all over the town, which took about an hour.

I have given up trying to buy anything at these places, for not even postcards can be found. On many occasions I have invaded shops and met with the overpowering aroma of Africa, only to be disappointed. There are no native curios to be had.

A walk on shore and we end up at Woermann House. Their welcome and hospitality I gratefully acknowledge. It does not matter which town it is, even if they have never seen you before, they are ideal hosts, genial, kindly, and make one perfectly at home. We arrive back at the *Eleonore* and steam out at once—I should say regretfully, but I return here for two days on the way back.

"Imp" wishes me to tell tourists they must not miss Victoria.

Herr Max Hinz, the agent of the Woermann Linie, has kindly permitted me to tell you this true experience of his among the cannibals of the Maka people. He was travelling on his rounds along the coast alone. A crowd of these bloodthirsty creatures captured him. He was obliged to carry the chief of the tribe on his shoulders through their village, accompanied by the entire population.

They, in prospect of a feast, joined the procession, laughing, singing, and beating tom-toms. He was afterwards given twenty-five lashes, put into a hut, and kept there. For food they gave him his own tin of butter, which they had found in his "chop-box," kernels and palm oil—their idea being to fatten him before killing.

Alas! poor man, he was almost mad, and tried to cut his veins; but they removed everything that might assist him in the attempt. After five days of agony indescribable, a black man who

JU-JUS IN THE MAKING, CAMEROONS.

knew him appeared. Of course, the new-comer realized it would never do to let the cannibals eat the agent of the Woermann Linie. He tried hard to bring about his release.

After great and prolonged palaver he succeeded, but had to buy three new wives for the chief in order to occupy his mind and make him forget his disappointment over the forbidden feast. I am pleased to say that Mr. Hinz looks none the worse for his unhappy capture—in fact, I think if the cannibals had again the same chance they would not wait for the fattening of this extremely good-looking and healthy specimen of manhood!

CHAPTER XLIII

Duala

VICTORIA to Duala is something like a four-hours' steaming. It rained, blotting out the scenery, and I conscientiously felt I could take a siesta without depriving my readers of anything interesting. After walking in the tropics you return soaking wet, and it is advisable to bath and get into dry clothes immediately. Sometimes I have been obliged to change three times a day.

In the afternoon we arrived opposite Duala, having entered a deep bay, the mouth of the Cameroon River. Here the outlook is very different from Victoria. Land is comparatively low, and thickly wooded; plenty of rain falls, and restful green trees and shrubs form a horseshoe of verdure.

VILLA AT VICTORIA.

We moor some distance from Duala, and the ship stays for thirty-six hours, then returns to remain six or eight days; therefore it is not necessary to hurry ashore. I prefer to wait till morning. At dinner we are a small party, most of the passengers having left, and I being a "tenderfoot"—(I believe that's American for never having been in a country before)—was intensely interested in hearing stories told in native dialect by men who are pioneers in the country. I give these to you as I hear them, knowing that in cold black and white they do not strike one so comically as when uttered from the lips of people who have the proper accent.

Definition of a piano (native):

"It's a box: if you flack him he cry."

When inquiring after the health of a friend, you get as answer, "He live for die." This means that he yet has that pleasure in store for him.

If you have a sweetheart, according to West Coast vernacular, "I love you bad" is an avowal of the most intense affection. If a native is ill, and his master, wishing to cure him, asks his symptoms, he dolorously answers, "My skin no good to-day—all place live for hot *me*." I have a new name—my friends have re-christened me "Mrs. Cameron of the Cameroons," and they say I must make it a title for my next novel.

Major Muhling, who has been resident in the country during many of the native wars, relates that when he was with his men fighting the Maka people, notorious cannibals, he had only eighteen soldiers left out of his expedition. The chief had them at his mercy. Major Muhling being a particularly big, tall, and handsome man the natives told him openly, "You skin make good cover for chief's drum." "Pleasant prospect, was it not?" he asked me.

"And I tell you," he continued, "I have been obliged to watch those beasts cut up my dead soldiers—take an arm off, and begin to eat it; then see the rest of the body sliced with cutlasses and taken away to be smoked. After that the fiends would present different pieces to other chiefs and relatives. It makes me shudder even now to think what my eyes have seen! We could do nothing—being surrounded by cannibals who were thirsty and mad for white men's blood."

"How horrible!" I faltered. "You being of such ample proportions I presume you particularly attracted them?"

"Yes," he acknowledged. "They said, 'We chop you, take skin first.' I assure you I had no desire to upholster their drums," he added grimly. "But at last relief came. I was then fighting with Dominik—and what a good fellow he was!"

Major Muhling also recounted other experiences of the cannibals, and the long tracks he had made over rushing waters, through bush, to Lake Chad; in fact, completely exploring the Cameroons.

The next morning I went ashore in the launch. I like to say launch because it sounds more dignified, and was such a contrast to the many embarkations I have submitted to. In some cases these were not at all conventional, especially when I have been

dumped on to something that floated and eventually reached the ship.

Duala is built on a promontory of perhaps 25 feet. It is wreathed with tropical foliage. It is market day, and crowds of natives have assembled on the beach. My friend and I at once inspect the stores, which are spread out in front of numerous women. Each woman has a dirty bit of canvas or mat to keep shop on ; and the produce is placed in tiny piles dotted over this covering. Nakalle, a greasy-looking yellow cake, is in great demand ; also small red peppers, dried fish looking very ancient—this an import from Norway which natives love—red and yellow palm nuts, dried shrimps, papaw fruit, oranges, mealies, pine-apples, and fresh cocoa-nuts are the principal exhibits of to-day.

TRADERS' ESTABLISHMENT, DUALA.

The market women come mostly from Togoland. They wear clean clothes draped from the waist downward, the rest of the body being naked. Fortunate ones have gold ear-rings and wire bracelets. One very remarkable-looking woman sported a high blue turban and smoked a huge black pipe. They were a picturesque group, but when I tried to snapshot them the lady with the pipe objected, and they scattered. My friend remarked, "They think it's a gun."

There was a collection of dug-outs on the shore, from which, standing knee-deep in the water, natives were selling immense branches of plantains. We climbed up the bank, the rich damp soil reeking with heat, so much so one could almost feel the trees and shrubs expanding. Wild verbena and hibiscus trimmed the roadway. On top is the Strand Hotel, two-storeyed, painted grey, and with double verandahs. It is the only hotel, and I should say was fairly good in a primitive way. Prices : 12s. a day for room only. A gentleman has been

kind enough to loan us a carriage, for one can hire nothing, since everything is private property. Duala is a town covering a lengthy space, therefore walking is a fatiguing process. From the terrace the Union Jack flies o'er the now familiar factory of John Holt and Co., while in the distance, through a grey cloud veil, the lofty peak of the Cameroons is seen. Lower down towards its base one discerns Buea, the white buildings of the Government House, and even the road stretching along the mountain-side.

Coming past the hotel natives are returning from market, their hands full. We have heard much talk lately of big hats! Our people really cannot compete with the Togoland fashion regarding headgear. These natives are wearing palm-woven round hats fully the size of centre tables, while hanging down from the brim is a fringe of straw which forms a sort of veil. Certainly the ladies of Togoland do not risk their complexions, and are completely up to date!

LANDING PIER, DUALA.

I am presented with some coral-red flowers, and as they are not tied, my friend, a Camerooner, says to the boy waiter, "Bring small rope for flowers," which in our language is equivalent to a bit of string. Another boy rushes in breathless and exclaims, "Carriage live," which translated means carriage waits. The vehicle is a tiny one-seated affair on two slender wheels, and the mounting is rather difficult; but I manage and stow myself into as small a compass as possible. Then my companion enters—the little horse no bigger than a child's pony; but we have an outrider, or boy who walks behind, and off we go!

I had already telephoned to Mr. Holder—H.M. Consul-General—asking if I might call. He has been thirty-two years in this country, so *where*, I asked myself, could I get better information? Streets are clean, well-kept, and wide, with a great deal of shade, and, as in all the German colonies, sanitation and cleanliness receive first

attention. At Duala they are now laying the water on to the houses through pipes. They have a good telephone service, and two railways, one to the north and one to the south.

We arrive at the "factory" of Messrs. R. W. King, Ltd., a Bristol firm, who began trading along this coast in 1649. Mr. Holder ably represents this firm, and received us with characteristic geniality. These factories—erroneously so called, as they do not manufacture, but trade—usually consist of a spacious compound, at the back of which is a long line of tin houses for the employed natives—possibly fifty or sixty; a large general store, a wholesale department, shipping offices, and a good house for the manager. All these firms have big interests in the interior and along the coast.

We climb to Mr. Holder's house by a long flight of stairs. Almost all the buildings are raised upon piles, with the usual wide verandah, which is most essential in this torrid zone. In Mr. Holder's house there are several large and spacious apartments. It is very interesting to visit these bachelor homes, where an embroidered cushion or picture frame from a beloved sister's or mother's hand is proudly shown. You soon discover photographs of the family, household gods—we all have them—and in most cases men are very clever in the arrangement of their homes.

I recall many male abodes in all the countries I have visited, and generally the rooms are simple, practical, and comfortable. Mr. Holder's is more luxurious than most. He has purchased many souvenirs on his trips to the motherland; but even HE has succumbed to the gramophone.

I presented my credentials to my compatriot, who, as he held out his hand in welcome, said, "You're the only woman of your trade I have met out here since Mary Kingsley."

"Miss Mary Kingsley!" I exclaim. "Oh, but you mustn't class me with her; she was an explorer—I am only a traveller. I have done nothing." A mental lightning-flash recalls Miss Kingsley's wonderful adventures. She was a legitimate pioneer and explorer—the first woman to climb that mighty Cameroon Peak.

She was the premier feminine pilot to navigate the great Ogowe River, which is full of deceptive whirlpools and falls. She lived among the M'Fans—cannibals—and herself describes her progress through mangrove swamps, and how when she emerged

she released the necklace of leeches which attached themselves to her throat during the imprisonment of her hands. Being compared with such a woman is indeed flattery.

About twenty years ago Miss Kingsley on two occasions visited these parts, and her book of experiences could not fail to leave an indelible mark upon memory's pages. She went out to nurse the soldiers in the Boer War, and gallantly laid down her life in the performance of honour, patriotism, and duty!

"Do, Mr. Holder, tell me some of your experiences. You know the land so well, and have seen the development from primitive savagery to the present conditions of the country—civilization and good government."

CAMEROON RIVER.

"Well," he began thoughtfully, "when I first came here thirty-two years ago things were indeed different. In those days we traders and all whites lived on the hulks of old dismantled ships out there in the river." He pointed to the water just below us a few feet from his sitting-room.

One could see the picture. "We had a tin roof to protect us from the sun, and made a lot of holes through the sides of the vessel in order that the breeze might circulate. I remember one time I never even came ashore for eighteen months."

"But why was that?" I interrupt. "I am interested and want to know all."

"There was nothing to come ashore for," he resumed. "The two principal native tribes were at war, the Akuas and Dualas of Bell Town. I have watched their battles, seen hundreds chopped up with machetes or cutlasses, and there was neither time nor inclination for burial, so they threw them into the river. The water would be red with blood. These natives, the cannibals of the Cameroons, are especially warlike, ferocious, and without conscience."

Mr. Holder then told me a story of how the Dualas used to treat their medicine men. When they had become suspicious of them —perhaps the destined poison had not worked, or they feared confidences betrayed—they used to make them drink a bottle of rum ; then they tied their hands behind their backs, forced their mouths wide open with sticks, and threw them into the river. This certainly was an effective way of getting rid of them, and perhaps they chose a less dangerous profession in the afterworld.

An old steward who knew Miss Kingsley describes her as follows : " Dem woman all same man, he put small gun for him pillow." It is the custom in West Africa with the native to describe all genders as " him."

Mr. Holder related the sad affair of Mr. Pontanius, at that time agent of the Woermann Linie. It was during the war, and the Germans were shelling Bell Hill, where Duala is now situated. The Joss people and their Chief were there. Mr. Pontanius came out upon his verandah—an unfortunate circumstance, for immediately he was sprung upon by the natives and taken to their huts. " When the Chief die, you die," they declared. Calabar Joss, the Chief, was shot, and these natives killed Mr. Pontanius—as they said, " bone by bone."

The Bell Chiefs have ruled " Bell Town " or Duala for many generations. Manga Bell was sent to England and educated at Bristol. He built a palace at Duala, in which the present King Bell lives. This Chief received his education in Germany. A long row of buildings—his harem—is a short distance from the theatrical-looking palace. There is a severe local discussion going on regarding the transplanting of the natives who live at the back of Duala to a sort of reserve for them at half-an-hour's walk from the town. The authorities desire their removal from a sanitary point of view, but the natives remain obdurate, saying they will not leave, and the Chief has sent a petition to the Government at Berlin.

Duala has a white population of 600, and 50 European ladies reside here, also about 40 Englishmen. It is policed by native soldiers armed, and they wear khaki uniforms, to which a bright dash of colour is given by their red-and-blue caps. After a very pleasant visit to Mr. Holder I mention that we must be going, as the *Eleonore Woermann* is leaving at two for Kribi, a port further down the coast.

"Going to Kribi, are you? So is a friend of mine—you must meet him, and he will show you the place." Whereupon he called, "Boy, fetch Mr. Sonnenberg." When this gentleman made his appearance I could not tell if he was English or German, as he spoke my tongue so well; but he proved to be German, and had represented Messrs. Hatton and Cookson for twenty-three years on the coast.

People certainly are good to me, and have been all through this long journey. When I look back upon the kindnesses I have received I cannot be grateful enough. This gentleman is courtesy itself, and offers to take care of me and make all arrangements. I leave for the jetty, where I have not long to wait. The Woermann launch has not forgotten to call for me, and I am soon on my ship again.

MANGA BELL'S PALACE, DUALA.

We are few at dinner, in fact only two other ladies besides myself. One is a girl who expects to meet her sweetheart when we reach Kribi at 10 o'clock to-night. They are to be married to-morrow morning. Although not pretty, as the world would say, she has a beautiful complexion, and in one of her best white gowns looks very nice. She has been in a rather nervous and excited flutter all day, and the menfolk joke her about the wedding, to which remarks she answers with furious blushes.

The other lady is pretty, young, slight, and dresses charmingly. She also is almost a bride, as she joins her husband, who is engaged in the rubber trade, after a few weeks of honeymoon in Germany. She is keenly impatient to be reunited to her husband. We arrive at our destination at the correct time, and the few passengers hang over the taffrail looking into the darkness. Suddenly we see a boat with lights looming from the black distance. The excitement of both ladies increases. Halloos are sounded across the water, and an answer comes back. "It's

him—mine man!" joyfully announces the young married German lady.

"There is only one man in the boat," whispers a gentleman beside me. I glance at the bride-girl in white; she is smiling, for she has not heard.

At last the boat draws near, and out springs the married man, heedless of danger, even before the boat is tied. He rushes up and embraces his wife.

But the prospective bride stands sadly alone—her groom has not come! Oh, the irony of fate! The joy and disappointment—the difference between the two women!

I feel so sorry for the girl in white. I take her hand to say good night, and murmur something about Morgen—I can't express myself in German—and I feel she would like to rush to her cabin for a good cry.

There has been some mistake about a telegram, and the bridegroom-elect, who is stationed in the interior, could not get down in time. I hear the popping of champagne corks close by, and merry laughter; but my thoughts follow the girl in white to her cabin. Alas! "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

For the last eight days my address has been the Cameroon River, and we are moored off Duala, the largest town of the Cameroons. It was not possible to get rooms at the Strand Hotel, which being small is quickly filled, and I prefer to live on board, it being much cooler and healthier. I can always go ashore whenever I wish.

It was the Portuguese who gave this river its name. At the season when the explorers visited these waters they found such a quantity of small lobsters or crayfish that they could almost float on them, so they christened the river after the fish. A dredger is constantly at work on the drifting sandbars, and there is a large dry dock belonging to Woermann and Co.

On the right-hand side of Duala stands a large hospital, constructed for coolness. This is often crowded, many cases of blackwater, malarial fever, and sleeping-sickness, which is prevalent in the interior, being sent here. The Government buildings, High Court, Post Office, churches, schools, and police headquarters are fine handsome buildings, and suited to the country, as in all German colonial towns. Duala possesses a large rain-

NATIVES ASSEMBLED TO WELCOME EX-KING BELL ON HIS RETURN FROM GERMANY.

fall, thereby ensuring beautiful vegetation, in the shape of flowering bush, passion flowers, orchids, palms, breadfruit trees, acacias crowned with blooms, and just outside the town immense fields of maize, tobacco, and cocoanut. There are numerous fine residences, mostly built upon piles, heavily shaded.

It was very interesting to go ashore early in the mornings and walk before the sun became too fierce. Strolling down the long main street, which is kept very clean, watching native life, is most interesting. A black woman coolly puffing an old briar pipe, a baby perched on her hip, strides by you; little girls bearing trays of red and yellow kola nuts smile in passing. Natives naked to the waist cut grass with huge-bladed machetes. Hausa men, dignified Mohammedans, wearing long toga-like garments with strange designs, saunter along, some of them having walked across the desert from Morocco. Imagine setting out nonchalantly for a foot journey which will last a couple of years or more! What matter? Kismet! Everything is preordained.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, DUALA.

These Hausas are decidedly more intelligent than, and far superior to, other native tribes. The Afrikanische Company have a fine large depot here, and possess the concession for all medical stores. I hear they have also established a big steam laundry and a circulating library. A new hotel is in process of building, and a half-erected theatre rests unfinished owing to the company having been wrecked upon that dangerous rock called bankruptcy.

There is a very large Catholic mission, which has fine grounds, and near by the imposing residence of the Bishop of the West Coast. Opposite, the Catholic and Protestant cemeteries bring in a touch of sadness. I wander through them and read the names on simple white crosses. How many hopes are buried in this sacred plot! People who came here full of ambition, eager to make

fortunes, were felled by fever and interred in a few hours—ashes to ashes! Aloe trees, palms, hibiscus, frangipanni, japonica, and coral plant decorate and shade this "God's acre."

The Basle Mission is also very prominent at Duala. I pass the Palaver House, or native court, where in old days momentous questions of peace or war were discussed. In the native shops where liquor is sold, the proprietors having paid £20 for a licence, the German coat-of-arms with the Imperial Eagle is outside, and the natives who flock to these places make a rendezvous with their friends—"To dem pigeon"—meaning the eagle. I like very

POINT AND PART OF RESIDENTAL QUARTER, DUALA.

much to watch the native women, some of whom are well dressed in European clothes and wear a profusion of gold jewellery.

The woman question is a very serious one in Africa. Volumes could be written about the spell of the black woman. I dislike to touch upon this subject, and yet as I have promised to tell the truth of what I see and hear I shall endeavour to be as brief and clear as possible upon this delicate subject.

We all know that white men and native women in India, Australia—in fact, in all our colonies—have met on familiar ground, and that their relations are not always platonic. We have the Eurasian as an example of this. One must blame someone or

something, so we will say it's the fault of the climate—which at any rate can't answer back !

I began to hear of these affairs when I first arrived in Africa, and they pursued me through Rhodesia. At the Cape, our oldest colony, one sees no end of proof in the mixed black-and-white population one encounters everywhere. But in Rhodesia, where white men have brought their white wives, the Nemesis of wrongdoing sometimes follows in a way which we abhor.

The matters I am about to relate were told me by a charming English girl who shared my compartment from Salisbury to Umtali. All the people who live in this part of the world will remember and verify the case. The lady kept house for her brother, a prominent business man. About four nights before I met her she retired to rest as usual, a baby child of another brother who had recently lost his wife lying in a small bed beside her.

About midnight she was awakened by a noise outside her bedroom, the door of which opened on to a verandah. She started up, calling out, "Who's there ?" No response followed. Restless, she could not sleep.

In half an hour or so she again heard the noise, and in a mirror of the wardrobe plainly saw a native trying to get in. Instantly she rushed to her brother's room, explaining what was the matter. The brother snatched up his revolver and rushed to the verandah. He saw the Kaffir running and fired at him, but he disappeared.

The next morning, towards dawn, the Kaffir died. The preliminary examination took place before a magistrate on the day I met her, and this young lady, being very much upset, nervous, and unable to sleep, was going away for a change to visit friends at Umtali. She confided to me that many people had written to her brother and herself commending them upon their action and bravery.

These attacks, I regret to say, are becoming of frequent occurrence in the isolated places of Rhodesia—between natives and white women. When the Colonies were first occupied the men took what they should not—the Kaffir women. These women were in no way protected. There was no law for them against being commandeered by white men, and the Kaffir brother or father, now that they have become more civilized, resent the lasciviousness of their masters.

The one object and vow amongst Kaffirs is that in revenge they will violate a white woman. When Englishmen are obliged to leave

their womenkind on isolated farms every one has her revolver, in case it is required. Now the white man reaps the harvest which other men have sown.

In German South-West Africa the Government are very strict on this question, and if a man has a child by a native woman he becomes a social outcast, and is liable to be expelled from the country, whatever difficulty exists.

When I arrived at Gaboon I heard that these women were a sort of prize in the grab-bag. A man said to me: "The Gaboon women, they sew, they cook, they keep the house clean, and if the man is a trader they help him in his business." At the time I supposed he meant that they were more intelligent and made better servants, and the thought that they lived as wives with white men never occurred to me.

SURF AND LIGHTHOUSE AT KRIBI.

I afterwards heard that many men from the Cameroons and all along the coast sent to Gaboon for a woman. They have to pay the French Government £5 as export duty on a native Gaboon girl, and she is, like other merchandise, put on to a ship and sent to the man.

I have heard much discussion upon this sex subject, and read articles for and against which have been printed in the "Zúkunft," which is read all over the German colonies. Dr. Gowere has very cleverly expressed his opinion upon the situation. The excuse is that few white women can bear the climate; but this will be remedied in time with the advance of civilization and the gradual diminishing of fever.

The men argue that if they bring a white wife out, first there is the danger to her health, and then, if a child comes, she must be sent home; also, if a man has a wife he must own a larger establishment, as he cannot live in two rooms, which contented him in bachelor days. Therefore, eliminating sentiment from the matter,

the fact remains that the white woman is expensive. The black woman, on the other hand, is a help, and costs him practically nothing; he is in no way tied, and if he goes home she returns to her family. Should he die, his relatives receive all his belongings, and although the native woman may have lived with him and kept his house for years he is under no obligation whatsoever.

It is useless to speak of morality in connection with the natives, as they have no idea what it means. A missionary informed me that they had the greatest difficulty in teaching them the scriptural law against adultery. The man says, "It is not wicked to take advantage of a young girl, for she got no husband"; while he knows very well that if he is too familiar with a married woman, and found out, he will be rolled over a log, and on his bare back will receive twenty-five lashes vigorously dealt by the husband with a pliable stick; also that the further he stands away the greater effect will the stick have. Thus does the husband avenge his honour.

Nor does the native see the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" in quite our light. His maxim is, "It is not wicked to steal from the white man, 'cause he got so much."

I began to remark that whenever I visited the menfolk along this coast, invariably someone went into the house first while I waited outside, saying, "Just a moment—I will see if dear so-and-so is presentable." In this land of heat naturally a man often sits in his shirt sleeves or pyjamas.

After a short period I would hear, "Right-o! Come up." I am here speaking of Englishmen. I entered the house to find everything quite proper, the men very glad to see a white woman and to talk home news. Subsequently someone enlightened me by this remark: "You know we always go in first so as to get his black woman out before you appear."

This news gave me a sort of sickening sensation. To me it seemed horrible—these nice men and this horrid depravity. I turned to the man, saying, "I presume you have a black darling as well as the others?" He laughed rather shamefacedly and answered, "Not as yet." It is peculiar that a man will not tell you about his woman, though he does not mind giving you all the information regarding his friend's woman, and even shows you a photograph of a creature with braided wool standing spike-like from the head, making her resemble a porcupine, and with great thick lips and a flat nose.

KING BELL'S TRIUMPHANT PROGRESS THROUGH THE STREETS OF DUALA ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FAVOURITE JU-JUS.

I asked this man as I scrutinized the gorilla-looking woman, "Do they kiss these women?" He replied, "You take too serious a view of the thing," and assumed an attitude of bravado. I shuddered with disgust, as I had wasted my sympathy.

This is all I shall say about this vital sex problem, which stretches itself along the entire West Coast. It is not my affair, for Africa is Africa, and like no other land.

I was told that in some places when a white man comes out and tries to lead a clean life his not taking up with a black woman causes him to be boycotted by the fraternity. In the case of a trader his factory is given the go-by, the blacks bringing their ivory, rubber, and other produce to the merchant whose house is kept by one of their own kin. I hope that is not true. One could fill pages, and volumes have been written of the lives of these people.

I will drop the subject.

Mr. Emerson, a missionary from Tawonde, relates the following story of a Bula tribe Christian. He came to the mission and complained that Ze, his neighbour, had been swearing at his wife, had taken the name of the Lord in vain, and should be disciplined by the Church—he being a Christian it was very wicked.

The minister called the offender before him to give him admonition. Ze solemnly explained that he had some palaver with his wife about the children. "What swear words did you say to her?" demanded Mr. Emerson. "I said to my wife, 'You had better wash your face, it has not been clean for six weeks.'" This remark was, according to native code, considered the most terrible accusation.

The Bula tribes are not cannibals, but they have many strange ideas. A boy of seventeen died, and Mr. Emerson went to the house. Usually there is much yelling and moaning in honour of the dead. These people were Christians, and everything was very quiet. Mr. Emerson found a fragile little woman sitting on the bed by her dead son. It is their custom to remain with the body until it is buried. Mr. Emerson, standing to read a short service at the grave, was surprised to see the brothers of the boy bringing the corpse, which was wrapped in a straw mat, it being always the women who bury the dead. He spoke to them encouragingly, telling them he was glad to see that they were relieving women of the burden. They explained, "We bring him because we are Christians, but in Bula custom—if a man touches the dead he never get children." Such is the superstition amongst them.

CHAPTER XLIV

Kribi

MR. SONNENBERG, true to his promise, sent a boat for me early next morning. There were eight smartly-dressed boys wearing cotton jackets, and the band around each cap read "Hatton and Cookson." Miss Kingsley mentioned in her book borrowing boats from this firm, but when I read her interesting adventures I never dreamt that I also would at some time be grateful for one of their boats.

We have a long way to row over rolling surf. About me I remark what look like black men sitting on the rollers; now they disappear into a valley of green water, then they bob up serenely. These natives are in the Batanga canoes. They are celebrated throughout the coast, but it is only here you find them. These canoes are about the length of a man, and weigh only fifteen pounds. The natives hollow them from cotton wood or other trees, and in many cases moons and various objects are painted on them in red for decoration. There is a narrow curved piece of wood upon which the native mounts. Then he rides his boat as if on horseback, and manages his tiny craft with such skill that no matter how buoyant the surf he only experiences a rocking-horse effect!

KRIBI FROM THE SEA.

The only difficulty he has not mastered is the sharks. He swings his legs overboard most of the time, and with his paddle battles with them; but in spite of all his care they frequently nibble his legs rather dangerously. It is only these natives who can navigate Batanga canoes—others have tried with dismal failure.

A small white picturesque lighthouse is prominent on the Point, surrounded by palms and a few houses. We enter the Kribi River, which at present is very much like a creek; opposite, on rising ground, stands a nice-looking Catholic Church, with high spire. Next to this is the residence of the Fathers, and beyond a school, a branch of the Palatine Mission. The convent is some distance from the church.

An iron bridge crosses the river, and the dark shadowy trees make beautiful reflections. Mr. Sonnenberg and another gentleman are awaiting me; the latter has motored down from the interior, and has had a nasty accident, for the car overturned, spraining his wrist and injuring the chauffeur. They proceed to take me to Mr. Sonnenberg's house, and exhibit the factory, which resembles the others very closely. The house was large, lofty, and airy, with green shutters, and everything most comfortable. On the table, as in all these bachelor homes, there are large round glass jars tightly closed, where repose tobacco and cigarettes. They are kept thus protected against dampness.

In the dining-room he has a very good collection of antlers. I admired a fine sideboard made by natives from the mahogany grown close by.

We went to the big shed outside, but here the odour was anything but pleasant; at first I wondered what it could be, but Africa has taught me never to be surprised at anything! In this shed twenty-five or thirty natives are preparing rubber for shipment. Trees are tapped in the interior, and the thick, white, milky substance taken from the pots or basins. Then it is put into boiling water, where it coagulates into hard lumps, varying from the size of a large potato to a pineapple. These pieces are rolled into shape on the ground, afterwards being placed in canvas sacks and sealed.

Now the carrier in the interior puts a kinja on his back. This is a receptacle for holding wares, made of a twisted creeper called bush-rope. The strands are arranged into a light, portable

fixture, which fits upon the back and over the shoulders of the native. Nearly all the carriers are cannibals, and have their teeth filed to points, denoting the fact. Next the carrier is loaded with the sacks of rubber or whatever he is carrying, and the same method is used for all merchandise. Sixty pounds are put on his back, for it is against the law to load a man with more than sixty-four pounds. Off he starts. Usually there are thirty or forty in single file, and they easily cover twenty-five to thirty miles per day. Thus the rubber comes down from the huge tropical forests of the hinterland through many vicissitudes—and eventually rolls softly through the streets of the world's countries and various capitals.

In this shed the natives are squatting. They take up the lumps of pure rubber, which look like dirty potatoes, and with their sharp cutlasses slice the rubber and cut it up into blocks from two to three inches square. These are thrown into a canoe of water, dried, and packed into casks.

My host insists I shall take a piece of it as souvenir of my visit. I already have a curious collection of historical and pleasant reminders of my trip, consisting of some hippo and rhino hide, lion skin, and a box of diamond gravel—though I believe the diamonds have been picked out! "Imp" says I am a mere magpie collecting and hiding! One curio I was very glad to buy here is a carved ivory tusk, worked entirely by native labour, and depicting the trades, men and animals of the country.

Upon coming out of the shed we found the compound full of carriers who had just arrived, bringing more sacks of rubber. Every sack must be inspected to see that the seal has not been tampered with; then they are checked, and the boys lay down their burdens. These boys had been exactly one month on the trail. With the exception of their loin-cloth they were naked, their brown, shining skins resembling bronze, while they appeared in perfect condition—fat enough, despite their long walk.

We started to circle the town, which being small, was not a great feat to accomplish, and the roads are of hard red soil. The Government has built splendid ones, and into the interior as well. The sun is strong, but somehow one gets used to it in the tropics. You wear your cork helmet and are satisfied, for you fear no sunstroke; are clothed in cotton, which you throw to the wash-boy on your return; and the continual mopping of your face you get used to.

You have discarded your complexion a long time since, and don't need powder, because everyone you meet is shiny and perspiring like yourself! Kribi has a hospital, the High Court, native court, and the usual Government buildings. The native court is generally held in the Avenue of Mangoes, which also does duty for the military shooting-range. This long, cool walk, shaded by stately and beautiful trees, forms an ideal retreat on a hot day. I ask Mr. Sonnenberg what is the general native grievance. He replies:

"It's usually a woman palaver—*cherchez la femme*"—upon which we both laughed.

"Yes, the woman is perhaps married to an old man, and as they have no moral code she runs away with another. Then the position arises—the wife must come back or the bridal money be returned."

"But if the woman returns?" I venture to ask.

"Then she is beaten and maybe killed," is the reply. "Sometimes they kill one another, especially in the bush.

"There is one gruesome custom I must tell you about, which I have myself noticed in my many trips up-country. In the graveyards one sees planted a bush or a tree. I thought this was quite a nice idea, but I remarked that the decorations were tied to something in the ground, and they all bent in the same direction. Having some time on hand I investigated these graves, and inquired of my boys how it was that these little trees were tied; and what do you think?" He paused to wipe his forehead.

"I haven't the faintest idea," I answer.

He continued:

"A certain tribe—the Njems—have the custom for a woman to wear a large brass ring soldered around her neck. If she dies, this is buried with her. They only cover the body with a small quantity of earth. Then they tie a cord around the brass ring on the dead woman's neck, heap the earth over her, and plant the bush, remembering to leave the ends of the cord out of the grave, and they tie the bush to this cord.

"As the bush strengthens and grows it pulls the cord with it. In the tropics decomposition sets in at once, and soon the body is rotten. As the memorial bush grows the neck gives way, and the bush pulls the ring with the rope out of the grave. The fond husband, who calculates about how long this process will take, now appears, carefully cuts the cord, sets the bush at liberty,

CANNIBAL RUBBER CARRIERS.

and recovers the neck ring of his former wife. His grief is in a measure assuaged, and he's about to take a new spouse. Thus he reclaims the ring for his betrothed."

Verily one can say, "Their ways are not our ways."

We pass several good houses, thoughtfully built in regard to the climate, and come to Dr. Jacobs the Commissioner's fine residence, built of stone high up on terraces, on which hundreds of cacti have been planted; the wide verandahs being shaded by hedges of wild verbena, yellow and red hibiscus, convolvulus, and the sweet, odorous, white-bloomed frangipanni. I ask my friendly courier about the big game of the interior, and he tells me that there are plenty of elephants about two hours from Kribi. Lions are in the north; many leopards, of which care must be taken when in camp; antelope and crocodiles.

"Did you ever taste elephant meat?" inquired Mr. Sonnenberg.

"No, but I have eaten bear steak in Texas, and it is like beefsteak, only coarser," I affirm.

"Up-country we often eat the trunk of elephant, but it is rather tough, and is better when it is put through a mincing-machine, though as far as taste goes it is much the same as beef."

We enter the site set aside for an eternal memorial to that noble soldier who for fifteen years fought so gallantly against the cannibals, and especially the ferocious Makas—Major Hans Dominik. The plot is neatly arranged and planted with crotons.

The base of the monument is of grey granite, brought especially from Germany. The inscriptions are: "Major Hans Dominik. Born May 17th, 1870. Died Dec., 1910. Not looking to the right, not looking to the left. Forward, straight ahead, having faith in God, and through," is the translation from the German. A more than life-sized bronze figure of this beloved hero surmounts the top. Dominik is wearing the Colonial uniform—with a large hat buttoned sharply up at the side, his hands resting on his sword, and his eyes gazing "straight ahead."

It is a very impressive memorial, and was erected in gratitude by the leading firms of the country—six German and three English companies. It was designed and executed by Herr Moebins, a Berlin artist, at the cost of over £1000. Mr. Sonnenberg was one of the first to propose this tribute, helping to choose the place and glorify the memory of the brave man.

The inhabitants of Kribi number some seventy white men and five or six women. I called upon the young married lady who so joyfully met her husband last evening, and found she had a very pretty little home. Her husband showed me how he had furnished the house in two weeks, having done everything himself. I found it quite wonderful. All the verandah windows had charming white-flowered curtains with little tassels, and branches of palms formed a welcoming arch over the door. He had made a cosy corner, and decorated it with native curios. Flowers of a wild tropical kind filled big bowls; he was so pleased and enchanted with his home and pretty wife.

It is delightful and rare to see people happy, and I must confess that I have seen more contented marriages on this trip than I have in London or any of the big cities I frequent. My poor opinion is that out in the wilds the husband and wife rely more one upon the other—they become more united. There are not the distractions, each one going his or her own way and drifting apart, as is the case in big cities.

PLANTATION.

The *Eleonore Woermann* only remains in the roadstead until noon, then steams to Plantation, twelve miles further up the coast. She is discharging cargo and looking for rubber. My host has a splendid thought—he will drive me to Plantation and his friends will give us lunch there; thus I shall be able to see a beautiful road through the heart of a tropical forest.

I, who thirst for knowledge, gratefully accept. We return to his "factory," and the carriage—"live quick"—is ordered. It is not long before we are seated in the light, small affair behind Katta Katta, a malignant name for such a good black horse. Katta Katta means bad. Men are so called by the natives, and this horse in the days of its youth was inclined to stand on his hind legs and exhibit other playful traits of mischief!

We have a chaperon in the form of a boy, who walks along the side and sometimes ahead of the carriage. My friend has a motor, which he regrets has a broken cylinder; it has been laid up for five months. By each steamer he expects a new one from Berlin.

The road is very smooth, and most of the time we are under the shade of giant trees. Would that I could give you a picture of this forest scene! Streams glide through dense flowered glades where tangled sunshine casts light chequered with shadow. The Government has built substantial concrete and iron bridges over these ideal streams, that sometimes swell to rivers, at great outlay. Many of these, I am told, cost as much as £1500, on account of the soft soil, so easily washed away. On one hand are huge quantities of the cassava, the root of which the native relishes immensely. The fou-fou, or manioc, is made from this, and we obtain tapioca from the same plant. Roots are as large as big carrots. Above them waves the tall, graceful oil palm, the leaves of which are a dark green and look a trifle greasy.

Enormous breadfruit trees, several standing together, seem to block a bend in the road; their broad, glossy leaves and the melon-sized green fruit hanging high on the branches recall Bible stories. Here is a native village, a compound of reeds, and two long palm-plaited houses, divided into one room for each family. They are holding some sort of a palaver, sitting in a circle in the fierce sunlight. Their gardens are full of yams, tall maize, and banana trees. All their needs are supplied by the generous hand of Nature, which only requires a hectare of soil to produce a plentiful harvest.

Down there in those dark pools, screened by tall grasses, my thoughts turn to snakes, and I inquire if they are troubled with these loathsome reptiles. The answer is that they have boa-constrictors, who swallow a kid or lamb; but these are not numerous, and they are fortunate not to have the deadly poisonous snakes of India. What create great bother, however, are the green water variety, which, when you are paddling across a river, try to crawl into your canoe; and when fording the streams they bite you and also your horse. They are badly poisonous, but not deadly.

Umbrella trees, huge and high, with five or six leaves in a cluster drooping downward, vary the verdure, and road ferns help to

PROCESS OF MAKING A JU-JU.

decorate it. Palms, not content to be just themselves, lodge parasites, which tumble from their resting-places in flowering cascades of splendour. From the other side is wafted on the hot air the pungent odour of white frangipanni, and birds pour out their tiny hearts' gratitude in a song of love, joy, and glorification.

Nature is so prodigal of her gifts; but even in this forest her laws hold sway. Amongst the young splendour of shooting greenery, strong with new-born vigour, is an optimist who finds life good. There by its side—fallen—dead—lies the bleached trunk of a one-time mighty giant of the forest. But the lianes, a large family, rally around this stricken king, creep towards him, stretch out tentative tendrils, caress, cajole, tighten with sympathetic touch their hold upon his dead carcase; and, as if ashamed of his white nakedness, lend their green robes to cover his rotting form.

They are ambitious. Not only do they beautify the fallen, but unfortunately embrace the living—with a passion so strong that their clinging hold crushes out the life of strength and towering beauty. They cover and wreathe the road, creeping, spreading, and clinging. Weaver birds have made homes on several trees, and their long, drooping nests—a hundred or so on a tree—form quite a colony.

Seated on a log are a M'Fan woman and man. Mr. Sonnenberg says: "You must see these people," and pulls the reins for Katta Katta to stop. He calls the woman in native jargon, and she comes forward. I immediately snapshot her, but in the shade of the forest I fear the photograph will not do her justice. Her headdress is the most extraordinary thing I have ever seen. The wool is braided and smeared into decorations that render it solid, and cannot be removed without great difficulty and cutting.

Of course this woman is a cannibal—all the M'Fans or Pahuins are. She is slender, perhaps four feet in height, and wears a skirt of cloth, the rest of the body being naked. From ear to ear, and drawn through her nose, is a string of money beads, small and round, of blue and white. Across her forehead is another line of dark blue glass. On the centre of her head, raised by her wool about two inches in height, is a broad piece of leather four inches in width studded thickly with flattened, large-headed brass nails. Each side of this supports a band of cowries, or shells, which are

used for money. From these, sticking out on each side, are two large tiger teeth.

My friend says they are imitation, made of porcelain. The natives think them grand. They cost one penny, and are sold for sixpence. Just over the ears are three rows of little black and white shirt buttons, sewn as closely together as possible. This woman is also encumbered with a brass leg ring, two thumb rings, and an iron bracelet. On her breasts strange tattooings denote emblems of her tribe. This is done by cutting the skin in pattern and rubbing in some black mixture. She submitted to my scrutiny, standing motionless while I jotted down these notes of her weird appearance.

"I wouldn't have missed her for a great deal," I laughingly tell my companion. He assures me that it is not often a M'Fan woman of her stamp is seen near the coast.

MONUMENT TO MAJOR DOMINIK, KRIBI.

On we jog, and two points washed by surf, which is very strong to-day, come into view. Pineapple Point, or New Hamburg, boasts of one factory. New Bremen, its rival, not to be outdone, has also one. Mr. Sonnenberg waves his hand and says, "Here are a lot of Fans," and seated on the roadway, their empty kinjas beside them, were twenty-five or more. Now we are all alone, except our outrunner boy, and I don't know whether my friend is armed or not. I hope so, as I have recently heard so many true stories of cannibals, and of these particular Fans, that I am not at all pleased to make their acquaintance.

Mr. Sonnenberg addresses them, and they all get up to follow our carriage. Oh! I feel a creepy sensation down my back as they walk behind us, but all are smiling, naked, with the same ugly tattoo marks as their women. I am not in the least comfortable,

I soliloquize ; one never knows. They say they do not dare to molest white people, but there have been cases, and I don't wish to figure in one. Suppose they surrounded us—what could we do, twenty-five or thirty cannibals to two people ? How I wish we could get to Plantation !

" You're not afraid ? " asks my companion.

" Afraid ? No ! " I falter, with all the time that dreadful cold feeling running up and down my back. In imagination I almost feel them pulling me out of the carriage. I give a quick side glance. Yes, there they are ; they can easily touch us if they want to.

" Where are they going ? " I try to be brave.

" Plantation, where we go."

" Heavens ! " I say, " they will be with us all the way."

I don't enjoy the drive now, and am glad when we arrive at Plantation.

It was half-past two, for the journey had taken longer than we supposed. There was the *Eleonore* rocking a long distance out, but the launch had gone. I was introduced to Mr. Sonnenberg's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Albrecht, a gentleman and his wife who manage the Hamburg-Afrika factory. There was no time for lunch or refreshment but this gentleman was indeed good to get his big sail-boat ready.

" The ship may leave at any moment—better hurry in at once," said my friend.

The surf was extremely heavy. Oh, those ugly green breakers ! The crew were ready ; I was seized—put in a blanket, one native held my shoulders, another my feet, while they waded through the boiling surf, and I was thrown into the boat like a sack of potatoes. I bounded up from the bottom, none the worse except a skinned knee, finally waving my hand to the friends on shore.

" If you lose the *Eleonore* take my boat and catch her at Longgi —she puts in there for cargo."

I pray all the gods I have ever heard of not to let me miss the *Eleonore*, but she appears to be miles out. I think, what should I do ? I had taken little money on shore, and the piece of ivory I tightly kept my hand on for fear it would roll overboard had absorbed all my spare cash. I was penniless until on the ship, for the captain had my money locked in his safe.

I looked at the crew—I was all alone with thirteen black men, and most of them were the dreaded Fans. How I hated their ugly, filed teeth ! They had raised the big canvas of the boat,

and careering on the top of those bounding rollers was something fearful. I had no time to be very nervous, for I had to hold on with all my force. The angle that boat took under sail was extraordinary!

On we bobbed, and I kept my eyes fixed on the *Eleonore*, hoping, fearing, dreading. Then I would look along the coast. Far away were the dimly lined white houses of Longgi—it would take hours to get over there. Thoughts of every danger assailed my excited brain, but being a fatalist I reasoned, If my end comes to-day—well, it will be over; there is no use fidgeting. What is the old Arab saying? "Every man's fate is bound around his neck."

This philosophizing made me feel more calm. We had passed out of the worst rollers, and were making headway. The *Eleonore* still rocked. If the captain or chief officer, Mr. Brammer, saw me coming he would certainly wait. My steersman produced a bottle of gin. Instantly I hope they are not going to get drunk—that would be too awful! The man puts the neck of the bottle well inside his black mouth lined with scarlet. "Good!" he ejaculates after taking a long swig. Another hand reaches out for the bottle; he glues his thick lips, takes a draught, then squints inside.

CEMETERY AT DUALA.

I stare in fascinated horror. He passes it on to the man beside him who is holding the sail rope; he in turn glues his mouth to the bottle. Then the steersman takes it, and passes it to me, saying, "Mummie have—it live for good," in pidgin-English. I am glad I am born with a sense of humour. It drowned my fear, and I laughed heartily. Fancy the nigger mouths! The gin ("mother's ruin") I declined!

"Imp" says, "All's well that ends well," and I was thankful when I grasped the hand of the chief officer, who was waiting for me, climbed over two other boats, and gratefully scrambled up the gangway.

CHAPTER XLV

A Call on an English Ship

I HAD tea on the *Thomas Holt*, a cargo boat of 1600 tons. Messrs. John Holt and Co. have been established on this coast for thirty years, and the present owner and pioneer trader, John Holt, Esq., revelling in the health and wealth of over seventy years, lives at Liverpool, personally overseeing his huge interests.

From Cape Lopez coming homeward one sees his many factories at every port of call, and also for miles up the interior. This company is unique, inasmuch as it has its own ocean-going steamships, which only carry cargo for John Holt. In addition it possesses a fleet of smaller river steamers.

MARKET, DUALA.

Captain Gladney and his chief engineer, a real Scotsman, called for me in the launch. It is windy, and it takes some ingenuity to get alongside and for me to hop in. After a little patience the sea bobs the launch up to within a few feet of the gangway, and I am landed safely. When we arrived I was very much amused to hear the captain call over to the well-deck, "There's a woman on board—don't let your words be too long!" It struck me as being funny, this equivalent to "Don't swear."

I was shown over the ship, where everything was most comfortable, and nothing wanting. In the small saloon there were mirrors, and I was much interested in a couple of bookcases in which Miss Kingsley's volumes were proudly displayed. Although she has

been dead a long time, and I think it is quite fifteen years since she was out there, she has not been forgotten.

There are three extra cabins, and Mr. Holt sometimes allows or invites a passenger. We had a cosy tea, including an excellent cake made on board. I inspected the private picture gallery of the captain, and gazed upon the photographs of Mrs. Captain and three very good-looking young daughters.

"Yes," said Captain Gladney, settling back into his arm-chair, his grey-and-pink parrot perched upon his epauletted shoulder, vainly trying to peck at his moustache, "it's quite different working for Mr. Holt, where everything is in accord, and there is mutual sympathy and beneficial interest between the real head of the firm and yourself. A big concern where you only form a part of the general machinery, and never come in contact with the principals, is miserable. Now take our ships. We never load on Sundays, thus giving our men a rest. Other boats take cargo all night—we never do."

"It's a wonderful firm," I acknowledged. "One comes to regard the name as that of an old friend in travelling along the coast. I must thank John Holt and Co. for sending me the launch to take me ashore this morning."

"Oh, that's all right," and a genial smile passed over his features. "How did you get on?"

"All right! Mr. Morris and a lot of other nice Englishmen made me welcome, and showed me around. I called on Duala Manga, and discovered that he does not live in his palace—that's rented to Europeans. I had to go around the corner, and at the end of the harem building I found one of his wives—a yellow one, with three or four children sitting about. I asked for the King, and they answered, 'King him gone for Bush.'"

"You see queer things out here, but the Chief has no power or influence now; he is like any ordinary black man."

It occurred to me that it was a good opportunity to ask about the trade interests between the English and the Germans, as this English captain had spent many years out here and ought to know the subject. I had noticed also that here at Duala, Germans were the agents of the John Holt factory.

"How is it, Captain, that the Germans are so successful in commerce?" I asked.

"Englishmen of these times," stated the captain, "have not

the enterprise nor the perseverance of Germans. You see a young German lad come out. He works hard for years, studying, mastering the business, and afterwards, owing to sheer grit and ability, becomes manager. Now take an Englishman. He wants everything done for him ; he doesn't care to rough it. Take the language question also. Every German speaks English, but you will rarely find one of our countrymen out here who speaks German."

"True," I agree, sadly enough. "I have often felt very stupid myself not being able to talk to these people, who most of them speak English and French. My French has been of very little service on this trip."

"Then the Germans are much more obliging," resumed the captain. "Take cargo, for instance. They will not grumble what it consists of. English firms are more arrogant—everyone must wait for them."

"One can't do that in these times of great competition. I think we are far too conservative. What did for our ancestors must do nowadays, which is an impossible state of affairs. We lost the entire beer commerce of the Argentine because we insisted they should drink the strong heavy ale of our forefathers. Excellent, no doubt, but not at all adapted to a hot and thirsty country ; consequently, the Germans sent their light Pilsen beer, so millions of pounds drift annually into German pockets instead of into our own. I was a reluctant witness of this fact when I visited Buenos Ayres the winter before last."

"The Germans are clever, and certainly rival us in trade," announced the captain.

"You must have seen at the different ports English cargo boats showing largely the red line. The German ships will be laden down above the cargo limit."

"That is dreadful for us—I don't like to see it," I protested.

"But they have to thank themselves for it. Twenty years ago we had practically all the trade ; now we haven't, and it's the Englishman's own fault. We won't bother to go ashore and hunt up cargo. The German captains send their officers for this. A little conversation, a drink, and the business is done. Englishmen are too grand, and consequently they have allowed themselves to backslide. You remember what King George said when he returned from the colonies—'Wake up, England.' Well, that was good advice."

"Another question, Captain—why do all the people travel home on German ships? Why don't they patronize English lines?"

"You ought to be able to answer that question better than I. You tell me you have been on seven of the German ships."

"I must say I have found them splendid, both as regards cabins, food, and attention; but people who have taken other ships and whom I have talked to, say there is no comparison between them. Also that the food is quite different. At Libreville I met the agent of the Elder Dempster Line, and he said: 'What are you doing on a German ship? Why don't you patronize your own?' to which I remarked, 'Why are your ships so grand that you call only at the big ports? I took my ticket all round Africa by the German ships because for writing a book I wanted to visit the smaller places which most people are not familiar with!"

"The Elder Dempster have recently built two ships which are very fine, I hear," said Captain Gladney. "Personally, I like the Germans, and they certainly have done wonders out here."

"I hope there will never be war between us," I venture to suggest, to which he replies:

"Why should there be? The trade jealousy is good for us—makes each one keen, and keeps us up to the mark, so to speak. We have no quarrel—no cause for war. It would be the most stupid thing possible, and neither side would gain by it. The victor would be ruined as well as the vanquished. It's halfpenny newspapers that mostly talk about war. They have no idea—nobody has—of what a war in the present time and conditions would mean. What with torpedoes, submarines, Marconigrams, great-bore guns that every time they are fired cost a couple of hundred pounds, lyddite, Zeppelins, aeroplanes, and every killing machine which the devil could invent let loose—Anglo-Saxon slaughtering Anglo-Saxon—Ugh!" he shrugged his shoulders.

"The very thought raises a picture too horrible to contemplate," I affirm.

"I have talked to a great many men, including officials of Government and commerce, on my long route, of the possibilities, advantages, and disadvantages, and they all say that instead of burdening our people with further oppressive unpopular taxation which in a few years, growing like an insatiable octopus, will squeeze them into bankruptcy, the greatest benefit for the world

would be for England and Germany to join hands in an alliance. Restrict this continual thirst for building ships, and by an allied agreement we could rule the Eastern Hemisphere, and have time and money to develop those colonies which cry aloud for railways and waterways."

"Yes, we think nothing of spending one or two millions in building a dreadnought which in a few years is outclassed by something superior," thoughtfully admitted the captain. "How much more benefit we should derive if those millions were spent in building railways which would permanently open up a colony. Such resources would pay the first outlay in a few years!"

I think of Rhodesia.

"If one of those million pounds which we lavish so generously on the Admiralty could by the agency of the waste waters of the Victoria Falls make droughty Rhodesia by irrigation bloom like a magic garden of roses!" I continue. "But France and Russia would, if possible, checkmate an understanding between England and Germany. They are content to watch us run along the road to ruin by way of armament. America would not favour it, but she would be neutral, having her hands full with the Panama Canal and the South American Republics."

The captain reminded me that in 1912 the Right Hon. Winston Churchill offered the nations a truce to stop man-of-war building for a year, but no nation decided to adopt the offer, or even to compromise!

"Well, Captain, I think we have missed our vocations. We should have been diplomatists, don't you think so?" I laughed.

"Now we have become quite excited over our political 'palaver,' and we are tiny atoms and can do nothing! Words, only words! But we at least have the welfare of our country at heart!"

I glance at the clock. I have been an unconscionable time—the conventional twenty minutes has lasted an hour and a half! I rise to go. The chief engineer is getting up fire in the launch while I look down at the cargo. From the lighter alongside great steel clamps embrace firmly the barrel tops of huge hogsheads. These contain something like 150 gallons of palm oil. Big steel chains tighten, a derrick which can hold thirty tons swings this heavy, valuable cargo into the hold, and there it is neatly put into place.

On the other side of the *Thomas Holt* hundreds of bags

of palm kernels are being packed for Liverpool, the cargo being tidily arranged. I congratulate Captain Gladney on being such a splendid housekeeper. He laughs contentedly, and we grasp the swinging ropes of the gangway leading to the dancing launch below. More big waves, the steady churning of the screw, and in a few moments the chief officer of the *Eleonore* grasps my hand, one of my feet goes into the water, but with the other I manage to land. I wave my handkerchief as the little launch puffs away.

Such is afternoon tea-drinking on the Cameroon River.

"Imp" declares it was most enjoyable.

. . . . . .

This morning a torrential storm broke upon us. Forked lightning glittered across the sky, and sheets of water fell over our ship. It is high time to leave the Cameroons when the rainy season begins, and day after day, what with the pouring rain and the sultry heat, life is anything but agreeable. As soon as the heavy shower was finished my interest centred on watching two enormous mahogany logs trying to find a place in the hold. One weighed twelve tons, the other ten. The captain said he had rarely seen logs bigger.

It was a slow process, and had to be most carefully managed. Looking down the deck one sees the niggers working, their naked backs glittering as the perspiration drips off them. The deck furniture, consisting of winches, derricks, boats, launches, rope gear, and cable wires, also a few hogsheads of palm oil, still remain to be stowed away. On the stern deck two Chinese washmen are ironing, and from the further end droops a wet and lifeless flag.

Eventually the great logs are lowered, all the cargo has found its niche, and the hatchway is covered while a general ship-cleaning process begins. I am reminded of the old sailor's commandment: "Six days shalt thou labour, and on the seventh, if thou art able, thou shalt holy-stone the deck and scrape the cable."

Such scrubbing! Sailors, niggers, and stewards like an army appear with brushes, pails, waste rags for polishing brass, and varnish pots for touching up; and in a few hours the ship is white, shining, and as clean as labour can make it. Everything *must* be immaculate. This afternoon our passengers on the homeward voyage arrive, and we sail at dawn to-morrow morning.

"Imp" is gleeful—it says nothing is more interesting than watching new arrivals.

CHAPTER XLVI

Lagos

WHEN I arrived early in the morning on my second visit to Lagos, some people told me that it would be a good "bar day." I rather doubted this, because as one glanced at the sea one could perceive gigantic pale green rollers jocundly

THE MARINA, LAGOS.

chasing each other in a hurried race to strike the yellow strip of low-lying land. The coast appeared singularly unostentatious. It retained a low level, as if trying to conceal itself, and not to announce the fact that Nigeria is the richest colony of the West Coast of Africa, and also one of our wealthiest possessions. I

am ready to go ashore, and once more am thrust overboard in the detested "mammy chair," eventually finding myself on the bar steamer.

The first things that impress one are the eastern and western moles, which already extend a mile into the sea; work is progressing there as rapidly as possible. The Government intend spending three million sterling on this waterway, and it is hoped that, at the end of three or five years, by means of breakwaters and constant dredging, vessels of large tonnage will be able to cross the now dangerous bar. This would bring them directly to the wharves, thereby affording great convenience as regards landing passengers and cargo. At the present time the big ships are obliged to anchor about five miles out in an open roadstead.

Many trains arrive every day from the north, bringing the necessary stones for constructing the moles. At Lagos and on ship, everyone looks forward with dread to passing the bar. In proceeding up the rather narrow lagoon or Lagos River, one notices a fine brick building in a splendid position facing the sea. This is the Government Sanatorium. The lighthouse is very noticeable, and is much valued along this coast, as a wrecked vessel with masts sticking out of the water gives sad testimony. On the eastern mole, many dwellings have been erected for the engineers and workmen engaged in this gigantic work of giving Lagos a harbour.

The heaviest seas run from June to August, during the tornado season, when the surf is extremely rough, the rollers sometimes curling in five fathoms and breaking in three to four. Trade winds are responsible for great inconvenience to shipping all along the West Coast. Some people avow that this part of the world is simply a black man's country, and should be left to them, as the white man is too much handicapped by the merciless heat, grim disease, and death which lurk about each beautiful tropical spot.

In Nigeria there is great wealth, and in order to obtain this lives are bound to be sacrificed. Yet one meets officials who have lived in the country twenty-five years, and are still fine men. There appears to be a sort of luck which governs lives. The old stagers of the colony know how to live to enjoy good health; while a young official or trader—and the country is made up principally of these—arrives at the Coast port, where, in spite of care exercised, he is stricken with fever and dies. This although every precaution is used in providing hospitals and Government doctors.

Disease works so quickly here—that is the horror of the whole thing. One plunges into eternity so suddenly! You may meet an official at eight in the morning; he talks to you, is most interesting, and describes his adventures up-country. You say good-bye, apparently leaving him in the prime of life and excellent health.

At twelve the same day you meet a friend who mentions sadly: "Did you not hear that dear So-and-so was taken to hospital this morning? They say he is in for a serious blackwater fever attack." You go on your various engagements, and occasionally the thought of dear So-and-so crops up in your mind. You offer a quick and silent prayer for his recovery. At eight o'clock in the evening, as you are sitting out having a cup of coffee and striking at nasty mosquitoes, you see a simple funeral cortège passing along.

Your heart seems to stop beating for a moment, and you touch a friendly arm, asking, "Oh, who is being buried?" You are told it is dear So-and-so with whom you had that charming interview this morning! The shock is terrible, and yet think of the thousands who have lived on this coast and up in the interior, and are now retired and living comfortably on their pensions in the Motherland.

I reiterate, "It is fate!"

In life we are all close to death. Think of the accidents in the very streets of the most hygienic and well-managed city in the world—London.

As the bar steamer proceeds through the gigantic, incessant waves which wage an eternal feud with the shores, and up the Lagos River, the scenery begins to be charming with the brilliant green trees. Lagos, the capital of Southern Nigeria, has a long river frontage, and one approaches first the European quarter, lying to the south. This is all reclaimed ground, the marshy, unhealthy swamps having been filled in, and an English town has sprung up.

If one had been blindfolded going up this river and the bandages removed upon arriving at the outskirts of Lagos, one would have at once said, "These are Englishmen's homes." They have tried to make them as much as possible like our Thames-side cottages. The deep verandahs are draped with bright purple bougainvillæa, and flamboya trees with scarlet blossoms shade the gardens. Poinsettias supply cheery mounds of colour, assisted by brilliant masses of crotons.

LIFE ON THE LAGOS RIVER.

In this quarter are situated Government House, with the race-course and tennis court at its back ; the Government buildings, Lagos Club, golf links, polo grounds, and bungalows of officials. Spreading along the entire river front is the Marina, a smooth, hard-beaten drive of red soil, which is the fashionable promenade in the late afternoon when the rays of the sun are going to rest. On the waterside are craft of all kinds. Good-sized steamers lie at the wharves, with innumerable dug-outs and canoes, for the building of which the natives have gained a well-deserved reputation. Fishing-boats, traps, and nets signify the ceaseless industry of river life.

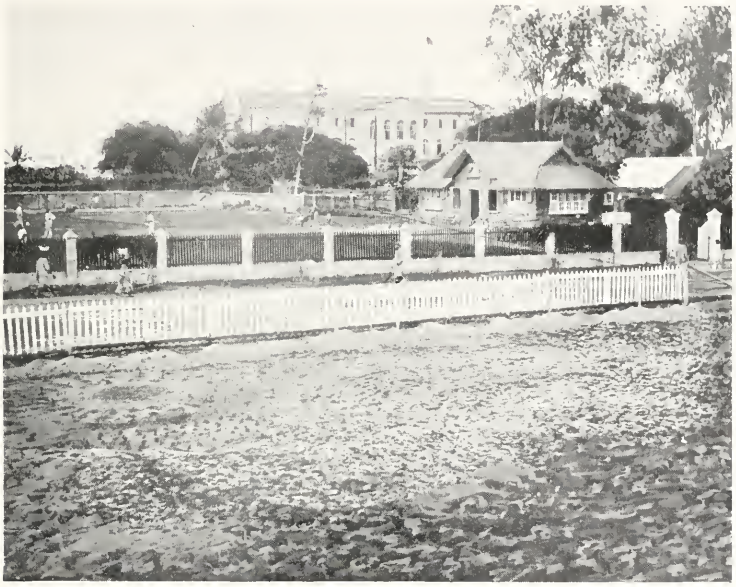
I fear the beauty of the Marina will be sacrificed to commerce when the harbour works have been completed, for then monstrous ships with sirens shrieking will push up the river and anchor, comparatively speaking, at one's front door !

Lagos Island is connected with the mainland by two bridges, one with a span of 2000 feet between Lagos and Iddo Island ; the other joining Iddo with Ebute Netta. The railway terminus on Iddo Island imports twelve million tons of coal annually, of which seven hundred are always kept in stock. It is hoped that one of the future riches of Nigeria will be its coal mines. Every place has its drawbacks, and one of the most trying things here is the *harmattan*, a strong wind, which blows a perfect gale and sometimes lasts four or five days. It is prevalent from December till March.

Eventually the bar steamer drew up at a wharf and I disembarked. Mr. Schoope, agent of the Woermann Linie, whom I had previously met on my first visit to the roadstead, was there to meet me with his motor-car. He is one of those men who are universally liked ; always doing kind actions, which can be vouched for by many Lagos people.

For myself, I shall ever remember him with gratitude. In the first place, I had not received a word from friends at home since I left Swakopmund, and everyone who travels knows how athirst one is for news. Mr. Schoope informed me that about twenty letters were awaiting me at his office five miles away up the river. He had not brought them out, as he had no idea I should be on the *Steiermark*, a cargo-boat. Knowing how anxious I was for this mail, he actually sent them out to me by special boat—that was one good deed.

Then I had another bother. I had two letters of credit, both on English banks. Now as these banks had no exchange or agencies with the German Colonies, I could not get money in the Cameroons, and I had used up all my Cook's notes in German South-West. I advise travellers to take a large supply of Thomas Cook and Sons' circular notes, as every colony or bank cashes them without question. On my first visit to Lagos it was a Sunday and the banks were closed. It is a dreadful feeling to have an abundance



GOVERNMENT HOUSE FROM THE RACE-TRACK AND TENNIS CLUB.

of money in your power and yet to have the fear you may go short, as in travel like mine one never knows how much one may require. Generous Captain Pankow, of the *Eleonore Woermann*, and Mr. Schoope both volunteered to lend me the wherewithal; but fortunately my wealth just held out. On my second day at Lagos I was glad to draw plenty and have the satisfaction of feeling independent. I only mention this in order to show how essentially vital it is for a traveller to be guarded in case of want.

Mr. Schoope also thoughtfully arranged for me to be a guest at

Government House. I had a letter to friends who were at Government House formerly, but they are now stationed at Zungeru, Northern Nigeria. I also had a letter to the senior Commander of the port. He, however, had sailed for home a fortnight before I arrived. Therefore to Mr. Schoope, who acted as guide, philosopher, and friend, I take this opportunity of rendering my most grateful thanks.

We entered his motor and drove down the beautiful Marina, shaded by evergreen and tropical trees, to Government House. Here I received the most genial welcome from A. G. Boyle, Esq., C.M.G., the Acting Governor, and his sister. His Excellency Sir Frederick Lugard was in England. It was delightful to rest in an English household once more.

Government House is a large building, with thick walls and spacious, well-shaded rooms. The suites are palatial in size. Mine had an enclosed roomy verandah. In the bedroom was an enormous bedstead draped with mosquito curtains. The furnishings were in chintz. It was most comfortable, and resembled our country houses. Best of all, however, was a very nice bath, with fresh water. After being so long at sea, and bathing in condensed salt water, this proved a luxury indeed. The water at Lagos must never be drunk—it is most dangerous.

There is much space around Government House. In the front are lawns and gardens, on which it was nice to look out in the morning; and I could see the dear old Union Jack floating from the flagstaff near my windows. At the back is the picturesque race-track, where at certain seasons, especially in December, most interesting gatherings take place. The Tennis Club is very popular for tea and afternoon meetings, consisting of a pretty thatched building with white window-sashes. It is kept in a most up-to-date manner. I do not remember to have ever appreciated an English home so much as during my short stay at Government House.

The end of dinner was an impressive moment, when Mr. Boyle, with solemn, sedate dignity, rose, a glass of port in his hand, and toasted "The King."

By Mr. Boyle's permission, his sister, Captain Lawrence, Mr. Watt, and I had the big motor whenever we wished. The roads around Lagos are splendid, and it was wonderful speeding through tropical forests, across bridges, now looking down into still, blue

lagoons, then again out by the mole watching the turbulent sea. Rushing through the congested native quarter, on each side one sees a hundred things of intense interest.

Lagos is the great market for palm oil, and the excellence of its quality is acknowledged by everyone. The oil is brought down the lagoons and from the Ogun River to the railway. This great industry will constantly increase as the line is opened up further into the hinterland in our Colonies, and also in the German, especially in the Cameroons and Togoland. Nigeria is blessed in the number of its waterways for the transport of palm oil and kernels. The mighty Niger River is also a great aid.

Up in the unbeaten tracks of the interior the native is obliged to roll casks of this precious oil through forests reeking with every poisonous growth, where fever and the deadly tsetse-fly threaten his existence on all sides; thence to a waterway, where it continues its course to the port.

When society uses expensive soaps which exhale the aroma of the Orient, few realize the hundreds of miles of primeval bush from whence the oil is produced! Therefore I, who am not only an observer, but a rate- and tax-payer, regret that a small portion of the revenue could not be granted to a Colony like this to open up the country by miles of railway.

In some of the inland districts the natives consult their ju-ju. They are nearly all pagans—and the ju-ju imparts to them whether the fruit or kernels are ripe, and if the tree is in a fit condition. Natives invariably leave one of the best bunches of palm nuts on the tree as an offering. A bunch averages something like thirty-one pounds in weight, five per cent. of which will be pure oil. The native regards the King Palm as a fetish, and is profoundly superstitious, often making sacrifices and prayers to a fine tree.

The oil which obtains the best price fetches about £30 a ton at Liverpool. Glycerine in the oil is the most valuable consideration; its price is very high at present, and in great demand for the manufacture of high explosives, vast quantities having been used in engineering works, especially on the Panama Canal. Crude glycerine fetches £50 a ton, and the pure as much as £100 a ton.

The oil palm tree (*Eloesis Guineenses*) serves many purposes. It is said that the Egyptians first used this oil for embalming their dead. Palm wine is much liked by the natives, and when first

tapped from the tree is sweet and non-intoxicating. After fermentation takes place it becomes sour, and quickly overpowers the brain of the unsophisticated black. The priests who worship the god Ifa offer certain kinds of kernels when making sacrifices to the oracle.

Yeast for raising bread is obtained from the fermentated palm wine. The tree is prolific in its services; from the fibre sponges are made. Its shells burn splendidly, and are sometimes

GOVERNMENT OFFICES, LAGOS.

used for surface paving. From the stalks of the palm, whisks, brooms, and even walking-sticks are manufactured, so it can honestly be christened a Samaritan of the tree family.

The reason we captured Lagos was to suppress the slave-trade, which raged in 1851 at this particular spot. King Kosoko liked to barter blacks, and refused his assistance in suppressing this evil, whereupon the British expelled him and put his cousin, Akitoye, to rule. He also did not prove satisfactory, not being strict enough in putting down the nefarious trade. Then came

King Docemo, and in 1861 he ceded Lagos to the British, they allowing him a pension of £1000 a year, which he enjoyed till his death in 1885.

A descendant of these so-called black kings lives in the Lagos native town at present, receiving a small pension from the Government.

Lagos is extremely modern, enjoying all the advantages of an up-to-date town. In 1898 electric light was introduced. There

A NIGERIAN CHIEF WITH HIS RETINUE.

had previously been a great deal of crime in the dark streets, and the authorities installed electricity as a preventive. Now scarcely a house is without it, the rate of 10d. per unit being charged. The telegraph has some 4000 miles of wire, and cabling to Great Britain costs 5s. a word. There are many telephones, but the charges are heavier than at home ; £15 is demanded per annum.

The European population consists of some 572 males and 36 females, while the natives number from 70,000 to 80,000. As the town is situated only five degrees north of the Equator, the heat

may be imagined. Climatically it is very moist, with much fever, and English ladies as a rule do not remain more than six months or a year. The Government have a cold-storage department, which is very necessary, while fresh meat, game, and vegetables are brought out by the Elder Dempster Line steamers. The ice-making plant can turn out five tons of ice daily, no less than £1500 being expended on this necessity last year. It is a great luxury in these stifling countries to have a plentiful supply of ice.

My thoughts turn to Cape Lopez and other places in the French Congo, where the heat registers 118 degrees in the shade, and ice is only obtainable in small quantities—and even then only owing to the kindness of captains when ships arrive! The town of Lagos covers over two square miles, and there are innumerable streets, especially in the crowded native town. Never shall I forget visiting the bazaars and walking through the salmagundi of races! I have seen these assemblages in most parts of the world, but Lagos, with 8000 natives—there are quite that number in the streets, all bent on shopping, pushing and crowding through the narrow ways—I may say bears the palm among them all. Medleys of colour greet the eye on every side. Old and young, rich and poor, are struggling for existence. Beads and cottons cover shining black skins—a colony of tribes, speaking a multitude of languages and dialects.

Most of the buildings are in corrugated iron, but some of bamboo, with palm-thatched roofs, while reed curtains and matting exclude the inquisitive sun and prevent it damaging the wares. Yams find constant purchasers, and calabashes are popular. Bananas, oranges, mangoes, avocado pears, cocoanuts, sweet potatoes, cassavas, and plantains disappear like magic as the native housewife and Kroo-boys gather in the stores.

A young black woman strides by, handsome in her style, a scarlet cloth tied about her head, and evidently she is marvellously proud of a pair of twin boys a few months old. One of these dear little piccaninnies is strapped to her breast, and the other sleeps peacefully at her back, both supported by many yards of green cotton cloth swathed around the woman, who by adopting this method of conveying her offspring retains the freedom of her hands to carry home eatables. Pagan and Mohammedan rub shoulders; Hausas, in dark blue, have perhaps travelled from

A PART OF THE NATIVE TOWN, LAGOS.

Timbuctoo and Kano, bringing ivory, silks, and woollen stuff which they will barter for such European produce as brass, beads, cotton, and cooking utensils.

From a dirty restaurant the fumes of palm chop, a much-appreciated native dish, pungently greet the nostrils. All is pandemonium, and after a time one longs to get out of the prodigious crowd. I turned up a side street and became fascinated in watching a man building a ju-ju. The figure was of wood, and in a sitting position. The native had whitewashed this god, and held a live rooster in his hand, from which he plucked feather after feather to decorate the head of his pagan god. The poor rooster protested in plaintive tones, but its feet were tied, and, since the native held both wings, sacrifice appeared to be its fate.

The next booth I paused at contained all sorts of ju-ju charms, dried snake skins, scorpions, small skulls of rats and tiny animals, sasswood, that deadly poison which the natives frequently use, also some magic love-philtres. One sees peculiar money exchanged, where cowries—small shells—300 to a penny, are slowly counted out. Sometimes five small brass rods are the equivalent of a two-shilling piece.

Natives do not like to take coins bearing the head of the late Queen Victoria and King Edward; they say that it is bad luck to portray the features of the dead, and against the wishes of Djin and ju-ju. An unscrupulous non-believer, knowing to what extent this superstition is ingrained in the native, realized quite a fortune by buying up currency bearing the likeness of the Queen and King Edward for less than half its value.

Through the labyrinthine windings I strolled, "Imp" pointing out new curiosities at each step. From a tortuous lane I arrived amongst a Mohammedan crowd, where my friends were waiting, and way was made for us to enter the new mosque, which has cost £8000. We were conducted into the huge house of worship, the decorations of which were blatantly new in white and gold—so unlike the refined mellow colourings of famous mosques in Cairo and that of St. Sophia at Constantinople. Hundreds of men were sitting and kneeling, forming a circle of devoted reverence, while in the centre a tall patriarch wearing a green turban and long white beard was chanting the Koran.

We passed around these worshippers as quietly as possible to

view the niche in the wall signifying the direction of Mecca. I think really it is a great shame for travellers to invade any place of religious veneration, whatever the faith of its worshippers. One mosque, I remember, that of Brussa, the ancient capital of Turkey, has blue-green tiles dating from Persian greatness, and they are most lovely in colour. Here, however, the flooring was composed of ugly, crude green tiles.

On the way out we looked into a Mohammedan school for boys—girls not being considered worthy of education. I am told that these young adherents of the Prophet are taught the Koran chiefly, without much attention to elementary principles. In the street a man is begging—he is suffering from that horribly disfiguring disease elephantiasis, and already his cheek bones have spread to an alarming extent. He is accompanied by a chimpanzee, roped to his arm.

We feel that we have viewed this kaleidoscope of colour and races sufficiently for one morning, and take our places in the motor-car, which has had a long wait. On arrival at Government House luncheon is served. In the cool and shady dining-room, with the punkah's soft and silent breeze and our English comforts, we feel the contrast with the mobs of seething, noisy humanity we have just left behind.

CHAPTER XLVII

Lagos

HAVING tea in the garden, feasting one's eyes on masses of golden trumpet flowers, scarlet acacias for a sunshade, and crotons of all varieties standing like sentinels, was really delightful. Comparatively few people in England know that a marvellously interesting Durbar took place last year at Kano, in Northern Nigeria, when all the great Emirs, chiefs, and rulers assembled to pay homage to the King and his representatives. These chieftains, with their retinues, travelled from Central Africa, through unfrequented desert oases, and towns dating back to Biblical times.

FLAGSTAFF, GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

I was shown a series of intensely interesting photographs portraying the mighty Emirs in flowing robes, their heads covered with huge turbans, and their faces entirely veiled. They were mounted on magnificent horses, caparisoned with much pomp and splendour. The officials agreed that this extraordinary Durbar scene would never be forgotten, and regretted that their Majesties could not have witnessed it in person.

Climate in Southern Nigeria being hot and damp, the clothing one wears is always wet. Silk rots in a short time. I was told that owing to this disadvantage, the Freemasons,

instead of having silk aprons, as is usual, are obliged to resort to leather!

Lagos is not without its suffragettes, for a short time ago, five thousand black women gathered at a mass meeting before the Government Offices to protest against the order that goats should be banished from the houses and streets. The Government proved magnanimous, femininity dispersed contentedly, and Billy Goat now saunters dauntlessly wherever fancy leads him!

Justice is administered by the Supreme Court, High Court, and Native Court. The natives demand that a thief who steals yams should have his hand cut off. This law, however, has not as yet been enforced; nevertheless, it must be exceedingly irritating when a man has thoughtfully laid in his yam store for the winter, to have another nigger come along and steal his treasure.

Cannibalism exists in Southern Nigeria, but not to the extent it did some years ago. An officer friend tells me of an old native man who absolutely swears to the fact that fifty years ago human black flesh could be bought in the market. He had actually partaken of it!

Lagos is at present quite destitute of hotels. There are several small inns where blacks find a camp, but no hostelry where Europeans can put up. In a town so large and important it is surprising that a defect like this has never been remedied. The authorities assert that in the immediate future an hotel will be constructed, for the harbour works are nearing completion. Even now people passing through the country need accommodation, and one cannot expect to turn Government House into an hotel.

I visited the cemetery, which covers a large site, and is sadly full of graves. Pathetically it speaks of the unhealthy climate. On the other hand, in the part where the natives are buried, as you read the inscriptions recording ages, you wonder if all you have heard about the insalubriousness of the place is true. Ninety-nine seems to have been a favourite age, as many tombstones testify, while one native actually survived until he was 125 years old—at least, if accurate knowledge may be obtained from a stone!

Possibly these dead folk found the time of existence too short, and added on to their age, instead of deducting, as my sex have a partiality for doing! These graves are mostly decorated—small china pigs signifying good luck; strings of brilliant beads and even live birds in cages are left there, singing to the dead, reminding them they are not forgotten.

The native woman dearly loves the heaviest brass jewellery, and we left the car to bargain for some of these weird affairs. The cable-like anklets were rather nicely carved, and each weighed half a pound or so ! The same taste was shown in ponderous rings, which must be most uncomfortable to wear. There were also spiky head ornaments for woolly hair. The cloth woven by the women is very durable, their taste in cottons often producing a fantastically beautiful effect. They also fashion clay vases, working it only with their hands into innumerable shapes and sizes. Often these are used for sacrificial offerings. The making of terrifying masks, to be worn by dancers during pagan orgies, is another sphere of woman's work ; and they are marvellously clever in carving intricate patterns on calabashes.

One peculiarity of Lagos lies in its enormous number of lizards. They invade every place, running up and down the walls of Government House as if specially invited. Some are most uncanny-looking, entirely white, like a resurrected ghost, and bloated from their feast of insects. Others of the same family are eighteen inches long, with red heads, blue-striped bodies, and scarlet tails. Until you become accustomed to their harmless ways they are not pleasing to encounter. They run over your feet, darting everywhere in a most startling manner.

The Lagos Hospital is completely up-to-date in every detail, but, alas ! sometimes sadly overcrowded.

Every religious denomination is represented, from St. Paul's, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Holy Rood, and a Colonial Church, in course of construction, to the Church Missionary Society, Wesleyan, and Baptist, most of which have schools attached, in which a splendid work is carried on.

Fifty to sixty officers have charge of the troops. The soldiers turn out smartly uniformed in khaki, with broad red belts and red or blue caps. They are the Southern Nigeria Regiment and West African Frontier Force, under Commandant Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. G. Cunliffe.

One of the sights of Lagos is the church parade every Sunday. In no place in the world will you see black ladies wear such wonderful raiment ! They affect laces, bows, silks, big hats with flower gardens for trimming, long trains, and white gloves. Nor are the coloured gentlemen to be outrivalled. They appear in tall white hats, gay waistcoats, buttonholes, and elaborate foot-

A JU-JU MARKET, SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

gear. It must be remembered that many of the dark population are very wealthy. Lagos is rich, and land most valuable. Many of these people own property and have big rent-rolls.

The Club is a fine building, and Lagos cocktails a refreshment to linger over! There are forty motor-cars in this southern capital; also four sailing yachts; therefore, with most of the sports that Englishmen love, men find it not at all a bad place to be quartered in.

For some reason the British Government do not encourage men to bring their wives out to the West Coast, and the fact that the man has no proper home makes him constantly long for leave, in order to see his family. The Germans adopt an entirely different system, encouraging officials and colonists to marry and bring their wives. In some instances a bride is given her passage free. She is supposed to remain in the Colony three years, and there is a certain reduction on her fare when she returns. If a child is born the Government grant between two and three pounds a year during its infancy for what is called "milk money." Germans certainly receive more encouragement to colonize.

An English official said to me: "If only our Government would give a small pension to our children, enough to educate them, in case of a man's death, what a relief it would be!" He confided that the cost of living had very much increased during the last few years at Lagos, and in this climate one must have certain comforts to enable one to resist fever and the various illnesses. Having to keep up an establishment at home for wife and children, a man cannot save anything from his salary. I was sorrowfully told that every man, unless he had private means, felt apprehensiveness in case of anything happening to him. What will become of the wife and children? is an ever-present thought.

The products of Southern Nigeria consist of palm oil, palm kernels, maize, beans, cocoa, coffee, guinea-corn, indigo dyes, hides, cotton.

"Imp" suggests I have given a very inadequate idea of Lagos, and humbly I agree with "It." When one knows the vast, innumerable interests of the place, and realizes how very little one can achieve in a few days' visit, no matter how tirelessly one works, one feels utterly helpless. How can you put in a nutshell what scientists and men of letters have taken volumes to describe?

When I left Lagos it was what they call a "good bar" day. Gratefully I thanked Mr. Boyle, Miss Hodgson, and Captain

Lawrence for their kindness. Mr. Watt, a guest at Government House, was travelling to England on the same steamer as myself, so we embarked on the Government life-boat, Captain Wilson in charge. Mrs. Wilson does not fear the bar, and came out with us to see the big German ship. Commander Cross was also of the party, on his way home.

Although considered fine, the life-boat had to fight valiantly to conquer those green water-mountains. Occasionally a great

THE LIFE-BOAT, LAGOS.

wave, more adventurous than the others, would leap over the prow, then, as if ashamed, gracefully slide off again. So we continued our way through this buoyant water avenue until the *Eleonore Woermann* was reached. In happy contemplation I went over the wondrous things I had seen and heard at Lagos, one of the finest gems in our Colonial Crown !

DON'TS BY "IMP"

Don't miss it ; and, whatever you do, devote plenty of time to the native town. You will never see another like it.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Lome, Togoland

LOME presents a beautiful appearance from the deck of a ship, and maintains this impression upon landing, which is fraught with some difficulties. Unlike many ports, the ship lies only a short distance from the town. We arrived at about six in the morning, and I was keen to go ashore, as I knew my time would be limited to only a few hours. I hurriedly dressed and went below to ask Mr. Brammer, the chief officer, if I could land. He answered with his never-failing courtesy, "Oh, yes," then shouted to the boys, "Bring that mammy chair." This arrangement is an open wooden car with two seats that will hold four people. I don't consider it as safe as the baskets which I have landed in at Pernambuco and East London, because in these four or six people stand up, the door is locked, and you are swung over. It is impossible for you to fall out, whereas in a "mammy chair"—a name the natives have given it—when you are raised to a giddy height you might become dizzy and fall.

They tell you not to hold on, for if you do, when the contrivance bumps and swings round a couple of times your fingers knock against the iron ship. However, I have never seen nor heard of this happening. I seated myself, was lowered into the native boat, and the boys began to paddle.

The first view of Lome gives you a long stretch of shore decorated with palms. An uproarious surf is beating on yellow sands. Screened, and looking like a pearl set in emeralds, lies the white palace of the Governor of Togoland, about half a mile from the town. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, whom I had the pleasure of meeting and whose popular praises I have heard all along the Coast, is at present the able representative of the Government. Public buildings line the water front, standing out conspicuously, and church spires rise above the flat, wooded land.

It was in 1884 that Gustav Nachtigall landed here, and took

peaceful possession of Togoland in the name of the German Empire. Natives on this Slave Coast raised no objections, and thus 33,659 square miles were added to the Fatherland. Now the native population comprises some ten millions, and about 400 Germans in residence. A long jetty of iron and concrete runs out through the huge breakers, making the landing easier than it was in former times. It is a great pity that along this particular part of the Coast there are no harbours, for the strong surf is a natural enemy.

In May, 1911, during a great storm, the first jetty was washed away, and the present one constructed at an outlay of some £50,000. It is very high, and has an appearance of solidity. A tram-road extends its whole length for the transportation of merchandise. From the surf-boat great waves like green mountains rise before you, and gallantly the little craft meets and mounts them, only to be confronted by another. The way these boys, with their paddles, shaped like ducks' feet, manage the boats is truly marvellous. The iron hook is fixed, and I, in the "mammy chair," am hauled by a crane to a great height, and after swinging round several times dumped on to the pier. A revenue charge of six shillings is asked to go and come.

In walking along to the town one cannot but be struck by the beauty of the situation. On each side gigantic rollers, rising to twenty feet high, show pale translucent green; then the curling white foam tumbles into whirlpools as it meets its fate on the shore. To the left is the Custom House and a long line of official quarters; on the right the Woermann Linie's extensive factory and the various trading houses. I walk through the principal streets, of which there are only two. The roads are of hard-beaten reddish soil in excellent condition, but there are pavements, and shady trees continue all the way. Everything is spotlessly clean—in fact, a model town. An inspector calls at the house frequently, and if dirty water or filth of any kind is found the culprit is fined twenty marks.

Another law, which might well be copied, is this: People landing here without proper credentials must produce £25 in cash, and also leave enough money with the official for a return ticket. In time, if the man has proved himself trustworthy and a desirable citizen, the money is returned to him. Thus aliens who do not advance the prestige of the country find no foothold at

Lome. Would it not be better if we had the same restriction in England? It has already been adopted on the Gold Coast.

The tall grey brick tower of the large Presbyterian Church is a landmark, and I make my way there. Round the church are pretty grounds full of cacti and aloes. A hammock with awning is borne past me; in it lies one of the Fathers of the Catholic Church, who is being carried down to take the ship, looking very pale and ill. Alas! he was not destined to reach his native land, but was buried at sea. There is much blackwater fever, sleeping-sickness, and leprosy in this land, as there is all along the Coast.

The Kaiserhof Hotel, whose American bar is renowned, seemed a pleasant enough hostel to stay in. I proceeded to the market, a large open square, beautifully shaded. Under the trees Togo women are squatting, their small piles of produce in front of them. It is the usual sale of beads, cotton cloth, palm nuts, seeds, guavas, onions, chillies, cereals, cowries (shell money), dried locusts, small monkeys, dates, cassava, manioc, ancient fish, and unhealthy-looking tomatoes. The women are mostly fat, and wear bright turbans of calico or silk handkerchiefs. Gold beads and bangles are plentiful, and they have blue cotton in a variety of shades and patterns wrapped around them; they also wear heavy anklets of brass. The children run about nude, with perhaps only a necklace to identify them.

A Catholic Church and Mission occupy a large area. There are two church spires, and a clock of antiquated appearance. Further on I paused to admire a dark granite monument erected to the memory of Prince Bismarck, this being encircled by crotons and flowering shrubs. The Bank of German West Africa, erected in 1911, is a fine, imposing building—in fact, all the houses, commercial and private, struck me as being most artistic, and thoughtfully constructed for the climate and suitable for the beauty of this place.

In the Kohler Platz a small park has been attempted, and through all the streets palms and flowering acacias were profusely shading walks and houses. The Germans are very particular on the health question, and the Queen Charlotte Hospital is the perfection of hygienic construction. One tried to contrast Lome with Lagos, but there is no comparison. Lagos is so much larger. At Lome the traders, about fourteen firms, are all Germans with the exception of two or three, and they have immense warehouses.

As you glance in at their shops everything is neatly arranged and most spacious.

I asked some Englishman why Lagos was so huddled, and he explained that property was of much more value there than in Togo. He also quoted the fact that recently one small house in a good trading locality was sold for £1800, and that quite an ordinary native place. Lagos being the biggest commercial centre of the West Coast, land is expensive.

There are two lines of railways at Lome, one of which goes

LOME, TOGOLAND.

some 120 miles into the interior, where one finds a hilly country, and it is proposed to proceed with it as far north as Basari. Togoland has comparatively little sea-coast (I believe only thirty-five miles). It is rather sandwiched in between Dahomey and the Gold Coast. Exports are palm oil, kernels, rubber, maize, raw cotton, ivory, cocoa, and copra.

Every man above sixteen years of age must pay a tax of six shillings a year or work twelve days for the Government, and their labour is generally utilized in making roads. Consequently, in the

Cameroons and Togoland good roads may be found all over the country, thus making it very much easier for carriers to bring the produce to the Coast.

At Basari large plantations have been raised, the growth of the oil palm being rapid. In the near future rich results may be expected, as a tree will begin bearing fruit in its fifth year. There are plantations of cocoa palm and sasswood, the latter largely used in the construction of bridges; also plantations of teak, evergreens, and mahogany—the Department of Forestry being considered especially commendable.

In walking along the streets of Lome the natives salute you, and every white man gracefully raises his helmet. When you are alone in a strange country this politeness is much appreciated.

Mohammedans form the best class of natives, and the pagans lead their own life, steeped in fetishism. One of their legends is that in the beginning of the world all men were born black; then a great ju-ju appeared, and commanded the men to follow him across a wide, rushing river. Many jumped into the water and followed him. When they arrived on the other side the obedient and faithful were white, and were ever after warriors of the great ju-ju. The cowards who remained behind retained their black skins, and have never been given another chance to change them. My only regret was that I could not see more of Togoland, since I was so favourably impressed with Lome.

The whole land is flat, treed, and uninteresting along the coast, with the eternal beating of the breakers on its shore. Even from Lome you see a white-roofed building, and on the other side begins the Gold Coast, which continues the same scenery as one proceeds.

"Imp" says to travellers, "Go ashore and see Lome, even if it be only for an hour."

CHAPTER XLIX

Accra

WE pause for an hour or so at Quitta, again at Addah, and early next morning touch at Accra, the capital of the Gold Coast and residence of the Governor. This Coast has experienced many vicissitudes in its history, beginning in 1482 with the Portuguese. In 1637 arrived the Dutch, who made war and drove the Portuguese out. In the seventeenth century the Swedes came and built forts, then the Danes for a time held possession. The Brandenburgers established a footing, but in 1720 they made up their minds that the place was not worth keeping, and it fell back into the hands of the Dutch once more. Englishmen thought they would like a settlement here, to which the Dutch objected and drove us out. We, not relishing such treatment, returned for revenge, and Captain Holmes headed an expedition which captured Cape Coast and all the other forts. Again there was a shuffling of political cards, when De Ruyter fought and obtained possession of every fort with the exception of Cape Coast; after much strife for a card which at that time seemed to be of small value, Great Britain eventually took complete possession in 1872.

At Accra the surf was more boisterous than ever, and getting ashore very difficult. The ship is anchored quite two miles out, and hills of green billows rise and fall, while on the shore the foam lies in a seething mass.

There has been a serious outbreak of yellow fever here, and Lady Clifford, wife of the Governor, was invalided home; several others at Government House have also had bad attacks.

Out come the boats, rearing and plunging and banging as they swing against our ship's side. Now they lose an oar overboard; out jumps a native instantly, being as much at home in the water as out of it. They sit six or eight on the edge of the boat, paddling with their queer-shaped duck-leg oars, singing, shouting, howling

for passengers and cargo. The "mammy chair" is particularly dangerous to-day!

Accra has a long coast line with rising hills, and a big place with a large native settlement at one end—the Governor's house at the other extreme. A hundred Europeans and twenty ladies make their home here. There is no electric light at present, though waterworks are being built, and in a short time it is intended to lay pipes conducting it to the houses. A technical institute belonging to the Government is doing very good work, teaching native boys engineering, blacksmithing, and all kinds of trades. Accra supplies the marine carpenters for Lagos. They bring their wives, and their contract is for three years. If they return, for encouragement they receive one-third of their salary during absence. Their wives, gorgeous, dusky women, wear high turbans, coloured skirts, and a good deal of gold jewellery. The Accra native jewellers have long been noted for the excellent and artistic work which they beat out of golden sovereigns.

Many of the carpenters' wives were adorned with really handsome chains. I wished to buy some, but had no time for a jeweller to make me anything. The roads are fair, and one also sees a few motor-cars and motor-trolleys for transport of produce. The architecture is never attractive, Accra not being a pretty place by any means. Our own coast towns, which resemble each other so closely, we have not endeavoured to lay with the same care for beauty as the Germans. Our idea has been simply trade and commerce. In the official part there are some well-designed bungalows, but these are some distance out at Victoriaburg.

The Accra races are a great social event; they take place about Christmas-time, and many visitors attend from our nearest colonies, besides people who come from up-country. They have capital polo-ponies, and polo is much indulged in; also cricket, and they have a nine-hole golf course. Trust an Englishman to bring his sports with him! There is no hotel, only a very poor place frequented by natives.

The harbour works are extending the iron and concrete jetty, which up to now has not been as successful a protection as one would wish. The heavy surf piles up sand-bars, and constant dredging is necessary. The railway runs some fifty miles up to Nangonese Goosi, and is successfully tapping the country for thousands of tons of cocoa a year.

From Addah great quantities of cocoa are being exported ; and in the open grass country near by, on the rich virgin soil, extensive cocoa plantations are being established, which will eventually yield gigantic harvests. Horses can live at Accra, as the tsetse-fly

NATIVES.

is seldom met with ; therefore riding and driving make pleasant pastimes. Accra and Seccondee are great rivals at present. Seccondee leads commercially, as its railway brings the gold down from the interior ; but with the increasing of the cocoa export Seccondee may well be jealous of Accra.

CHAPTER L

Seccondee

A DEEP bend in a thickly wooded coast of rising hills, and Seccondee comes into view. Here, in addition to its being late in the afternoon, breakers are very bad indeed. The morning is far the best time to land, and on the distant rocks spray creates geysers of some thirty feet—they would be lovely if one were not obliged to go through them with the certainty of getting wet !

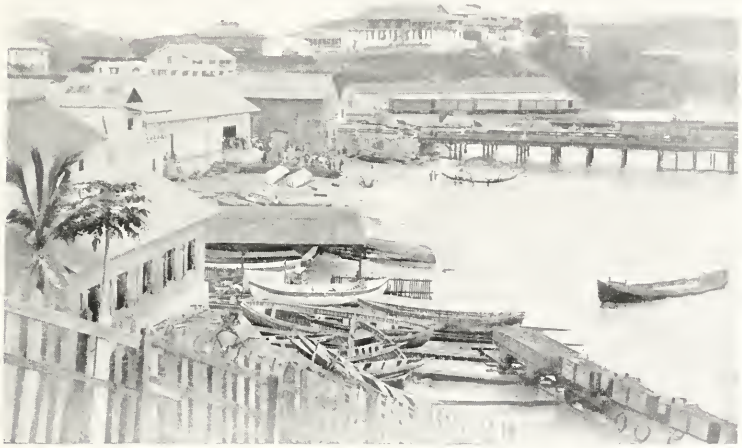
Seccondee has been a renowned place for wrecks, and near the lighthouse, two miles distant, the masts of a big collier are a sad reminder of the treachery of submerged rocks. In the open roadstead lie three Elder Dempster steamers, swaying with the heavy swell, and a relic of old times in the shape of a sailing ship. The Kroo boys come racing out, and several passengers sitting on wicker chairs in the big surf-boats are looking eagerly to the ship.

After the terrible ordeal of getting ashore one wanders about, but there is really little to see. Messrs. Elder Dempster and Co. have an hotel here, which is at present closed ; but Allen's Hotel, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Allen, is quite a comfortable abode. " Akabo ! " the natives greet you, meaning welcome. There is a hospital for Europeans and also one for natives. The bungalows, with deep overhanging roofs, are closely grouped, and on a rather high hill the Government headquarters, and the official and railway people's houses. The shore boasts a huge native settlement.

Seccondee is the terminus of the railway, and so all the gold from the famous mines is shipped home from here ; also rubber and palm oil. It is the largest port on the Gold Coast, and the heat is stifling ; one must be wary of fever. The population comprises perhaps 150 men and a dozen ladies, besides 1000 or more natives. All the country about is hilly and well wooded, and mahogany of fine quality abounds. At Axim, a neighbouring town, last year they shipped 30,000 logs, which would be the equivalent of 10,000 trees—three logs usually run to one tree. The very best mahogany, however, comes down the Tano River, shipped from Half Assine,

the most westerly port of the Gold Coast. It is finely figured and in great demand for veneering purposes—a beautiful wood indeed.

To give one an idea of the value of this particular mahogany, one tree, consisting of three logs, was sold last year at the auction sales of Liverpool for £2500. The bottom log, measuring 4 feet square and 36 inches in length, of splendid marking, fetched £1250. In the Cameroons I have heard of one tree which was sold for £1000. It was also heavily insured. This seems an



SECCONDEE.

enormous price, but it must be remembered these monarchs of the forest have taken over two hundred years to mature to this condition of perfection.

The colour of this decorative wood is a light reddish golden-brown in its natural state, while the markings resemble watered silk. Seccondee has an English club, where the menfolk forgather. What a good idea it is to establish clubs, as we do in most of our possessions, where a man, weary with the tiresomeness

of hundreds of miles of bush travel, can stretch his legs in comfortable chairs and order his favourite W. & S. !

In Seccondee the native and European quarters are separate. This is as it should be, because between the native idea of hygiene and ours a great gulf stretches, and an epidemic of yellow fever or other pestilent disease could be isolated, thus checking it in its early stages.

The working factories of the Seccondee-Coomassie Railway are the principal sight. Every traveller should pay a visit to this model and practical establishment. The train for Coomassie leaves at 8 a.m. and arrives at 6 p.m. In the old days it took ten to twelve days of hard travelling to reach the coast.

With the rich goldfields of the interior and their continual successful development there is little doubt they will prove an Eldorado in the future. I cannot, however, write of these mines, not having seen them. We at home realize little of their working except through the financial columns of the newspapers. I am told that at the Prestea Mine some 180 white men, mostly Australian and South African, are employed, and over 2000 blacks. The Taquah, Abosso, and Abontiakoon are the best mines on the banket.

After leaving Seccondee and covering a few miles, one encounters dense jungle. In the northern territory, near Wa and Lorha, it is said that a considerable quantity of gold may be found ; but owing to the non-existence of railways, herds of elephants, hippopotami, lions, leopards, and antelopes still claim the land as their own.

Plenty of quartz has been discovered in the north, but with such drawbacks as lack of water, the desert, and expensive transport, little headway is possible in opening up the resources of the country. I may add that in this north-west portion of the hinterland the climate is comparatively healthy ; in fact, quite a white man's country. From an officer who has served a long time here, I gather that the natives breed fine Arab ponies, which are noted for their beauty and speed. There is plenty of beef, a whole carcase costing only £3, while threepence a pound is charged for mutton. A large chicken or guinea-fowl may also be purchased for threepence. This is in the centre of a fine grazing country.

The native poisons his arrows by sticking them into the rotten carcases of sheep or birds, and when the arrow drops out from

CAPE COAST CASTLE.

the decayed flesh they consider enough venom has adhered to ensure blood-poisoning. This officer also showed me a most interesting card of introduction, or passport, from a powerful Hausa chief at Wa. It was written in a sort of Arabic character, with strange and weird designs of moons and stars in crude colours. This vouched for the officer's kindness to the people of Islam, and begged them to aid him in all his undertakings.

These Ashanti people have not been especially kind to us, for we have already had three wars with their pagan tribes. Now all is peace, and the fierce Ashanti has at last sheathed his sword. It will be remembered that it was in the Ashanti war of 1885-6 that H.S.H. Prince Henry of Battenberg lost his life, to the deep regret of our nation. These savages have been merciless in war. The first trouble was in 1874, the second in 1885-6, and the last in 1900, when we had ten months of fighting and lost many precious lives.

Pages have been written about the besiegement of Governor Sir F. and Lady Hodgson and a small company of brave English at Coomassie. The chiefs drove them into the fort with the distinct understanding that, unless the Governor gave them their way, they would be held captives until, by persistent thirst and hunger, they died or were obliged to give in. These pagans possessed modern guns, and one wonders how they had obtained them. After six weeks of confinement, with scarcely anything to maintain life except stale water and a few dry biscuits, those of that small, dauntless army who were able to stand managed to escape at night, and arduously worked their way through mangrove swamps, dense forests, and waterways. After a fortnight's march these gallant souls eventually reached the protection of Cape Coast Castle. Now peace and plenty reign in Ashantiland.

This afternoon, when the ship paused before Cape Coast Castle to pick up passengers, I did not go ashore, as I was tired of the surf and "mammy chair." I leaned upon the taffrail, regretting I could not land. The blazing sunshine lit up the remnants of the old fort, which is picturesquely perched on a hill. Mental pictures of past and present flitted across memory's pages; and as if in pageant I seemed to see the conquests and defeats since the fourteenth century re-enacted once more in the ancient Fort of Cape Coast Castle.

CHAPTER LI

Grand Bassam—Ivory Coast

THIS port falsifies its name, for there is nothing "grand" about it! On the contrary, groups of inferior-looking buildings extend along a yellow line of sand for perhaps a mile, facing the frolicsome ebullitions of the surf. The beach itself faces some unattractive go-downs and factories. This picture is backed by tall trees and deep woodland, with still lagoons and mangrove swamps, where, daily, mosquitoes breed in millions as the stars in the firmament! Grand Bassam is notorious for being the first place on the West Coast to develop that dreaded illness yellow fever, doubtless brought from South America in the exchange of slaves. It still maintains its evil reputation, and is regarded as one of the most unhealthy places.

Fortunes acquired here are indeed won under the greatest difficulties. Looking at the brilliant green forests of the tropics, which appear ideal in loveliness, one cannot imagine that there is deadly poison in the very air one breathes. The miasma rises from the damp earth, and gradually one is laid low by fever, sleeping-sickness, dysentery, and various other serious ailments. Mr. B. is not well to-day. In many cases the victim's bones are committed to earth after one day's illness.

All along this coast, and at every stopping-place, our ship halts—the steam siren calls, and across the breakers come rolling the surf-boats. We on deck take our glasses to look for new arrivals, and invariably some of them are very ill. Even those apparently all right look thin, pallid, and weary. I have seen so many of these sufferers that I feel like hating the Gold and Ivory Coasts, for these two, as far as I have been able to judge, hold the record for destroying the health of brave men.

One gentleman was brought on at Addah, suffering from heart trouble. Obviously he was getting away just in time, for his complexion was like that of an already dead man, and his weakness really pitiful. It is just the same at Accra,

where at this moment yellow fever is raging. At picturesque Cape Coast Castle, Seccondee, and Axim, the one thought of the people is to have served their time on this unhealthy coast. Their great joy and contentment come when they finally board a clean ship, settle down in deck chairs, and are fanned by the health-giving, invigorating sea breeze. Their food —or "chop"—is then carefully thought out for them; within reach is an electric bell, which they have only to press and delicious lemon squashes, whiskey-and-sodas, or whatever beverage they affect is immediately forthcoming. A small iceberg gives refreshment to the heated palate.

Only those who have suffered that unquenchable thirst of the tropics can appreciate, after some weary march through dust and heat without the absolutely necessary liquid, the delight of glueing one's lips to a glass and draining every drop. The God of Chance also plays a big part in life here. Continually from German South-West Africa, where the climate on the whole is healthy, Gaboon, French Congo, and the Cameroons, you meet men who have lived thirty years in these colonies and are yet perfectly strong. They have had a little fever, perhaps, at first, but do not suffer now. Then, on the other hand, you hear of someone who has only arrived a month or so from home, stricken, and in a few days dead.

I to a certain extent believe in luck; but the whole country gives me a creepy feeling of uncertainty. From morn till eve one never knows what may attack one. A friend of mine was long in the unfrequented bush of the Cameroons. For twenty-five years he was quite fit and strong. He visited his family in Germany every three years. A few months ago he travelled up to the new territory just given up by the French to the Germans for the concession in Morocco. He felt a sting on his ear—but thought nothing more about it. Fortunately he had finished his undertaking, and was on his march back to the coast. Alas! that small sharp sting was from the deadly tsetse-fly! He began to feel feverish and tired. Upon arriving at Kribi he thought it was weak of him to consult a doctor, but fortunately did so. The tsetse-fly had done its demon work only too well, his blood being impregnated with the fatal germs. Anti-toxin was freely administered, and he was invalided home at once. Taking the cure immediately as he did he may have the good fortune to recover—but I scarcely dare to hope.

Grand Bassam exports mahogany, ebony, ivory, and skins. The French have been very prolific with the railways over their vast possessions in Africa. When you look on the map and see the Great Desert, Senegal, French Guinea, Ivory Coast, Dahomey, and right up to Lake Chad, you realize its immensity. They have a most ambitious scheme for linking the entire territory by means of railway and river service to Timbuctoo, also across the Sahara to North Africa. The rivers Senegal and Niger, helped by railways, already conduct the traveller to Timbuctoo.

At Grand Bassam the clusters of deeply-roofed houses look as if they dare not raise their heads in the merciless sun. A few white Government buildings are dotted about, and at one end of the town are the palm-thatched dwellings of the natives. Three steamers lie off the jetty. Although I like to see and verify for myself, I have no great desire to go on shore. There are the same palms, natives, and general arrangements that one meets all along the coast ; and at this port they have not even raised the tricolour on their flagstaff !

The native population seems to be constantly travelling, and it was amusing to watch the " black ladies " in all their finery seating themselves in the " mammy chair," their " collaterals " around them. These women were naked to the waist, and their skirts consisted of bright cotton draped around them. In most cases a dear little naked black baby was tied fast to their backs. These children never cry. They wear a necklace around their necks, and they stare at you with beautiful soft dark eyes. I am always anxious lest the chair should swing around and dash the baby to bits on its mother's back ; but up to now I have never witnessed an accident. These women all have a fowl, which they treat as though already dead, while their belongings are mostly packed in large brass bowls. A turban, quite half a yard above their heads, adds a striking touch to the general effect.

The French, unlike the Germans and English, do not favour free trade, and keep their colonies, comparatively, to themselves.

At Assinie, a little to the east, much mahogany and many tusks from the north are shipped. There is not so great a supply of ivory as in former days ; however, in the huge expanse from the Ivory Coast to French Guinea herds of elephants still roam, and sport for the hunter is said to be superb.

CHAPTER LII

Liberia

EARLY on the morning of May 18th we anchor close to Monrovia, capital of the Republic of Liberia. From the sea, several green hills and the clustered town of Monrovia present a more pleasant aspect than upon landing. A few years ago there was no cable, Liberia being left isolated by the world; now, however, they have one, and two wireless spires which break the line of the horizon up the hillside. In the harbour you view the fleet, consisting of one gunboat rather dirty and badly needing a renewal of white paint. It is obvious that this craft began life as a smart yacht, but has degenerated with the passing years. It will evidently spend the remainder of its existence rocking off the coast of this Negro Republic!

The surf here is not nearly so dangerous as on the Gold and Ivory Coasts. High, green-clad hills give a kind of shelter, although to land you must go round for some distance, across the bar, and enter by the mouth of the St. Paul River, which is navigable for some thirty miles, until stopped by falls.

Little is known of the interior, which is held by wild bushmen natives. The district on the coast occupied by these American negroes only extends a few kilometres; there are few roads, and the dense forests are almost impregnable, carriers bringing down rubber and coffee for export. Very little prospecting has been done. A few months ago some prospectors wished to go through the country, but the natives would not permit them, and there was much trouble over the question. A gunboat entered the waters as a reminder that Liberia did not rule the world.

The President has little power, and the whole town is ramshackle, dirty, and dilapidated. The American Consul, Mr. Crum, must be the most important man in the country. I had a letter of introduction to him, kindly given me by genial Mr. Haygood, American Vice-Consul at Cape Town. It might have been my fate to remain at Monrovia for two weeks if I had not been fortu-

nate enough to get the *Steiermark* from Swakopmund. It is difficult to find ships which connect between Swakopmund and the Cameroons, but once you get in touch with the main Cameroon Line you are all right. At one time the agents told me my easiest way would be to get a cargo-boat from German South-West Africa direct to Monrovia and then work back along the coast eastward. When I see the town and accommodation available I am grateful that I was not obliged to stay in the negro capital.

For the benefit of travellers who may follow in my footprints, let me advise them to start the West Coast first, then continue to the East. It is advisable to take the Woermann Linie or the Elder Dempster steamers on the way out, as they bring imports which must be landed; consequently they often stay in a port two and three days, during which one has ample time to go ashore and see the towns. Again, live on your excellent ship, which is preferable to staying in these most primitive hotels—many places boasting of none.

Up to now the West Coast has not allured tourists, and although people are most hospitable one does not like to encroach too much on their limited resources. Liberia is indeed the country for the enterprising lady writer, who can sow her seeds of literary genius on virgin soil. Negroes, wild bush cannibals, the heat of the tropics, and jungle woodland need a truly indomitable spirit to find out their vast and hidden secrets.

Upon landing one penetrates through a city of thatched mud huts to Water Street, the principal thoroughfare. There is nothing interesting to see. The houses are unpretentious, with the usual verandah. As the negro likes religion, Monrovia is blessed with numerous churches. Houses, built in brick with white trimmings and green shutters, have reed curtains to keep out the heat. There are very few people in the streets, which in some places are overgrown with grass. A few Americans live here, and some German traders form the European population. We have a Consul—I think it is Major Baldwin—and there is also the German representative.

About 10,000 negroes inhabit the coast-line, the tribes of Liberia numbering not far short of two million. Most people know why this dark republic was founded. When the American Government abolished slavery they were in a quandary what to do with such vast numbers of homeless black people. It

was a serious problem. A way out of the difficult position was suggested by removing them to Africa, the land they had come from. Consequently, in 1821 the Americans founded this republic for them, and have to a certain extent protected their interests. They govern themselves in a crude way, often breaking out into local political disputes during Presidential elections.

Assassinations and revolutions are frequent occurrences. The Executive Mansion is a most modest structure of brick, with double verandahs, the flag, however, being a huge affair. Their coat-of-arms represents a sunset ; a dark sailing-ship silhouetted against its radiance ; and a palm tree, all of which welcome one on shore. Their motto is "The love of liberty brought us here." Wealthy Liberians wear European clothes—frock coats and tall hats. The women one meets in the streets have a wonderful variety of bright handkerchiefs, which they arrange on their heads in most fantastic knots and bows, producing weird upstanding effects ; but some of them are quite pretty.

I am told that a white man engaged in trade at Monrovia must live with a black woman if he wishes to be successful in business. This fact I cannot vouch for. Also that the blacks run into you in the streets, jostling you and resenting your nationality—but this I did not find to be the case. There is always the horrible fear that the ship will sail away and leave you, especially when you hear her siren summons. It makes one too nervous to do much sightseeing !

A large market was not particularly interesting ; only compounded of the usual things. The bananas looked nice ; while some nauseating fish and rice balls, called foo-foo, were in great demand, but presented a decidedly unattractive appearance to me.

Upon returning to the ship I found it surrounded by native log dug-outs, in which were seated women attired in most gorgeous colours, wearing beads and butterfly-shaped handkerchief head-dresses. They were clapping their hands, laughing, and shouting, making a din absolutely deafening.

As our crew boys recognized wives and sweethearts roars of lusty voices welcomed them. Quite a smart Customs steam launch was waiting. The same crew boys have been paid and discharged until the next voyage, so they scramble down the sides on ropes and ladders to reach the waiting boat below. Some jump over-

A NATIVE CHIEF.

board, and they are almost crazy with delight at being reunited with their friends, especially as they all have money to spend.

Now the boats are quite full, and they paddle away, with deafening shouts of Hip! Hip! Hooray! Hoch! Hoch! Hurrah! the ship glides on, the noise abating as the distance increases. We passengers, now the excitement is over, go down to breakfast. Many have bought stamps; these form a considerable revenue for the republic, as they are constantly changing them. Although of no particular value, they are bright in colour and make interesting souvenirs for friends at home.

"Imp's" advice: Beware of Monrovia.

CHAPTER LIII

Freetown, Sierra Leone

THE stewardess brings me coffee at 5 a.m. It is almost dark, but as I look out of the port I am confronted with high sombre mountains. This is the coast of Sierra Leone, which is known as the "White Man's Grave." It is bordered by French

FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE.

Guinea and Liberia. As a rule I do not like this rising at dawn, but if a traveller is enthusiastic about seeing things, and only three hours at the most are vouchsafed for exploring Freetown, one has to do one's best.

Freetown from the sea gives a charming effect. The long line

of mountains make an imposing show. The highest peak, Lion Mountain, rising from a bed of mist, overlooks the town. Trees everywhere add to its attractiveness, and one doubts the evil reputation the country has gained from a health standpoint.

The town itself is large, and from each lower ridge and mountain flank rise villages, forts, barracks, hospitals, and defence establishments of all kinds. This port being a gateway to West Africa, it fairly bristles with masked batteries, 12-inch guns, huge coal sheds—more important than all during war—searchlights, and the entire paraphernalia of protection for this our oldest colony in West Africa, dating from 1788.

The Protectorate comprises 27,000 square miles. Freetown alone possesses more than 35,000 inhabitants, of which about 500 are Europeans. The large bay and harbour are excellent spots for landing. It is such a relief to get away from the appalling surf farther down on the coast. Our ship moors only a quarter of a mile from the town, and there are plenty of small boats alongside, each eager for passengers to go ashore. The fare is one shilling a head.

(Don't pay your boy until he lands you back on the steamer. He naturally expects a small tip for waiting.)

I being out on deck so early many of the menfolk had not dressed, and pyjamas and dressing-gowns were the reigning fashion. I might have made a good fashion article by describing some of them. Everyone who has lived in the tropics knows to what condition a wardrobe arrives. The heat and dampness rot and destroy every material. Silk linings become strings. Many of us compare rents, and wonder if our costumes will last until we reach England!

An officer shows a ragged lining to his silk dinner jacket; another has lost one black bow off his pumps; each one is in some predicament or other. We christen them our honourable rags, as they are really legitimately worn out by honest sweat and toil. One terrible thought has occurred to us as we near England. The days become longer, and the twilight is merciless as regards worn-out clothes! Someone suggested we should obviate showing our shabbiness by asking that the dinner-hour be put back from seven, our usual time, to eight; but although a ragged lot we keep up prestige and dress for dinner!

Along the front, and built into the sea, are the go-downs, Govern-

ment supplies, and coal. Freetown is most important as a coaling station, and large supplies are guarded. I go ashore with a friend, after negotiating with the Customs people. It is Sunday morning, and most of the inhabitants are not yet up. We walk along the wide red road, a little grass growing on each side. It has rained all night, and the way is muddy, with great pools of water lying about.

From St. George's Cathedral ring out beautifully attuned

FREETOWN.

chimes. This is the most interesting church; its large grey brick square tower and clock have an ancient and picturesque appearance. I should judge it has been destroyed and added on to at various periods, as there is no uniformity in its architecture. It is shaded by a splendid mango tree.

In all parts of the town are beautiful flowering trees and shrubs, but it is not pretty, or well-kept, being full of ramshackle, dilapidated houses, built of wood and porous ironstone, of which there is plenty. Many of these houses were so rickety they looked as if a

push would send them over. Corrugated iron is in strong force. Some sheets appear to be thrown on to the houses, and only remain there by the clemency of one nail. Verandahs appear terribly feeble. The houses are of all colours, and the negro taste has not been restricted in Howe Street. I remarked one scarlet house with brilliant ultramarine decorations.

The ladies who were about to attend church were gowned as only black people can be—white dresses with lace; cotton frocks in which green and orange, cleverly combined with stripes of crude blue, were in symphonies of rainbow hues. The rich black ladies sometimes send to Paris and London for their gowns. They were conscious of looking well; most were creoles and walked proudly. Many wore what the Americans call peekaboo blouses, and their dark skins made a good background to show up the distinctive patterns.

"Good morning, missus," they saluted. "You go church—St. George's?"

We had a native boy to take us around, and when we passed a large school in the construction stage of ferruginous sandstone he explained, "Him house broke," meaning that the school was not yet finished. On board ship there were four or five missionaries, and they were waiting for a boat. Our boy, pointing to them, designated the group as "Dem Jesus Christ crew."

I was disappointed not to visit the market, but of course this was closed. I am told it is very interesting, and consists of a long stone building. We passed it, and remarked stacks of enormous thick calabashes, which had come down from Dakkar and were to be sold to-morrow. The Custom House building is rather fine, in native stone with a bright red roof, and run on the same lines as that in London.

I think I have never seen so many native police—they are all over the place. They wear khaki uniforms. One thing I did not like to see, although I appreciate their usefulness, is the vultures. Freetown has hundreds of them. They sit high on the cocoanut palms, roost on the roofs of houses, and gangs of them calmly walk through the streets tame and unmolested.

The Royal Hospital had a most antiquated air, especially the outside gate, upon which a carving in stone tells you something about being rescued from slavery by British philanthropy, and a date which I could not quite make out. There are several other hospitals and sanatoria situated on the higher ridges, surrounded by

foliage. Bananas, breadfruit trees, avocado pears, scarlet acacias, and mangoes with reddish fruit are in abundance ; also wild cherry trees in blossom—all help to cover the hobbledehoy architecture.

We came across a truly magnificent cotton tree—I have never seen a finer. Minutely we examined the enormous buttresses of its roots. Freetown may well be proud of this tree, which is close to the new official offices now in the course of construction. A light narrow-gauge railway runs through the town, and this conducts one to Wilberforce, two and a half miles away, prettily

MAIN STREET, FREETOWN.

laid out upon a wooded ridge, where reside most of the officials and Europeans. The dark red roofs are just visible in the distance.

I walked to Government House, which is of wood and stone, painted grey—not at all a pretentious abode. At the back are beautiful gardens full of gay crotons and tropical flowers and bright red lilies ; there were hundreds of these, which I admired very much. Behind are the Public Gardens, with beautiful specimens of both trees and flowers—bougainvillæa, a red frangipanni, yellow hibiscus, and the whole family of blossoms rejoicing in the

heat. Freetown is very well garrisoned. A battalion of the West African Regiment, one of the West Indian, two Army Service Corps, and a detachment of Royal Engineers are mostly quartered along the ridge and on the mountain side. The shore farther down the Bay boasts a whole hamlet of mushroom-shaped houses, and gives a curious effect. These are for the black gunners, each having his separate hut. They are said to be of indomitable courage. Altogether Freetown recalls Barbados, only it is not so beautiful. The only conveyance is the hammock, with an awning overhead, which is carried by either two or four men. I met several officers, one from Government House, being carried about in this manner. The uniform of the carriers was khaki with broad scarlet epaulettes. I noticed a black man being conducted through the streets in a sort of hammock chair, and was informed he was a sanitary inspector going his rounds, and should he discover unsatisfactory conditions the people are fined.

There is one hotel here, the Royal, but I did not see it. The Bank of British West Africa was quite the finest building, erected in 1909. There is the Wilberforce Memorial Hall, near St. George's Cathedral, for public entertainments, and several schools and many churches. The French Occidental Company's offices were presentable and large; they had decorated their balcony with palms and flowers. Familiar signs for Sunlight Soap prominently announce that it " makes linen like snow."

One would like to have time to take the train far into the interior and get a glimpse of the cannibal Timini tribe, to see the vivid green mountains and the savannahs spread out before one. Alas! time is short. I pass the prison on my way back to the ship; there is a fine tree in its yard, and they say that many people have been hanged from it.

Altogether I was disappointed with Freetown, which in the early days had been acquired as a home for the freed negroes. If you see a decent-looking house, the next one to it will be left in its natural state of rock and mud, and in many cases stray bits of rubbish will be harboured within, giving the town a slack and unkempt appearance—which seems unnecessary. I for one like to see our ports a credit, not an eyesore. When we steamed out we passed many half-concealed guns, also picturesque Lighthouse Bay, where the white tower shone in the dazzling sunshine. Fishing is very good off this point, tarpon, shark, and fighting fish being the most plentiful.

CHAPTER LIV

Conakry, French Guinea

FOR days I had talked Conakry to good Captain Pankow. There was some doubt if we should be allowed to go on shore, it being a question of rubber. If a rubber cargo were waiting we should have several hours in which to discover what the much-talked-of French colonial capital was like. Many of the English and German passengers were as keenly anxious to land as I was. It was a perfect Sunday afternoon when the *Eleonore Woermann* reduced speed and the steam whistle rudely broke in upon the calm Sabbath of French Guinea.

The town shone lustrously in the golden sunshine, its white villas, veiled by palm trees, reflected in the still blue water, the soft summer clouds gathered into snow-like banks adding an ethereal effect to the lovely scene.

I was deputed to find out if we could go ashore, by what sort of conveyance, and how long a time we were entitled to stay. Captain Pankow was, as always, kind and obliging. We could go ashore in the steam launch for two and a half hours, which would be the limit of our time for sightseeing. We were delighted with this concession, as there had been much conjecture on the question.

In something like five minutes a very smart Government launch and a Woermann launch raced out to us. These are filled with French gentlemen and one or two ladies. They look very nice in their spotless white. It being Sunday, most of them have come on board for a little recreation and change—especially liking the cold beer on our ship. We quickly exchange places with them, and a merry party proceeds through the sparkling waves to the long protruding stone and concrete mole, where big steamers can come alongside and land one comfortably and dignifiedly by proper stone steps. Such a relief from that terrifying " mammy chair ! "

The mountains of surf here are well behaved. Polite waves sob along this coast—not the howling of mad breakers. The launch

is clean and up-to-date. I ask the French officer about the returning arrangements. It is a blessing to be able to speak their language, and he answers most politely, " Every twenty minutes the launch goes to the ship." What a convenience !

But I must not waste one moment out of the short time given in which to see Conakry. I at once secure a rickshaw. It is modern and comfortable—two-seated, with khaki covers, which I ask to have turned back, not wishing anything to restrict my vision ! It is rubber-tyred. One boy runs in front and two push at the back. Softly and silently we speed along the beautiful wide, smooth, clean boulevards—and boulevard is the proper name for these magnificent thoroughfares. On each side there is a wide pavement, well kept ; the middle of the road is of hard-beaten reddish earth, and two narrow trolley lines run parallel.

CONAKRY BEACH AND LIGHTHOUSE.

Our way is beautifully shaded by tall graceful palms and enormous silk cotton trees. Especially remarkable is the Boulevard Circulaire et le Grand Fromager. There are high, brilliant green mango trees, with a plentiful harvest of hanging dark fruit, some changing to reds and yellows in the hot, ripening sunshine ; while large brown and green cocoanuts occasionally drop from the high branches. There is also the big-leaved breadfruit, with its offerings of dark shining globes.

I regretfully acknowledge the difference there is between Conakry, Lome, and Freetown—even rich Lagos cannot be described as beautiful. Why do we, the wealthiest nation (for we make our colonies pay) tolerate our West African ports being the very ugliest amongst the nations ? We can do better. For

example, there could not be a more model town than Durban. Everything there is in perfect taste and immaculate cleanliness. Port Elizabeth is also a credit. Everyone knows what a lovely place Cape Town is, both as regards its scenery, its environment, and all places connected with it. Freetown possesses natural beauty, surrounded by splendid mountain fastnesses. If only the authorities would pull down some of the hideous native houses, and oversee the building of proper accommodation; have the

PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE, CONAKRY.

streets cleansed, and pick up the disused sardine tins, it would be a fine place. When one sees Conakry one wonders why our ports are not laid out and kept in the same commendable manner.

Proceeding in the rickshaw, wherever my eyes wander a surprising delight awaits me. Here is a garden, most artistic, full of flower-beds, purple and white petunias flourishing, their sweetness wafted to me. The whole air is perfumed by pink and white frangipanni. Now we turn a corner and I am in the Place de la Gouvernement. All is spacious and well thought out. In the

first place, there is the grateful shade of innumerable tropical trees, then walks and flower-beds.

I pause before a handsome memorial to Governor-General Ballay, a pioneer benefactor to the nation. It is raised on a base of white stone, above which a more than life-sized figure of General Ballay in bronze stands upon a pedestal. In one hand he protectingly grasps the flag, the other arm encircles a naked negro. At the side a child is presenting a palm leaf. Reposing at the foot is a bronze group of natives who have brought as offerings the fruits of their country. The whole is charmingly executed.

The trickling of falling water is always pleasant music in the tropics, and when I again mount the rickshaw I hear a fountain encircled by hedges of red and golden crotons. Government House stands facing these gardens. It is a long, large, comfortable-looking residence, painted grey, with deep verandahs enclosed by shutters, by opening which you can get as much air as possible, or by closing shut out the sun's rays entirely. Serving as screens were many feathery bamboo trees. The borders of the flower gardens, planted with lemon grasses, exude a refreshing aroma.

The next building of importance is the Palais de Justice, in colonial style, with fine white columns protecting its wide verandahs. Here also the verdure is remarkable. One thing I particularly noticed was that in the large cavities of the cotton and mango trees holes have been filled with concrete—for this reason: In the rainy season water is held in these receptacles, where the mosquitoes swarm and breed. It recalls to me Panama, and the marvellous change that has taken place in that notoriously unhealthy isthmus of Central America, where by ingenuity and millions, and the American lavish use of concrete and oil, Panama is the last word in hygiene. The home of the Mayor, facing the sea, was another good example of sensible and appropriate architecture.

By the sea runs a long clean boulevard, and on the point, built upon brown rocks, stands the lighthouse, its white sides and big lamp gleaming in the dying sun. This is where people take their afternoon excursion, either by motor or rickshaw. The principal streets run parallel, with side streets branching off. Here live the natives; their small thatched houses or huts are well-built and clean. They were a good-looking lot as natives run, with the

usual love for bright raiment. They include many Mohammedans and Hausas. I was very content to find a shop where they sold some Hausa leather-work, swords, baskets, and pure gold rings with clever filigree-work done by the natives of Senegal. It is seldom one obtains native curios on the West Coast.

In all the streets the houses were commodious, modern, and quite habitable as regards the interior. Some had the verandahs filled with flowers and palms, greatly enhancing the effect. Conakry is well lighted by electricity; there is a good hotel, the Grand, and an excellent café, where I stopped while the landlady gave me interesting information. There are about five hundred Europeans in the Colony, and some ten millions of natives. Conakry is backed by pale blue mountains. The railway goes some 300 kilometres into the country, connecting with the Niger River at Kurussa. It is in Sierra Leone that the Niger River finds its birth.

CONAKRY.

The French have built a splendid railway, millions of francs being spent on bridges and clearances. I am told that scenery in the interior is beautiful, which I can well believe. I have been shown some fine photographs of the land through which the railway runs. Few people realize the extent of French territory in Africa. For thousands of miles it spreads across the Dark Continent, and when their great ambition has been achieved, to connect their entire possessions with North Africa, crossing the famous Sahara, they will have accomplished something praiseworthy.

I have been through all the main streets and some of the side ones. I jump out to photograph a gorgeous bunch of natives who are buying silvery fish. There's a glance at my watch—time is up. How I regret that I cannot remain longer and learn more of this beautiful place! I remount the little carriage. "Vite! Vite!" I shout to the boys. I hear the call of the *Eleonore* from her distant anchorage, and hope I shall not miss the ship. In a few minutes I arrive rather breathless on the jetty;

the launch is waiting—I am the last. Several friendly hands are held out to assist me—I grab two, take a jump, and am on board!

That night at dinner I asked the Englishmen at my table why there was such a great contrast between Freetown and Conakry, in regard to well-kept streets and an ideally laid out town. After a long argument the gist of their remarks was: "We are only out here a year, and we hope never to see the country again. We are nearly always sent to different stations, so why make a garden at great inconvenience as regards water supply for someone else to reap the benefit?"

It appeared to me a short-sighted policy. I remembered when I was at the Durbar in Delhi how many lovely gardens I saw, and the great pride and joy those Englishmen had taken. One in particular, the chief of a small wayside station, had shown me with enormous pride some sweet English violets, which he had cultivated in boxes. This delightful plot was some three yards square, and had involved infinite care and patience; but its owner had gained his reward. I have heard in this new country, which the French have evacuated to the Germans as a result of the Moroccan treaty, the French have pulled up all their vines and vegetables. Some of the officers who have been on expeditions to the country return with this report.

"Imp" says: "Always prevail upon a captain to let you see Conakry. It's worth it."

CHAPTER LV

The Islands

FIVE days of monotony, during which Africa appeared to have decided our ship must not proceed, for she sent blustering trade winds and an angry, choppy sea to retard our progress. After all these months in the tropics, where one was never really dry, this sudden cold at the end of May was astonishing, and everyone grumbled. Heavy coats which had been packed away for months were eagerly sought. I felt sorry for a few people who had to wear white, not having anything else on board.

Our ship is nearly full. The Englishmen have commenced sweepstakes; a chess tournament is in progress, and we are allowed to bet on our favourite players. About 4 p.m. to-day from out of a stormy sea we emerged for mails and passengers at Las Palmas. Grand Canary had religiously hidden behind impenetrable veils of mist, and refused to "cast a clout," as the Scotch say. In looking towards the town one could pick out the landmarks if one knew the place. I had already spent a winter among these islands, therefore knew them well.

One caught a glimpse of the white buildings perched 1500 feet high at Monte, and the Hotel Santa Brigida, which makes a charming excursion if one has the time. The drive through the town, past hundreds of washerwomen cleansing their household effects in the stream, brings you finally to an excellent hotel, where from the pretty gardens a magnificent view is obtained. It is pleasant to lunch here and drive back late in the afternoon. Alas! there was no time to land, and we were obliged to content ourselves by leaning over the taffrail watching the small fleet of merchants who soon surrounded our ship.

When the signal was given that they could come on board, how they scrambled and fought for precedence up the gangway! Some more adventurous and impatient than the others climbed up by ropes. These men were mostly Hindus, selling Ceylon jewellery. All shades and variations of complexion were noticed among the

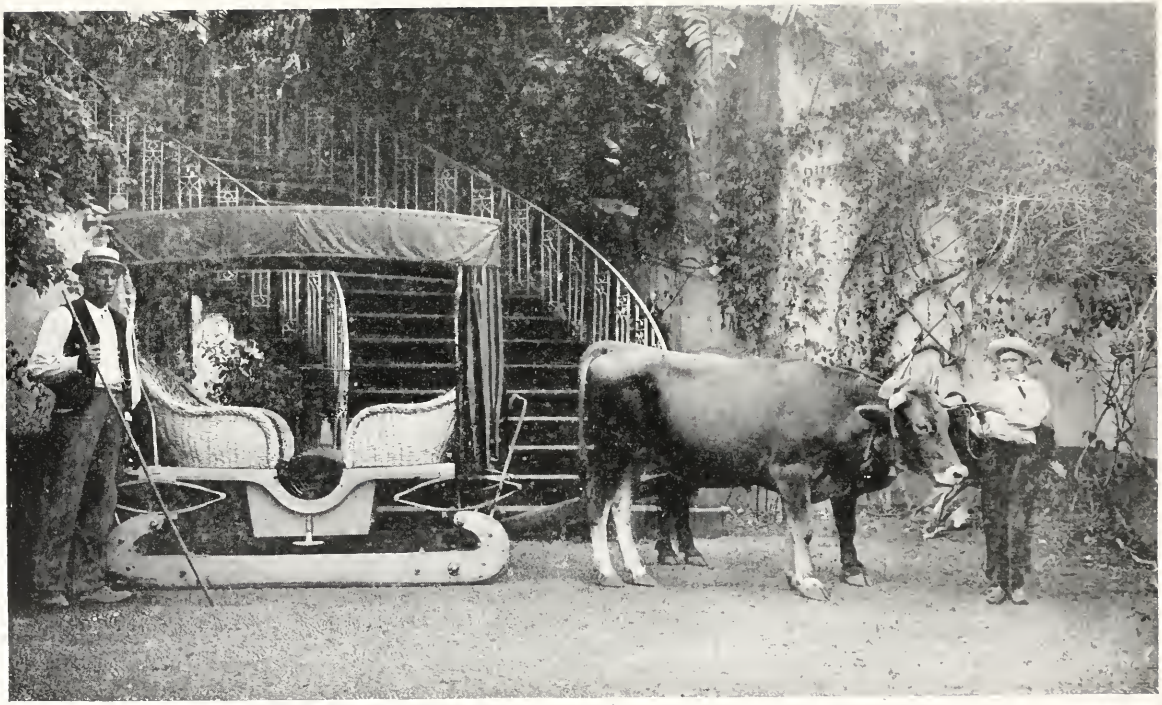
Goanese and half-caste Spanish. In a jiffy goods are laid out, and the passengers begin their "palaver." You may have your choice of Zodiac rings, Ceylon stone bracelets and rings, moonstones in profusion, and brooches. Then here are the Teneriffe embroidered gowns, which some fond husband purchases for his wife, and which she finds it difficult for her modiste to make up.

There are blouses, and, most practical of all, teacloths, tablecloths, and bed-spreads, of drawn-thread work, which are always acceptable presents in any household. Below are boats full of golden fruit—oranges, big brown figs, lemons, cherries, bananas. Each fruit has a clientèle. Wildly the bargaining goes on, and nearly everyone has bundles of something under his or her arm. An ebony elephant looks out, almost smothered by embroidered cloths; Maltese lace trails upon the deck; and Coptic veils glisten like tiny eyes as their silver threads catch the light.

In a short time the whistle gives its three signals, and the merchants are bustled off, their bales much lighter and their pockets heavier. I should say they are richer by quite £100. Nearly everyone has bought something for some cherished one at home, and many have expended £15 or more.

It seems to me that Las Palmas is much larger than when I was here a few years ago. One recognizes the Cathedral, the Hotel Metropole, and the Santa Catalina Hotel; a very great improvement is the open tramcars which run from the wharf to the town. Every traveller will remember the miserable road of former times, and the "tartanas" with their reckless drivers which one was obliged to take. In a few minutes Grand Canary was left in her misty seclusion. An Englishman said it reminded him of a November day at home, and he was right.

At 10 p.m. we drew up at Teneriffe. The town looked beautiful under its dark shroud. The sky, however, was black and threatening. A few tired-looking people climbed over the gangway, and there was a concert in the *salon*, so I presume we must have appeared a merry crowd. The sea still grumbles, and evidently intends doing so, for even now she has retarded us to such an extent that we shall be one day late in arriving at Southampton. To me, who have been thousands of miles in all climes and countries, it seems unbelievable that I am to be at home in less than a week; but "Imp" says it is true.



OX-SLEIGH, MADEIRA.

A day of sailing, again through angry waters, and early in the morning Madeira is reached. How lovely it looks with its fresh green foliage reaching right up to the summits of the mountains! This is by far the most beautiful island possession of Portugal. The Azores, Teneriffe, and Las Palmas are pretty, but Madeira is the gem of them all.

I went ashore. The weather was perfect, and landing and all arrangements most comfortable—quite luxurious compared with some of my disembarkations! I at once secured an ox-sledge, and alone proceeded to enjoy all that I could see. My man spoke some English, and we went first to the fruit and flower market. What a display! How appetizing the fresh peas, asparagus, guavas, strawberries, loquats, grenadillas, passion fruit, oranges, bananas—such an abundance of the earth's harvest!

But one must be careful in buying, as they will endeavour to charge exorbitant prices if you are careless about the sum. I purchased a very nice steamer chair for 10s., and across the way I could have had the same thing for 8s. It is not the question of 2s., but no one likes to be cheated, especially if one has travelled extensively. The flowers were such a treat after the flamboyant blossoms to which one had been accustomed in the tropics. Violets, roses, begonias, heliotrope, mimosa, all sent forth their sweet breath on the already scented air.

The fish market should be visited, for here you see the big tunny fish, and all varieties of the smaller tribe. I arrived early in the morning, and great bargains were being driven. Careful housewives filled their baskets; men in huge sombreros shouted, and the miscellaneous wants of family life were being dealt with as rapidly as possible. Women would adjust huge baskets of eatables on their heads and triumphantly stride homewards over the cobble-stoned street.

A couple of men from the *Elconore* pause to have a word. Each has a tiny cask of the famous Madeira wine under his arm. I am told that last year more than 10,000 pipes of this wine were exported. It is said to have existed on the island since the days of Prince Henry of Portugal, dating back to 1421, and finds favour all over the world. The elements have been kind to Madeira. Owing to its moderate climate it appears to produce nearly everything. Sugar is a great industry; early vegetables find their way to Covent Garden; some coffee is raised, and fruit of the

sub-tropics. Madeira embroideries are noted the world round, as is also the wickerwork. No place could be more delightful to spend a winter in.

There are good hotels, fine roads, and now one can motor for miles over the island. Riding is most enjoyable, fine panoramic views existing in all parts of the mountain roads. The mountain peaks are wooded with laurel and ferns to the height of 5000 feet and over. The whole scene is beautiful, for there are deep ravines, covered with vineyards, the rich red volcanic soil throwing splashes of colour upon the green landscape.

Rocks are statuesque, bold, and impressive in their elevation; milk-white streams rush swiftly down mountain slopes, past red-roofed and white-painted houses, through gardens where golden mimosa and oranges to match are ripening in the glorious sunshine. Everyone acknowledges that Madeira is unique in its beauty and climate. I wished my three hours could extend to three weeks; but unfortunately that was not possible, so I continued my progress in the two-seated ox-sledge into many streets and by-ways. I stop to buy postcards and embroidery, flowers and fruit. The *Eleonore* screams at me, and I must reluctantly leave beautiful Funchal.

THE AUTHORESS AND FLOWERS SENT BY CAPTAIN SCHÜTT.

When I arrived on board I found a most lovely basket of flowers awaiting me, from Captain Schütt of the *Steiermark*, which had passed the day before. I felt extremely pleased to be remembered, and greatly appreciated his kindness. A vision of Cape Lopez floats across my brain—the heat, the tornadoes, a strip of hot sand, mosquitoes, and a few houses hiding themselves amongst palms, but, above all, the never-failing goodness of Captain Schütt, Mr. Muller, chief officer, and the chief engineer.

CHAPTER LVI

Homeward

EVERY turn of the screw brings me nearer to my beloved land. "Is it true," I question "Imp," "that one day I shall arrive and see home and old friends?" "Imp" appears to nod affirmatively. Calm seas prevail. Cape Finisterre is passed. Now we plough through that dreaded and oftentimes much-maligned Bay of Biscay. Nothing to fear—it proved to be a blue zone of water. Ushant light looms in the darkness, revolving a vivid warning. "Don't come here," it flashes.

The Channel is entered. I cannot realize I am in home waters. I lie in my berth mentally going over the anxieties, dangers, and vicissitudes of these thousands of miles. It seems only yesterday that I was on the East Coast, and now the West has been left behind.

A few nights later and the *Eleonore Woermann* halts just off the "Needles." It is sunset, and the rocks are wrapped in golden tissue.

I make my way to the bridge and grasp the hand of Captain Pankow and First Officer Mr. Brammer in farewell. Their amiability and courtesy were extended to me upon all occasions, and I am genuinely grieved to leave them. Captain Pankow is one of the youngest and most efficient commanders of the Woermann Linie. Mr. Brammer had the charm of making everyone like him—a fine officer who did all things as they should be done—from a *café chantant* to the committal of a body to the deep.

The tender comes alongside. I have been on board the *Eleonore* a long time, and every want has been attended to. I regret to say adieu to the friendly party, although naturally I am delighted and thankful to arrive once more in England.

I shake hands with everybody. My German friends line the rail, and as we push off towards Southampton lusty cheers volley across the water. "Good-bye, Mrs. Cameron. Hoch! Hoch! Hurrah!" followed by an avalanche of waving handkerchiefs. I feel a

lump in my throat and long to rent a dark corner, where I may weep for sheer gratitude. Instead, I am surrounded by English people.

Many of the officials are introducing their wives, who have come to greet them, and the ball of conversation must be kept spinning. I am alone —they reunited with their families.

In a short time we arrive at the docks. It was moonlight when I left in December— it is moonlight when I arrive in June.

A special train is prepared to take us to London. Heaps of time expires over heaps of luggage. As far as clothes were concerned, I would willingly have given mine to the sea or the Customs, but I cautiously watched my numerous boxes of curios. Tips and everything end in time. Soon I was speeding towards London. How splendid it was to buy papers— and picture ones at that. I was athirst for news, since Lagos never having had a word except stilted Marconi items.

MRS. CHARLOTTE CAMERON.

At 1.30 a.m. I reach Waterloo, take a taxi, leave luggage to be sent on next day, and emerging from the station encounter the very worst storm of the year. When I drove through Regent's Park thunder groaned while lightning cracked.

I leaned back contentedly and laughed. I was in London—

what cared I? If anything happened now I should be decently cared for and buried. After escaping the perils of a 26,000-mile tour I felt I was strolling through clover fields in Elysium—no fever—no sleeping-sickness—no surf—no "mammy chair." Whatever chance held in store for me would be a bagatelle.

Lightning showed a natural path for me, and thunder gave me a vociferous serenade. Before long the taxi drew up at my door. I say to "Imp," "Surely I dream." It whispers, "No—it's real." My servants have retired, although they knew I was due at Southampton to-night. They did not expect me at two o'clock in the morning. Upon entering the house my dog "Bogie" recognizes my voice—he appears, and begins an ecstasy of joyful barks.

Next morning I am seated before my desk in the study, looking over countless letters and invitations. Outside, the garden is a mass of fragrant flowers. Dorothy Perkins and crimson ramblers festoon the high rustic archways, and stately lilies invite white butterflies to pay an early visit. It's all very pleasant. I offer a prayer to the Great Creator, thanking Him for guarding me through my hazardous adventures.

"Imp" looks over my shoulder whispering: "I have brought you back—you were not too troublesome—in fact, sometimes I was rather proud of you!"

"Where are you off to now?" I ask.

"Alone, to lofty heights in Siberia. Remember, I will return to you on the first of November. Mind you are ready. We must get away before your old enemy Bronkie arrives. Worth it, wasn't it?"

The gargoyle face was illuminated by a Hampstead sunbeam.

"Worth it," I repeated—"of course it was. The palms, the dangers—the turbulent sapphire of endless seas—the jewelled islands—the deep lagoons—pearl-sprayed foam that knows no rest—of course, it was worth it!

"You led me through ebony corridors of grinning natives, where no white woman had ever walked. Through dripping jungles infested by cannibals—cannibals whose teeth were filed to sharp gleaming points—points that made me shudder for my safety.

"Your intangible presence was always with me in the tropical

dark—Little English 'Imp of Travel' who knew no fear. *Now* I thank you. You have brought me home. There is English wind in my trees, English flowers in my garden. Till autumn I have grown very tired of palms.

"But a woman changes her mind—I *await* you, dear 'Imp,' till November first!"

FINIS.

POLITICAL MAP
OF
AFRICA
English Miles
0 200 400 600 800
SPAIN
MEDITERRANEAN
ALGIERS
Bona
Constantine
TUNIS
Tangier
Gibraltar
Tetuan
Oran
Rabat
Mekinez
MOROCCO
ALGERIA
Mogador
Morocco
Tafilet
el Golea
Ghadames
Canary Is (Span)
Palmas
Fernando Po
Gr Canaria
C. Bojador
Rio de Oro
RIO DE ORO
Tropic of Cancer
French Sphere of Influence
Twat
Ideles
Ghat
Tummo or War
SAHARA OR GREAT
Adrar
Waden
Asawad
Cape Verde Is
Mauritania
Air or Asben
Agades
Kawar
St Louis
Dakar
C. Verde
I & Ft Goree
Bathurst
Bissagos Is
SENEGAL
Kaarta
Medina
PORT GUINEA
FRENCH GUINEA
Timbuktu
UPPER SENEGAL & NIGER
Banjagara
Sinder
Taghelel
Sokota
Sinder
L. Chad
Sugu
Say
GANBU
SOKOTO
Kano
BORNU
Bussa
NORTHERN NIGERIA
Yakubu
Yola
Los Is
Mallecon
SIERRA LEONE
Freetown
Sherboro I
Musardu
Kong
DAHOMEY
Salaga
TOGO
Tlorin
Bida
NUPE
LAGOS
Lokoja
ADAMAWA
Ngaunder
MONROVIA
LIBERIA
IVORY COAST
Gr Bassam
Kumasi
Ashanti
GOLD COAST
COLONY
Accra
Lagos
SOUTHERN NIGERIA
Benin
Bonny
CAMEROON
Duala
Guinea Coast
Ivory Coast
Akassa
Fernando Po (Span)
Batanga
GULF OF GUINEA
Bight of Biafra
Princes I. (Port)
Corisco
Rio Muni
Iloka
Equator
St Thomas (Port)
R. Gabun
Libreville
C. Lopez
Angobon (Span)
GABUN
Franceville
Settecama
Loango
Brazzaville
Kabinda
Banana
Ambrizette
Ambriz
S. Paolo de Loanda
SOUTH
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
Ascension I. (Br)
St Helena (Br)
Benguela
Mossamedes
C. Frio
Kaok
Tropic of Capricorn
Walfish Bay
Zandfisch Hafen
Angra Pequena
Orange R.
Cape
30
20
10
0
10
20
30

30
40
50
60
TEHERAN
Crete
Cyprus
SYRIA
Bagdad
PERSIA
Alexandria
Damietta
Port Said
CAIRO
Suez
Akaba
Siwa
Memphis
Fayum
EGYPT
Farafra
Assyut
Qena
Persian Gulf
Dakhla
Thebes
Esneh
Kossair
Kharga
Aswan
Medina
Tropic of Cancer
Muscat
Syene
Berenice
Korosko
Tewfikiya
Wady Halfa
ARABIA
Mecca
Port Sudan
Dongola
NUBIA
Suakin
Old Dongola
Berber
C. Kasar
Kuria Muria I. (Br.)
ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN
Omdurman
Kassala
Massowah
Kamaran I.
Khartum
El Fasher
KORDOFAN
Adowa
Aden (Br.)
Socotra (Br.)
DAR-FUR
el Obeid
Gondar
Assab
Gulf of Aden
C. Guardafui
Shekka
Magdala
Tajura
Jibuti
Zeila
Ras Hafun
Berbera (Br.)
Dar Fertit
Ankober
BRIT. SOMALILAND
Addis Abeba
Harar
ABYSSINIA
Bonga
Kaffa
Bahr el Ghazal
Lado
Gondokoro
L. Stefanie
L. Rudolf
UGANDA PROTECT.
GALLA
Bardera
ITALIAN SOMALILAND
Wadelai
BRITISH EAST AFRICA
Mogdushu
Albert Nyanza
Brava
Equator
L. Baringo
Kismayu
Kibonge
BELGIAN CONGO
Machakos
Lamu
INDIAN
Kilima Njaro
Taveta
Malindi
Mombasa
Seychelles Is. (Br.)
Nyangwe
UNYAMWEZI
Tabora
Pangani
Pemba I.
UJIJI
GERMAN
Mpwapwa
ZANZIBAR
Amirante Is. (Br.)
Bagamoyo
Dar es Salaam
KASONGO
EAST AFRICA
L. Rukwa
Mafia I.
Kilemba
Rhodesia
R. Rufiji
Kilwa
Langenburg
Lindi
Aldabra I.
Kazembe
OCEAN
Livingstonia
C. Delgado
Comoro Is.
C. Amber
L. Bangweolo
NYASAL. PROT.
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L. Shirwa
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MADAGASCAR
ANTANANARIVO
Beira
MATABELE
Bulawayo
Sofala
Reunion (Fr.)
Mauritius (Br.)
L. Ngami
BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE
Palachwe
Tropic of Capricorn
PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA
Inhambane
Kalahari Desert
TRANSVAAL
C. Corrientes
PRETORIA
Lydenburg
Lorenzo Marquez
Delagoa B.
C. Ste Marie
Johannesburg
Swazi
Amatonga
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